Did you make a New Year resolution to give up cigarettes? And are you finding it difficult? It can be done . . .

IF YOU <u>REALLY</u> WANT TO STOP SMOKING

By Patricia and Ron Deutsch

hat morning it was like the first time I'd tried to stop smoking—and failed," says Lynn Blake. "I gulped down my breakfast, tense because I hadn't smoked. Then I sat like a coiled spring, desperately wanting a cigarette, ready to snap at Tom and the children. But then I remembered the breathing exercise I'd been taught: a series of deep, slow inhalations and exhalations. I tried it, and in a minute I was calm and in control of myself again.

"That was when I knew I could really stop. Within three weeks I had done it."

Can so simple a device as a breathing exercise really help you to stop smoking? The basic answer is yes -but no single way works for everyone, since, as medical research shows, each person smokes to meet his own physical and emotional needs. The first question, therefore, is: What kind of smoker are you? Unless you have such knowledge, your chances of giving up are slim. One U.S. survey revealed that 86 per cent of smokers would be willing to stop if help were available; among ordinary smokers, only 10 to 15 per cent succeed.

Yet smoking-withdrawal clinics

have achieved remarkable results. A survey of 300 patients at the New York City Health Department clinic, showed that some 85 per cent had either given up smoking or drastically cut down after two months' participation in the clinic's programme; the majority had stopped entirely. It was there that Lynn Blake learned how her smoking was dominated by a very common cause—the need to release tension.

Self-Knowledge. Lynn covered this by analysing when she smoked. "I felt the craving," she says, "if one of the children was late for dinner; if a salesman called, even if the phone rang. Now I know that I was really feeling slight anxiety, and was smoking 20 times a day to control it." Once she understood the reasons for her cravings, she was able to stop without significant weight gain. On her first attempt to give up smoking, she had substituted snacks for cigarettes—and gained 15 pounds.

To confirm that Lynn was a tension smoker, she was told to keep a record, for a week, of what happened and what she felt before each cigarette. "This," says Dr. Donald Fredrickson, who directs the New York clinics, "can tell you much about your smoking."

Because Lynn's record showed smoking in times of pressure, anger or uncertainty, she needed a less harmful way to handle psychological stresses. Since it seems that smoking breaks tension partially through repeated inhaling and by the ritual of lighting up or tapping of ashes, Dr. Fredrickson urged Lynn to *imitate* smoking with deep inhalations. It worked. However, this technique may not prove successful for all smokers, as the drug effects of nicotine on the nervous system have yet to be fully assessed.

In smoking-withdrawal clinics pioneered in Stockholm by Dr. Borje Ejrup, such exercises have proved an effective aid, for there seems to be some element of tension behind nearly all smoking. There are variations of the breathing exercise, but Dr. Ejrup describes its essence as "sighing." The procedure is simple: when you feel the urge to smoke, fill your lungs as full as you can, slowly. Then, very slowly, empty them. Finally, give an extra push to expel the last of the air.

How does the exercise work? Tension tightens the muscles of the shoulders, back, chest and neck. Deep breathing breaks their contraction—which otherwise can affect nerves and muscles of the head, producing headache, nausea, dizziness, cold perspiration.

Tension is only one cause of smoking. Some of the other common causes stand out in the case of Ted Connelly. When he kept a record of his smoking, he noticed that he usually did not smoke until he reached his office. Then he kept a chain of cigarettes burning, although he often smoked only a little of each. He smoked little after work

and at week-ends; but at a party he might consume a whole packet.

"We see Ted as a habitual smoker," says Dr. Fredrickson. "Certain settings and activities prompt him to light up, almost without knowing he does so. There is an element of habit in most smoking. Lynn Blake, though primarily a tension smoker, also became imbued with certain smoking habits—for example, whenever she had a cup of coffee, or sat down to write a letter."

As Ted recorded his smoking, he realized for the first time that he was behaving by reflex. "I started smoking at college because it made me feel older. Other fellows smoked while studying, so I did. At parties, when I felt awkward, it gave me something to do with my hands."

To break these stubborn reflexes, Ted was given simple tricks—putting his cigarettes in a different pocket each day, for example, and not carrying matches. "This made me think before I smoked," he says. "Gradually I began to hide the ashtrays, to make still more delay."

Neither Ted nor Lynn was told to stop smoking at once. Both were asked to group their cigarettes in order of importance. Ted felt that his least important were in social situations, and he began by abstaining at those times. In two weeks his consumption was halved. Then he concentrated on the toughest cigarettes—those he smoked at work.

To reduce tension, he began using the breathing exercise; then he added conventional exercises. Why does exercise help? It discharges the tension caused by giving up cigarettes, makes you breathe deeply and replaces some effects of nicotine to which smokers are accustomed.

A cigarette provides a few of the same stimulations as adrenalin, producing a physical state like that of fear or anger: the heart speeds up, blood vessels contract, excitability increases. This is one reason why smoking is bad for the heart and circulation. Yet without it smokers don't feel themselves.

simple Tactics. Exercise may help eliminate the desire for nicotine. A brisk walk is not always practical, but you can get the same results by running on the spot, doing deep knee bends or any other exercise that makes the heart beat harder and the lungs work more.

Ted was also given another way to reduce the nicotine stimulation that strengthened his habit. He inhaled less when he did smoke. This way you get much less nicotine, and can learn to live without it.

There is still another reason why people smoke. It often shows up in those who have successfully struggled to cut their smoking by half. "They experience a strange, nostalgic feeling," says Dr. Fredrickson, "as if they do not want to separate themselves from an old friend, even when they know they could." Though realizing it is a misnomer, Dr. Fredrickson refers to such smokers as "addicted," meaning

that they have an unending, hoùrby-hour dependence on cigarettes.

The problem is perhaps best explained by a smoker like Mary Sutter. "I smoked three packets a day," says Mary, "regardless of what I was doing or how I felt. I lit up one cigarette after another, and if I tried to skip one, I felt steadily worse."

Mary had developed a cough and shortness of breath, warning signs of the lung disease emphysema. Warned that smoking might well lead to disability and death, she still couldn't stop. "Mary had smoking as a close companion for 25 years," Dr. Fredrickson says. "To give it up was as hard as losing someone close. In fact, we believe the process is quite similar. The 'addicted' type of heavy smoker may succeed by sudden separation and through a kind of 'mourning' period. He thinks he cannot survive alone. But if he must, he finds he can.

Mary was told to break off suddenly, at a time when she could give full attention to it. She chose a winter holiday. On the first day, she headed for the library, where there were books to distract her and a No Smoking sign. "I had the breathing exercise to help with the discomfort. When the library closed, I ran to a cinema where smoking was not allowed. Then, somehow, I got to sleep without smoking. "For three days I stayed in places where I couldn't smoke. I went to museums; I took long bus rides. It certainly wasn't painless. Even with the breathing exercise, I had awful cravings and headaches. But after five days I wasn't thinking much about cigarettes at all. It was not unlike what happened when I lost the aunt who had helped to bring me up. I felt I'd never stop thinking about her. But gradually I learned to live with the idea that she was gone."

To demonstrate to themselves that they can live without cigarettes, Dr. Fredrickson's patients may first try to get through an afternoon, or a whole day, without smoking. Often when they have done this, they are convinced that they can, and should, move ahead to complete cessation.

THESE METHODS of stopping are not the only ones. The important point is to find a technique that meets your own smoking problem.

Dr. Fredrickson recommends: "Begin by making a record of when you smoke, to learn the reasons for your smoking. Then plan to eliminate the least important cigarettes, then the next important, and so on. Meanwhile, try to inhale less. Get vigorous exercise, especially when you crave a smoke."

Remember, you can stop smoking—if you really want to.

How The Beatles Grew Up



Burying their Big Beat image for ever, they are conquering new fields of sound with some of the most original and expressive music in history

album called Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band is a photomontage of a crowd gathered round a grave. And a curious crowd it is: Marilyn Monroe is there. So are Edgar Allan Poe, Lawrence of Arabia, Mae West, Sonny Liston and eight Beatles.

Eight? Well, four of them are

wax dummics, models of the Beatles as most people remember them, with nicely brushed long hair, dark suits, faces like cheeky choirboys. The other four Beatles are very much alive: thin, hippie-loving, moustachioed, bedecked in bright, bizarre uniforms, their eyes glittering with a new awareness tinged with a little of the old mischief. As

DONORHAND PROM TIME

for the grave in the foreground: it has Beatles spelt out in flowers.

With characteristic self-mockery, the Beatles are proclaiming that they have snuffed out their old selves to make room for the new Beatles. And there is some truth to it.

Rich and secure enough today to go on repeating themselves—or to do nothing at all—they are instead creating some of the most original, expressive and musically interesting sounds being heard in pop music.

Modern Classics. Serious musicians are marking the Beatles' work as a historic departure in the progress of music. Composer Ned Rorem claims that the Beatles' haunting composition, "She's Leaving Home"—one of 12 songs in the Sgt. Pepper album "is equal to any song that Schubert ever wrote." Conductor Leonard Bernstein's appreciation is just as high; he cites Schumann.

Like all good popular artists, the Beatles have a talent for distilling the moods of their time. Gilbert and Sullivan's frolics limned the pomposities of the Victorian British Empire; Cole Porter's urbanities were wonderful tonics for the 1930's; Rodgers and Hammerstein's ballads reflected the sentiment and seriousness of the Second World War era. Today, the Beatles' cunning collages piece together scraps of tension between the generations, the loneliness of the dislocated 1960's, and the bitter sweets of young love in any

age. At the same time, their sensitivity to the absurd is sharper than ever.

The Beatles' early music had exuberance and an occasional oasis of unexpected harmony, but otherwise blended monotonously into the pop scene. "I Want to Hold Your Hand"—the Beatles' big-hit single which has sold five million copies since 1963—was a cliché boy-girl lyric set to an unimaginative tune. But the boys soon found their conventional sound and juvenile verses stultifying.

John Lennon, the group's chief lyricist, began tuning in on folk singer Bob Dylan. It wasn't Dylan's sullen anger that Lennon found appealing so much as the striving to "tell it like it is." Gradually, the Beatles' work began to tell it too. Their 1965 songs, "Nowhere Man" ("Doesn't have a point of view, knows not where he's going to") asked, "Isn't he a bit like you and me?"

An even sharper departure from Big Beat banalities came as tune-smith Paul McCartney began exhibiting an unsuspected lyrical gift. In 1965, he crooned the loveliest of his ballads, "Yesterday," to the accompaniment of a string octet—a novel and effective new genre—baroquerock. Still another form, raga-rock, had its origins after George Harrison fell for Indian music, studied with Indian sitar virtuoso Ravi Shankar, and introduced a brief sitar motif on the 1965 recording

"Norwegian Wood." Now everybody in pop music is experimenting with the sitar.

All the successes of the past two years were a foreshadowing of the Sgt. Pepper album, which more than anything else dramatizes the brilliance of the new Beatles. In three months, it sold a staggering 2.5 million copies. Loosely strung together on a scheme that plays the younger and older generations off against each other, it sizzles with space-age electronic effects and sleight-of-hand lyrics. Above all, it proves that the Beatles have flowered as musicians.

Now that the Beatles' music is growing more complex and challenging, they are losing some younger fans. But the new Beatles have captivated a different and much more responsive audience. "Suddenly," says George Harrison, "we find that all the people who thought they were beyond the Beatles are fans." That includes not only students but parents, professors, even business executives. Indeed; if the teenagers once made the Beatles plaster gods, many adults now make them pop prophets, and tend to theorize solemnly about their significance. One psychiatrist has said that the Beatles "are speaking in an existential way about the meaninglessness of actuality."

Not so long ago the pop scene was going nowhere, becalmed in a doldrum of derivative mewing of Negro music by white singers. Then in the early 1960's the Beatles, together with other British groups, revitalized rock 'n' roll by closely imitating its Negro originators. As the Beatles moved on, sowing innovations of their own, they left flourishing fields for other groups to cultivate.

Leaders. Of all the vital and imaginative groups, none have matched the distinctiveness and power of the Beatles. True, their flirtation with drugs and the dropout attitude behind songs like "A Day in the Life" disturbed many tans, not to mention worried parents. But although all four Beatles have admitted taking LSD at least occasionally, Paul McCartney has said, "I don't recommend it. It can open a few doors, but it's not any answer. You get the answers, yourself."

When the Beatles talk, millions listen—and callow as their ideas sometimes are, the Beatles exemplify a refreshing distrust for authority, disdain for conventions and impatience with hypocrisy. Young people sense a quality of defiant honesty and admire their freedom and open-mindedness; they see them as peers who are in a position to try anything, and who can be relied on to tell them what they want to hear.

To discourage fuss, the Beatles lead their private lives within a maze of high hedges and walls, security guards and secret telephone numbers. The boys make occasional

outings to such London night spots as The Bag of Nails and The Speak-easy, but must plan them with a military eye for the element of surprise and a ready path of retreat in case they are mobbed. Otherwise they live in a style that is quietly luxurious—as well it might be, considering their income from records, films, television appearances, song publishing and copyright royalties, and assorted links with Beatle merchandise.

The most conservative estimates put the net worth of Harrison and Ringo Starr at Rs. 2.25 crores each, and of Lennon and McCartney at Rs. 3 crores (because of their extra earnings as songwriters).

Family Men. The three married Beatles and their look-alike wives own large homes in the Surrey "stockbroker" belt. John, 27, and his wife Cynthia and their son Julian live in a Tudor mansion with a swimming pool. Down the hill is Sunny Heights, the 15-room tileand-stucco house where Ringo, 27, wallows in domesticity with wife Maureen and sons Zak and Jason. George, 24, and his wife Patti, live near by in a big white bungalow daubed with colourful cartoons, flowers and abstract designs. Bachelor Paul, 25, lives in a high-walled house in London's prosperous St. John's Wood neighbourhood.

The Beatles keep in touch constantly, bounding in and out of each other's homes like members of one large family—which, in a sense,

they are. Their friendship is an extraordinarily intimate and empathetic bond. Not only are they welded together by the sheer fact of being Beatles, but they also share a lower-middle-class Liverpool background.

Paul, the son of a cotton salesman and John, who was brought up by an aunt after his father deserted the family, played together as early as 1955. George, whose father was a bus driver, joined them in 1958. Two years later they met Ringo (Richard Starkey), a docker's son.

In Liverpool, playing in a band offered not only musical satisfaction, but a way of being somebody—especially with the local girls. And after they linked up with Brian Epstein, who shrewdly piloted their career until his death last August, it was a way to get out of Liverpool.

Together, the quartet constitute a four-way plug-in personality, each sparking the circuit in his own way. Paul, outgoing and talkative, spreads a sheen of charm; he is the smoother-over, the explainer, as pleasingly facile at life as he is at composing melodies. George, once the least visible of the group, now focuses his energies on Indian music and philosophy; the most accomplished instrumentalist of the lot, he has always played lead guitar. Ringo, a thoroughly unpretentious fellow, also has the most innately comic temperament; he is the catalyst, and also the deflator, of the group. Most mysterious of all—and possibly most

important—is John, the creative mainspring; more thoughtful and retough-minded than the others, he has lately grown strangely brooding and withdrawn.

Since the Beatles gave up touring a year or so ago, each has had more freedom to tackle individual pursuits. John has a role in the muchpublicized Richard Lester film How I Won the War, and Paul wrote a fine score for The Family Way. But their most rewarding activity is still as a group—making records.

They have transformed themselves from a "live" performing team to an experimental laboratory group, and they have staked out the recording studio as their own elec-

tronic rumpus room.

To achieve the weird effects on Sgt. Pepper, they spent as much as 20 hours on a song, often working through the night.

Some observers predict that the resulting "sound pictures" may prove to be the medium through which pop groups can merge with

"classical" contemporary music. Already, says university music lecturer Robert Tusler, "the Beatles have taken over many of the electronic concepts in music that have been worked on by the German composers of the Cologne group. They've made an enormous contribution to electronic music."

In their other enterprises too, the Beatles are reaching out for new artistic experiences. They are talking about directing their next film themselves. Last September they careered through the south-west of England filming Magical Mystery Tour, the hour-long television special, which they wrote, directed and produced for worldwide broadcast during the Christmas season.

On the basis of what they have achieved so far, it would be rash to dispute George when he says, "We haven't really started yet. We've only just discovered what we can do as musicians, what thresholds we can cross. The future stretches out beyond our imagination."

Food for Thought

THE DOOR of a house was flung open precisely as the clock struck one. A housewife, arms akimbo, shouted from the doorway at a workman leaning against the wall: "Come along in, Five-Day-Week. Seven-Day-Week's just cooked your lunch." -Philnews

Polite Notice

In Japan, where politeness has been cultivated to a fine art, western visitors are surprised to see how tact is invoked to uphold the law. At a public pond in Tokyo, where fishing is not allowed, the public is informed of this fact by a sign which reads: "Love the fish."

TWO POLICIES FOR WORLD PEACE

Back to the Land

By CHESTER BOWLES
U. S. Ambassador to India

Many years of observation in the developing nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America have convinced me that in these vital areas the most important economic and political question is: Who owns the land?

Where the land is owned by the few, millions of landless labourers are inevitably left with a deep sense of insecurity which makes them an easy target for determined communist agitators. But peasants who own their own land have a major stake in political stability and in economic progress.

On this score the record of achievement in some parts of Asia is dramatic. In 1946 in Japan, a sweeping land-reform programme, which placed a limit of seven acres on each family holding, resulted in a majority of all rural families acquiring land they could call their own. With the application of improved farming techniques and hard work by the

cultivator and his family, the small plots of land produced the highest yields of wheat and rice in the world.

This same pattern was applied by the Nationalist Chinese Government on Formosa, where the limit on the size of land holdings was set at about seven acres per family, and in South Korea, where the size of farms was limited to seven acres. Again, dramatic gains in agricultural production were made.

Agrarian reform, particularly in countries without large tracts of uncultivated land, is no easy matter. In a democracy, where the rights of private property are respected, it is particularly difficult, for land reform is almost inevitably—if mistakenly—associated with coercion and expropriation.

Whatever the obstacles may be, it is difficult to see how any developing country can achieve political stability or rapid economic growth unless it puts the land into the hands of the people who till it.

In most developing countries, the peasants constitute roughly 60 per cent of the population. If that large a percentage of a nation's population is without significant purchasing power, it is impossible to build a vigorous national market.

But when rural income rises, so does the demand for sewingmachines, transistor radios, cloth, shoes and a hundred other items which make life more comfortable for the farmer who buys them, for the industrial worker who makes them, and for the businessman who sells them.

Tens of millions of Asian, African and Latin American peasants are still held in semi-feudal bondage by traditional patterns of land ownership and tenure. The liberation and integration of these peasants into the mainstream of twentieth century life are essential to democratic development and, in the final analysis, to international stability.

Water, not Weapons

By C. L. Sulzberger

Admiral Lewis Strauss, former chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, has produced an audacious scheme for peace in the Middle East. Underlying the whole difficulty between Israel and the Arabs, he contends, are two "fundamental problems": water and displaced populations. "By a simple, bold and imaginative step," he says, "we could solve both of these."

Admiral Strauss suggests that a chartered corporation be created, to build three very large nuclear plants in the Middle East—two on Israel's Mediterranean coast and the third at the head of the Gulf of Aqaba. It might be more realistic to envisage one such plant in Israel, one in Arab territory on the Mediterranean

(Egyptian, Lebanese or Syrian) and, for the Gulf of Aqaba, one in Jordan or Saudi Arabia.

In any case the plants would have "the dual purpose of producing kilowatts of electrical energy and desalting sea water, but with emphasis on the latter." The installations would be built by contractors from the United States, Britain, France and/or the Soviet Union and operated under the International Atomic Energy Agency, which has head-quarters in Vienna.

The beauty of the idea rests in its combined scope and simplicity. The atomically-supplied fresh water for hitherto arid lands would provide about 1,000 million gallons of fresh water daily, perhaps two and a half times the water of the whole Jordan

River system. Initial studies show that the cost of the desalted water would not be unbearably high.

Furthermore, excess energy from the desalination plants could be used for electrification and production of fertilizers, benefiting the freshly irrigated desert lands. Hundreds of thousands of barren acres could be opened up, once adequate fresh water is pumped into the hinterland.

During the construction period, the nuclear plants, pipelines, reservoirs and power lines would require the "unskilled labour of thousands of displaced persons." These labourers would subsequently be settled "in irrigated areas under conditions far superior to any life they have ever experienced."

By injecting new ideas and planning to revolutionize the economy of an entire region, the project hopes to make Middle Eastern peace a possibility. It might well be the beginning of a new life in the lands of the oldest civilizations.

From the viewpoint of economics or finance, the scheme is practicable. And it is obvious that the common man, on both the Arab and Israeli sides, would benefit. But governments must also be tactfully persuaded to give their endorsement, for the primary hitch is political, which, in the Middle East, means emotional.

It must be remembered that, even more than the problems of water and displaced populations, Arab hatred for the Jews of Israel is the least tangible and yet the most powerful factor blocking Middle Eastern peace. No peace in that embittered area can be imagined without taking into account this elementary fact. The benefits must be explained in such a way that hatred's legacy will dissolve.

Better Late ...

ONE JANUARY morning we heard someone singing a Christmas carol outside. When my wife opened the door, there stood a little girl, all alone. "You're a bit late, aren't you?" asked my wife.

"Yes," replied the girl. "But I had measles at Christmas."

J. Lavan in News of the World, London

Poetic Justice

AT A Rotary Club meeting, the postmaster was to show a film explaining an innovation in post office methods which would improve efficiency.

He got up, stammered a few moments and then said there would be no film. It had been lost in the post.

—H. P.

Want to Be a Real Professional?

Then make a contract with yourself—and stick to it

By Charles Moore

veryone envies the girl at the party who can play the songs that make everyone gather round the piano. Or we think how lucky artists are to be able to turn out a clever sketch with a few lines. What we don't envy are the years they spent learning all the things they need to know if they are to perform consistently well.

An associate of mine told me that he used to become furious when people casually dismissed the good marks he earned at school by saying, "Oh, but things come so easily

to you."

Although the remark might have been complimentary, he resented it because he knew the hours of study that he had put into those marks, often going to sleep over his books. "The worst of it," he said, "was that when I fell asleep

at my desk, I drooled—and I sometimes had to do the whole exercise again the next morning." At least he recognized that the ability to do a workmanlike job in any field demands a solid foundation knowledge.

Sheer raw talent is heady stuff to discover. It's a tremendous thrill to find out that you can paint a landscape or write verse or kick a football farther than anybody else in your street.

But talent carries its own set of dangers. It can very readily be confused with solid achievement. There's nothing sadder than the boy genius who can't understand why the work that won him enthusiastic praise when he was 20 draws only polite applause now that he's 40. It may be that he has merely used his talent and hasn't

developed it. It's great to show promise; it's tragic not to fulfil it.

One reason some people fall short of their promise is that developing talent is hard work. Talent is useless if it is not wedded to craftsmanship, which demands incessant practice and all that it involves: endless repetition, constant selfcriticism—and exasperation when performance falls short.

A friend of mine tells me that the mention of the word "dreary" brings instantly to mind the image of his older sister painfully picking out Czerny exercises on the piano, muttering again and again, "One and two and one and two," while the pendulum of the metronome swung back and forth next to a bust of Beethoven.

Dreary as practice may be, it goes a long way to separating the men from the boys. Even champion golfer Arnold Palmer has to take his turn on the practice green. It is ridiculous and, in a way, arrogant to think that excellence can be acquired in any other way. Two thousand years ago, Cicero said the same thing. He admitted the power of natural talent, but went on to say, "When the method and discipline of knowledge are added to talent, the result is usually altogether outstanding."

Such outstanding results depend on the kind of execution that doesn't scorn any detail. Once Michelangelo, painting frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, was lying on his back on a high scaffold, carefully outlining a figure in a corner of the ceiling. A friend asked him why he took such pains with a figure that would be many feet away from the viewer. "After all," said the friend, "who will know whether it is perfect or not?"

"I will," said the artist.

That is the proper attitude for anyone who goes about his work in a professional manner. The common tendency is to think of creative people as somewhat dreamy, and not concerned with details. It may or may not be true that such people lose their wallets or lock themselves out of their houses more than others. But if they're good, if they're real professionals, they never neglect the essentials of their jobs, and one of these essentials is attention to detail.

A real professional builds up within himself the inability ever to turn out less than a thoroughly workmanlike job. Red Smith, a successful sportswriter, was once asked how he managed to produce a newspaper column every day. "It's easy," he said. "I just sit at my typewriter until beads of blood form on my forehead."

By that he didn't mean simply that inspiration is hard to come by. Everybody knows that. He meant that he isn't satisfied until his column says exactly what he wants it to say, until it is the best effort he is capable of.

The professional in any field must

have a kind of contract with himself. The terms of the contract read that he must be absolutely honest with himself. When an artist paints a picture, only he knows what image is in his mind. Nobody else can judge whether what he has put on canvas really represents his vision. But by the terms of his contract he can't let his work go until it conforms to that vision.

I don't want to imply that people with the goal of excellence are somehow a heartier breed. Most of the creative professionals I am acquainted with are at least as lazy as other people, perhaps more so. They change typewriter ribbons and file

their nails and find a hundred and one excuses to put off work. However, when all excuses are exhausted, the work they turn out truly represents the best that is in them.

Many of us never become real professionals, because we think that the pursuit of excellence necessarily includes reaching the topmost rung—and then give up because we can't reach it.

There are various degrees of excellence. The danger does not lie in failing to reach absolute perfection. It lies in giving up the chase. Ask a lot of yourself, and you may be very pleasantly surprised at how much you receive.

The Human Hand

What simple description can we find for an instrument that alternately strikes and blesses, gives and receives, feeds, takes oaths, beats time, reads for the blind, speaks for the mute, reaches out towards the friend and wards off the enemy, and serves as hammer, tongs and alphabet?

-Paul Valery, Discours aux Chirurgiens

Tale-Telling

A BISHOP of one of the most thickly populated dioceses in Britain was holidaying on the moors. One morning he met a local shepherd and fell into conversation. "How many sheep do you look after, shepherd?" he asked.

"It varies," the shepherd replied. "Maybe three, four, five hundred. May I ask what you do for a living?"

"In a way," said the bishop, "I am a shepherd too."

"What a coincidence," returned the shepherd. "How many sheep have you got in your flock?"

The bishop pondered a few moments. "I can't say exactly, but it is

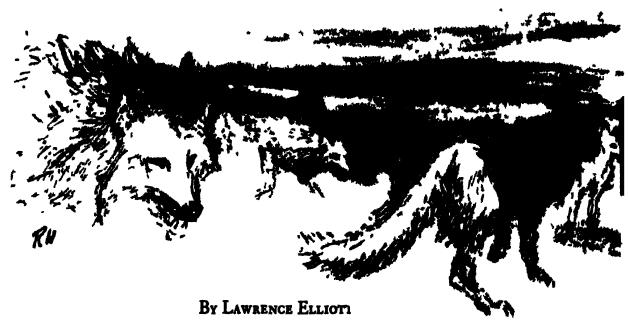
probably six or seven million."

"Six or seven million," repeated the shepherd in amazement. "You must have a devil of a job at lambing time!"

—Country Fast

An incredible story of courage: for 58 days and almost without food, a stranded bush pilot pitted his strength and will-power against the Canadian sub-arctic

THE MAN WHO REFUSED TO DIE



NGENIOUS communications and navigational aids have been devised for men who work in the sky. Yet on a bitter-cold day last February, every one of them failed bush pilot Robert Gauchie, leaving him with only his own human resources to pit against the over-powering violence of the Canadian sub-arctic.

Gauchie is 39 years old. With his wife, Frances, and three daughters he lives in Fort Smith, in Canada's North-West Territories. In ten years he has logged 6,000 hours of the toughest flying there is—hauling freight, fire-fighters, trappers and

anyone who wants to go anywhere in that wild and empty land.

At 10 a.m. on February 2, having left a group of government inspectors at the village of Cambridge Bay, just inside the Arctic circle, Gauchie took off alone in his single-engine Beaver. The temperature had dropped to 60 degrees below zero the day before, and he had to use a "firepot" to pre-heat the frozen engine. He hoped to reach Yellowknife, 525 miles to the south, by 3.30, and Fort Smith the next day.

Shortly after noon, he encountered a driving snowstorm. About to set an instrument course, he found

THE MAN WHO REFUSED TO DIE

that neither his turn-and-bank indicator nor the artificial horizon was working. Quickly he descended to 200 feet, and in the enveloping whiteness he flew by sight over the treeless, windswept barren lands. Eventually he spotted a stretch of blue ice and clattered down to wait out the storm.

Arctic blasts shook the aircraft.

position, asking anyone to "come in." But there was only the crackle of static in his earphones. At last, a Canadian Air Force Albatross out of Yellowknife responded weakly: "I read you. Suggest you land and activate your SARAH, so we can locate you."

SARAH, a Search And Rescue transmitter with a self-contained



In the icy metal cabin, Gauchie climbed into a sleeping bag and pulled three others over him. He wore sealskin boots, three pairs of heavy socks, two sweaters and a fur parka. And still he shivered uncontrollably through the long night.

When the sun rose on a clear and frosty morning, Gauchie pre-heated the engine and was soon flying south again. Then his compass failed. The weather worsened, with tiny ice crystals in the air threatening to turn into a deadly ice fog that obscures land and horizon. He was running low on fuel. Gauchie began radioing what he thought to be his

battery, and CPI, a Crash Position Indicator, have led rescue planes to many a lost pilot. Gauchie had both devices.

"We'll have you out in a couple of hours," the Albatross said.

That was the last human voice Gauchie would hear for 58 days.

Soon he found a narrow lake shel tered by a straggling tree growth, and set down his plane there. Then he pressed the switch on the SARAH. Nothing happened. Stunned, he pushed it again and again. Nothing. And it was the same with the CPI switch.

Bracing himself, he climbed out

on to the icy skin of the fuselage, and crept to the wing tip, to break the glass on the CPI. Still nothing; no hum, no buzz—only the endless racing of the wind. Unable to believe that both emergency radio beacons were inoperable, Gauchie got his tool kit and, crouching down while feet and toes grew numb, worked for three hours—until dark—trying to activate them. But they remained mute.

Silence. Back in the cabin, he tried broadcasting again—over the high-frequency and the very-high-frequency transmitters—"Mayday! Mayday! This is CF-IOB from Cambridge Bay to Yellowknife. Do you read?" There was no response. It was incredible: everything he relied on—navigational instruments and every piece of radio equipment on board—had failed.

He checked through the survival kit. There were a few packages of dried food, a pound of cube sugar, chocolate—enough to last 10 or 12 days if he was careful. He had bought 80 pounds of arctic char for his wife on one of his stops, but the fish were raw and frozen stiff. He found flares, a rifle, five packages of matches and an axe.

Gauchie crawled into the sleepingbags. Towards morning he fell into a fitful sleep.

Next morning, the temperature gauge read 54 degrees below zero. Clouds of loose snow billowed across the lonely lake. Gauchie judged that the Beaver was 400 yards from the

near shore: a plane passing overhead ought to have a good chance to see it. But would there be a plane? He was off the main air routes, and the primary search area, based on his flight plan, would probably be about 100 miles to the south-east.

He drained some of the remaining petrol into the pot he used for pre-heating the engine. Lighting it, he placed it under the battery, then tried the radios again. "Mayday. Mayday . . ." There was no response.

It occurred to him that if he could chop down a small tree and prop up the trailing aerial with it, he might improve his reception just enough to bring in a signal. He trudged towards shore and came back to the plane breathless and weak, but dragging a sapling. This he stuck in the snow some 50 feet behind the tail.

The aerial, which was supposed to crank out of its reel on top of the fuselage, wouldn't budge. He spent the rest of the day prising the wire free, inch by inch, until it was long enough to wind round the sapling. But the radio gave only the same echoing, voiceless hum. Totally spent, he ate a sugar cube and went to sleep.

The next two days were hardly more hopeful. Gauchie used the rest of his petrol trying to keep the battery alive—melting ice to make soup at the same time—but by the third day even the fruitless hum from the radio had faded. Once, when the wind went down, he

walked out on the lake and tramped an SOS in the snow, each letter 150 feet tall. But in half an hour the surface had drifted smooth.

That night, Gauchie felt a tingling numbness in his feet. He took off his boots and socks—and sagged back in horror. Three toes on his left foot and two on the right were dead black. He knew that if gangrene set up in the frostbitten toes, he could be dead by morning.

The air force began organizing the search for Robert Gauchie just a few hours after he was overdue at Yellowknife. A two-engine Albatross took off at first light on February 3, retracing his anticipated flight path, but found nothing. Next day, a second Albatross and a DC-3 were assigned to the mission. And because, in a crisis, the vast North-West is like one small town, a veritable squadron of private aircraft joined in.

In Fort Smith, each time the telephone rang, Frances Gauchie said a prayer that it might be news of her husband's rescue. She had great faith in his skill and resourcefulness. But day after day passed with no sign of promise.

After 12 days of the most intense effort, the air force was ready to give up. In a land that is huge and empty beyond belief, the searchers had painstakingly swept 292,000 square miles. To some, the silence of Gauchie's SARAH and CRI in

of Gauchie's SARAH and CPl indicated a crash so hard as to shatter both, which meant little hope for the fragile human aboard. Temperatures had plunged again to a record 60 degrees below zero, and there had been fierce storms.

All agreed that no one could survive for long in this harshest of winters. Still, when Gauchie's wife pleaded for a few more days of effort, the searchmaster agreed.

The official search was called off on February 17. But the people of the North-West Territories refused to give up. They collected money to pay a few bush pilots to continue the search. The little planes, hampered by terrible blizzards, logged another 100 hours. But by March, when Gauchie had been missing for 26 days, the last hope of finding him alive was abandoned.

Bob Gauchie knew, almost to the day, when the main rescue effort would end. He had flown many such sad missions himself, looking for a single dark speck in the endless white wilderness.

Days of Pain. His frostbitten toes hurt, and he knew the pain would worsen when they thawed. Still, they had not yet turned gangrenous. He unwrapped and inspected them each day, and kept the axe handy. He would try to amputate them at the first sign of blood poisoning.

The cold never let up, and Gauchie spent most of his time in the sleeping-bags. The metal skin of the plane was no real protection against the cold, but it did shield him from the wind, which shook the little Beaver and sometimes threatened to

send it skating across the lake. Though Gauchie ate only an ounce or two of his emergency rations each day, his supply was half gone by the eighth day, and almost completely gone by February 16. He tried to eat some of the frozen fish, but his stomach rebelled.

The temptation to give up was enormous. Everything that happened, each of those awful malfunctions, seemed to be telling him that he'd finally had it, so why struggle? But he did struggle, angrily unwilling to concede anything to this enemy, the vast land.

A Diary. He found a ballpoint pen, and tore a page from his log-book to begin a diary, in case he was not found alive. The severe cold had frozen the ink, and the pen refused to work. But on the fifteenth day, when the weather warmed, the pen made a fitful line on the paper. Writing with mitts on, Gauchie began his diary.

The weather stayed mild for several days, but Gauchie knew that the cold was not over. His toes had become a gruesome sight, splitting and festering. The pain grew steadily more intense.

He worried that the unending silence would beguile him into some rash act. "I have never been in a place of such infinite quiet," he wrote. "No sound, no birds, wolves, foxes or anything. Just me and the wind."

He remembered seasoned bush pilots who had violated the basic

laws of survival by wandering away from a downed plane, and been lost. Now, alone in the limitless landscape, he knew how a man could let himself be deluded into thinking that just waiting was useless, that he had to do something, strike out for somewhere. But, with a kind of fury at his fate, he fought off such fantasies. And, every day or so, he forced himself to down a bit of the frozen fish.

On February 20 his loneliness was suddenly broken by a pack of wolves on the lake. There were more than a dozen of them, and they circled the Beaver without fear, tugging playfully at the trailing aerial. Later, they staked out the lake in a great half-circle, and Gauchie guessed that they might be waiting for caribou. He readied his rifle—raw meat couldn't be any worse than raw fish—but though a few caribou appeared at the far end of the lake, they came no closer. the wolves They and disappeared.

On the afternoon of February 28, hope flared to dizzy heights. Just past 4.30, in the red twilight, the rising, falling sound of the wind slowly turned into the steady drone of a plane's engine. Incredulous, Gauchie listened for an instant, then bolted out of the sleeping-bags, snatched up the flare gun and tumbled into the snow.

Less than 2,000 feet above him was a red Beaver. Trembling, Gauchie fired a flare straight up, and watched it burst into pale colour in the sun's glare. The Beaver continued on its inexorable course. He fired a second flare, but it was already too late. The burst went off well behind the unwavering little aircraft. Gauchie stood there as it disappeared.

Torturing himself with what might have been, he didn't sleep all that night. Next day, he gathered his waning strength and forced himself out on the lake, once again trudging out SOS and HELP signals. And once again the wind obliterated them.

On March 5 his toes thawed. The pain maddened him, racked his whole body, and for eight hours he drifted in and out of delirium. At least once he had the bindings off and the axe ready, then fell back exhausted and finally slept. His spirits slumped to their lowest ebb:

Terrible cold week. Not much time for rescue now. I hope I can make peace with God.

He had used the last of the emergency rations, and the sugar as well. Now, all he had left was a bare shred of hope. This he clung to, ferociously, knowing that when that was gone, he would be too.

On March 12, towards evening, two planes flew over the lake within an hour of each other, but neither noticed the flares that Gauchie frantically fired aloft. He hoped that with the lengthening days there would be more planes. And there were—as many as two in one week.

None saw him. He kept the flare gun handy, but there was no more he could do now. His toes would no longer stand the effort of stamping out another signal in the snow.

On March 16 he wrote:

For my meal today I licked the inside of an onion-soup bag. That's living, isn't it!

He began reciting the simple prayers of his boyhood, the only ones he knew. On March 28, the fifty-fourth day, he wrote in the diary:

I know now I must be found within a week if I am to survive. I forced myself to eat some fish so I may have some strength return.

Warm Food. On March 30, the thermometer crept up to zero, and Gauchie's spirits rose again. It occurred to him that, if he could a little hydraulic from the plane's landing gear, he might be able to improvise a wick and cook bits of fish over the fire. With near-frozen fingers he coaxed a little fluid out, found some gauze for a wick, and lit it. It worked! He held a fish over the small flame, watching the edges soften and brown. Then the whole length of the gauze ignited, fire flaring, and Gauchie had to put it out. But he had some warm food.

On April 1, at a little past 6 p.m., Gauchie was crawling into the sleeping-bags when the now-familiar and maddeningly hopeful sound came again: the wind's high-pitched whine deepening into

the murmur of an aircraft engine.

He threw back the covers and fumbled with the door latch. The plane—a red Beaver—was right overhead. He fired the flare gun, all breath caught in his throat. The Beaver flew straight on. Gauchte felt the will seep out of him, but then he looked up again and saw that the angle of the Beaver had changed. It was growing larger. It was turning back!

Bush pilot Ronald Sheardown and co-pilot Glen Stevens were to have left Yellowknife for a mining camp near Coppermine at 2.30 that afternoon, but mechanical difficulties delayed them. So it was near sunset, when they were over Samandré Lake, that Stevens happened to catch a reflection of the sinking sun on what might have been glass. It was only the briefest flash, and it vanished even as he stared at it.

"Did you see anything?" he asked Sheardown.

Sheardown hadn't, and for another minute he held his plane on course. Then something—he will never know what—made him put the plane into a steep turn and drop to 2,000 feet. And in the next moment both men saw a dark figure moving out from an aircraft that was barely visible in the snow. Two flares lit the sky beside them.

"That's Bob Gauchie!" Stevens

cried out in utter astonishment. "My God, Gauchie's alive!"

It was the sheerest chance. The low-hanging Arctic sun, which never rose high enough to reveal the downed Beaver itself, was, at 6.10 p.m., at precisely the right angle to flash off its windscreen just as Sheardown and Stevens flew past. Had they left Yellowknife ten minutes sooner, they would have seen nothing.

The plane circled the lake, landed, then taxied towards the ghostly figure. Sheardown recalls, "He stood there with that blue suitcase, like a man waiting for a bus."

Bob Gauchie was a man who had iust thanked his God. Ahead of him lay long weeks in hospital, during which he would lose all five frostbitten toes. But he was alive! After an incredible 58 days—longer by far than any man had ever survived in a northern winter—he was alive. Now, in the moment of rescue, with the same determination that had so long sustained him, he drew himself up and began limping towards the plane—a haggard creature with shaggy hair, one foot wrapped in dirty canvas, and a bearded, emaciated face illuminated by a shining grin.

"Hallo," Gauchie said. "Do you have room for a passenger?"

A DIPLOMATIC conference is usually a meeting of delegates from different countries who try to agree on the date of another diplomatic conference.

—Maurice Couve de Murville

The Simple Life

By Sydney Harris

ful seclusion of my little house in the country. It is only in such a rustic atmosphere that one can meditate on the eternal problems of human life; that one can truly become detached from the frenzied, mechanical aspects of urban living.

This morning, for instance, I was awake at the crack of dawn—the man from the nursery had arrived to cut down some trees. Ever heard a power saw under your window at 5.45 a.m.? An hour later, having muffled my eardrums with cottonwool, I was again awakened by hammering in the kitchen—where two burly carpenters were installing new window cords with the shrillest electric drills this side of insanity.

As the morning progressed, the nurseryman and the carpenters departed—but we were shortly invaded by the refuse collectors, the man who fills the bottled-gas tank, a telephone repairman, and three dogs who had come over for a romp with our Dalmatian.

After a lunch interrupted only by nine telephone calls—all for the children, of course—I decided it was time to go up and work in what I laughingly call my study; a fetid corner of the attic, which I share with two bats. But it was not to be. The washing machine had broken down, and two of the window blinds refused to roll up. Also, a bicycle had developed arthritis of the handlebars, and something needed to be done to the garden water pump.

The bulk of the afternoon was spent in phoning the plumber, the garageman, the ironmonger's, and in making a couple of trips to purchase nuts and washers and bolts. Then the harbourmaster phoned to inform me that a storm was brewing and I'd better hurry over to put the tarpaulin on the boat. In the meantime, one child had to be picked up at the riding stables, another had to be chauffcured to a cinema date, a third had wandered into the woods, and the smallest refused to take her nap.

As I was saying, it is only in such a rustic atmosphere that one can really meditate on the eternal problems of human life—and come to the profound philosophical realization that the only way to achieve true detachment is to be a bachelor.

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Student Communism: Latin America's Trojan Horse

By Eduardo Cardenas

From Mexico to the Argentine, universities have long been used as sanctuaries for communist subversion. Now there are signs that the days of "inviolability" may be over

HEN a screaming student mob in Bogotá stoned the president of Colombia on October 24, 1966, the event might have passed as merely another episode in an era distinguished by violence. Fortunately, the outrage led to action which may mark the beginning of the end, in Latin America, of communism's abuse of academic freedom to destroy all freedom.

The attack on President Carlos Lleras Restrepo and his guest, John D. Rockefeller III, was planned as a bold test. Colombia's National University had long enjoyed by law the right to run its internal affairs without political interference. But this right had, as in many other Latin American countries, been stretched to free the university from any control by civilian authorities. Extremists claimed extraterritorial status for the university, and immunity for themselves, the professors and university employees. Even the police,

in hot pursuit of a criminal, could not follow if he took sanctuary in the university.

But the popular new president apparently had different ideas about this privileged situation. He had ruled that students must attend 80 per cent of their classes in order to graduate. Could he be made to back down? Could he be forced to permit the university to remain a state within a state? Radio Havana, whose broadcasts are heard all over South America, thought that he could, and blared instructions to "wage open war against this arbitrary repression of your rights."

Thus, when Rockefeller's visit to the new school of veterinary medicine was announced, communist extremists in the Federation of University Students were eager to comply with orders from Havana. They attacked with stones and bottles, and compelled the visitors to withdraw. Not even the nation's

president, the mob howled, could set foot on university grounds.

President Lleras, a former professor at the university and a champion of freedom, met the challenge with decision. Security police were called, and when the student ringleaders fled to their university sanctuary, the police went in after them. Seventy-six students and resident non-students, some of whom had been trained in Castro's "terror schools" for guerrillas,* were arrested. The president announced that, from then on, the "inviolability" of the National University grounds, and of the 25 other universities in the nation, was at an end. In the performance of their duty, police could act in the university grounds with the same authority as in any other part of the country.

His ruling was long overdue. Over the years, university autonomy has been increasingly misused by communist infiltrators. Some student uprisings have developed into wild orgies of looting and destruction. Tightly organized minorities in Mexico and Peru have seized and held universities for weeks. enforce dismissal of a rector or the resignation of the governor of a state. Demonstrators in Mexico's University of Durango, led by students who had studied behind the Iron Curtain, last year seized an iron-ore mine and held it for two months. They wanted to force the

* See "Inside a Castro Terror School," Reader's Digest, March 1965.

government to give a development contract to a Czechoslovakian stateowned engineering firm!

In Latin America, students have always been valiant fighters against dictatorship, and the university long ago won fame as "the cradle of heroes and martyrs." The granting of autonomy to the universities was a public acknowledgment of their immeasurable contribution to the cause of freedom.

Young Reformers. The concept began in Córdoba, the Argentine, in 1918, when students issued a protest against poor administration, poor teaching, excessive political influence—and demanding complete university autonomy. In the broadest sense, the reforms they initiated, which soon spread across the continent, were aimed at re-orientating the university to twentieth century needs. Latin Americans are proud of what they accomplished.

But communist infiltration of student groups in Latin America started at about the same time, short-ly after the Russian revolution. The Marxist promise to put an end to social injustice by building a new order "fair to all" seemed compatible with the idealism, impatience and inexperience of Latin America's youth. Taking advantage of the shelter offered by university autonomy, communist infiltrators were busy for years, capturing key positions in student organizations. How far the infiltration had progressed by 1958 was shown by the shocking

student attacks on U.S. Vice-President Richard Nixon during his visit to several Latin American capitals that year.

But it wasn't until 1959, when Fidel Castro seized power in Cuba, that communist infiltration in Latin America became a fine art. Castro, who suppressed university autonomy in Cuba, has managed to misuse this lofty principle elsewhere as a weapon of subversion. As a streetbrawling young revolutionary in the University of Havana, he had learnt the advantages of being able to flee from the police to sanctuary in the university. So, when 19 out of 20 members of the Organization of American States broke off diplomatic relations with him, he saw at once that the universities could be made to substitute for Cuban embassies as centres for subversion. In short, denied one Trojan horse, he simply turned to another.

His move has paid off handsomely. Today students are involved in every far-left activity in Latin America—whether it be guerrilla warfare, rioting, pro-Vietcong demonstrations, kidnapping for ransom, or bank robberies to raise funds for subversion. Reports from Venezuela indicate that about 70 per cent of the guerrilla strength in that country is supplied by students or university hangers-on. Often their orders are transmitted by Radio Havana.

And their announced aim is to take over governments throughout the hemisphere.

Now the trend is changing. Even before the Colombian outbreak, Brazil and the Argentine had dealt harshly with infiltration in their universities. And after President Lleras acted in Colombia, he was applauded throughout the continent. Moreover, since his action, the legitimate autonomy of Colombian universities has remained untouched. The only change is that the Trojan horse has been dismantled.

Although three out of four student action groups at the National University are Marxist-orientated, only a few hundred of the 8,000 students are active communists. The great majority are fed up with violence and disruption—and are fighting back. For example, when the communists seized the venerable San Marcos University in Lima, Peru, last October, non-communists engaged them in a pitched battle.

The university phase of communism's battle against the free world is clever, well-financed and staffed by tireless zealots. Those who care about freedom must meet the attack with equal energy, awareness and persistence if the ideals of free enquiry and university autonomy are to be preserved. Today, after years of apathy, there appear to be some who are willing to do just that.

THERE's one advantage to the music the younger generation goes for today—nobody can whistle it.

—R. A.

TENSION TAKES A TOLL

Nervous tension reduces fertility in human beings, reported Sweden's Dr. Ulla Olin at a recent symposium on population control. The speakers dealt with ways in which people and animals apparently limit their numbers before they reach the brink of starvation.

Fertility rates among city dwellers are consistently lower than those of rural people, Dr. Olin said. In some areas urbanization has already turned the tide. In Hungary, where citizens refer to crowded city flats as "birth-controlling" houses, the total population of the country appears to be on the verge of decline. Under the stresses of crowded city life, Dr. Olin added, "our ability and desire" to have children are curtailed. If population is not controlled by intent, physiology will take over.

Another speaker pointed out that the fertility of almost all animals drops when they are in crowded conditions;

adrenal glands have been suggested, he said, as a population safety valve. Crowding produces stress; stress enlarges adrenals, which presumably reduces fertility in some species.

-New York Times News Service

HOT WATER FOR AN ITCH

IF you have an agonizing, localized itch caused by insect bites or other skin irritations, here is a way you may get relief. Apply a flannel soaked in very hot water (50 to 60 degrees C.) to the itchy spot. Repeat several times.

This treatment will sometimes work when nothing else does. Doctors think the hot water deadens the nerve network just under the skin at the site of the itching, and so gives relief. Another, but less popular theory, is that the heat brings more blood to the area, which then washes away the irritants that cause the itching.

The hot-water treatment should not be used on babies, and should be used on adults only for localized itching which can be treated with compresses or running water. And make sure that the water is hot enough to cause considerable discomfort, but not hot enough to burn.

— E. D.

MUMPS VACCINE

FOR MANY years, virologists have tried to develop an effective vaccine against mumps, a disease which can lead to deafness, impairment of vision or inflammation of the brain. Difficulties are more common among adults; in grown men the aftermath of mumps can be sterility.

Killed-virus vaccines have been

available for several years but they give only brief immunity. Thus, virologists continued the search for a live-virus vaccine. It ended, by lucky coincidence, when five-year-old Jeryl Lynn Hilleman contracted mumps. Her father, Dr. Maurice Hilleman, heads a U.S. virology team which had been hunting for a mumps virus that would grow well in the laboratory, lose its virulence, yet retain its power to give immunity. Dr. Hilleman found that his daughter's virus did just that.

Made into a vaccine, it was given to more than 500 youngsters in the first field trial. Of these, 100 have been exposed to mumps; only two contracted the disease, but among the unvaccinated 61 in 100 got it.

—Time

RELIEF FOR RHEUMATOID KNEE

The pain—the early deformity—of rheumatoid arthritis of the knee may be relieved by surgical removal of a joint membrane (the synovium) inflamed and swollen by the disease. So reports Dr. Leonard Marmor in the American Journal of Surgery. He performed the operation on 130 patients, most of whom obtained excellent knee motion and relief of pain; two, previously in wheelchairs, could walk without discomfort. Most patients walked when leaving the hospital one week after surgery.

—L. G.

SMALL PIGS HELP RESEARCH

A NEW breed of miniature pig, developed by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, is providing valuable aid to radiation research and other studies affecting man.

"Pigs are similar to man in many

ways," the AEC says. "Because they, too, eat almost anything, their gastro-intestinal tracts are about the same. So is their dental structure. They are similar in bone, skin and body mass as well."

The trouble in the past has been that pigs eventually get too big—the average pig weighs 600 lb. or more. So, in 1961, scientists set out to develop a breed that would never grow heftier than 150 to 180 pounds. A herd of more than 600 has now been developed and the pigs are being used for research on dental braces, gum cancer and tartar formation, heart failures and resultant respiratory changes.

-AP

BALL-AND-DRUM TEST

EVERY PARENT knows that a baby's gaze can be caught by a key chain or some other bright object. Now, a Boston medical team has found that the way a newborn baby reacts to moving objects over his cot can provide important clues to the state of his central nervous system.

Dr. Berry Brazelton and his colleagues tested 96 infants when they were seven days old, first dangling a bright red ball over their cots, and then rotating a striped drum above their heads. Typically, the babies reduced their restless arm waving and watched.

Only nine infants failed to respond to either test, and these showed definite signs of neurological impairment in tests a year later.

With Brazelton's red ball and striped drum, paediatricians now have a quick way to judge the neurological health of babies.

—Newsweek



By Toots Shor

Johnny Broderick died in a highly unexpected way—peace fully and in bed on his rolling green farm near Middletown, New York Along Broadway, the odds were always high that Johnny, as tough a cop as ever belted an armed killer with his bare fists, would die at the hands of the underworld. The

Toots Shor runs a New York restaurant which is one of America's best known gathering places for famous personalities in sport, politics and show business

underworld hated Broderick and, to put it mildly, the feeling was mutual

Johnny's way of dealing with troublemakers was crude but effective. Once he saw three toughs annoying some women outside a Broadway restaurant. Johnny threw them, one by one, through the restaurant's plate-glass window. Then he arrested the dazed trio for "malicious destruction of property." A judge sentenced them to 30 days in jail and made them pay for the

broken window. "You needed a new window anyway," Johnny told the restaurant owner.

Another time Broderick entered a restaurant where a husky univer sity student who had had too much to drink was annoying the diners. "Why don't you quiet down, son?" Johnny asked the strapping youth. The young man stood up belligerently and said, "Do you know you're talking to the inter-university heavyweight champion?" Johnny's right fist flashed, and the young man went sprawling. "Meet the new inter-university heavyweight champion," Johnny said, a big grin creasing his Irish face.

First Meeting. Johnny Broderick was already a legendary detective when I met him in the early 1930's. Prohibition was in effect, and gangsters flourished. Gangland money bought protection in high places, and big-time mobsters moved in and out of court as casually as they'd go through a revolving door.

I was working as a bouncer at a New York club. One night after I threw a man out of the club, he tackled me on the pavement. We were fighting together when several of his friends started to move in on me. "Okay, you guys, stay where you are," I heard someone bark. "Let 'em fight." The man's friends stopped in their tracks, and I managed to clobber him. It was Broderick who had warned off the friends. "You're all right, kid," he told me.

That was the beginning of a

friendship that lasted the rest of his life. When word got round that I was a friend of Broderick's, New York's tough guys treated me with a new respect.

I've known a lot of war heroes, and most of the great fighters, but Broderick was the most courageous man I ever met. He faced death countless times, yet he didn't seem to know the meaning of fear. "He's the one man I wouldn't want to fight outside the ring," his friend Jack Dempsey said.

Johnny looked as tough as he was. He had a bulldog face, and spoke in the accents of the New York slum where he grew up. His fists were gnarled from being broken in innumerable brawls; in fact, a New York hospital kept X-rays of his right hand on file to illustrate how much damage the human hand can endure and still function. He stood just five foot nine, and weighed about 175 pounds, but he had developed his unusual toughness by daily exercise at a gymnasium.

Underneath the tough-guy exterior, though, he was as soft as the marshmallow sundaes he loved. He was devoted to his mother and drove to the suburbs every day to visit her.

Johnny demonstrated his truly extraordinary courage not long after I met him. Three hundred police had surrounded a vicious killer named Francis "Two Gun" Crowley in a ground-floor flat just off upper Broadway. As they poured

bullets and tear gas into the barricaded hide-out, Crowley fired back, yelling, "You'll never take me alive!"

Broderick offered to go in alone after Crowley. The police held their fire while Johnny dashed into the building. Inside, Broderick made his way to the killer's flat. "Come on out!" he bellowed. "You ain't got a chance, pal!"

"You know me good enough, Johnny," Crowley snarled. "The only way I'll come out is shootin'!"

Hard Hitter. In reply, Johnny hurled himself at the door, smashing it down and catapulting himself almost into Crowley, who was backing, gun in hand, towards another room. "Drop that gun and put your hands up," Johnny commanded. Crowley hesitated a split second—just long enough for Johnny to knock him cold.

Small wonder that Johnny became a New York legend. Newspaper columnists called him "The Boffer," and coined the phrase "to broderick," meaning to rough up. He was assigned as bodyguard to famous New York visitors, including President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Queen Marie of Romania and King Albert of Belgium. Novelist Damon Runyon wrote about him, giving him the name of "Johnny Brannigan."

Johnny paid scant heed to all this attention. When Edward G. Robinson portrayed him in a film, Johnny was more annoyed than pleased.

One night I rang Johnny from my restaurant to say that Robinson was there and was eager to meet him. "I don't wanna meet him," Johnny said. "What if my two daughters see that picture? He played me as drinking and smoking. You know I don't drink or smoke."

John Joseph Broderick was 12 when his father died, and Johnny had to leave school and get a job driving a lorry to help support his family. At a union meeting he met Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labour. Gompers took a liking to the rugged youngster and made him a bodyguard.

After serving in the Navy in the First World War, Johnny became a fireman. But chasing fires wasn't exciting enough, and he joined the New York City police force, assigned to the Broadway district. He was outraged by the kind of "justice" that gangland money could buy. But he never gave anyone the third degree in the back room of a police station—a common practice in those days. He preferred to deal with troublemakers wherever he might encounter them. "I don't like anything one-sided," he said.

One gangster whom Broderick couldn't abide was Jack "Legs" Diamond, a frail, psychotic little gunman feared even by fellow gangsters. One night, Diamond and a companion killed two rival thugs in full view of 25 witnesses at a nightclub, After three key witnesses

had mysteriously turned up dead, Diamond was not even brought to trial. This was too much for Broderick.

He sent word to Diamond through the underworld that New York City was permanently out of bounds for him. The gunman swore he would come back and kill Broderick. A few days later, Johnny was tipped off that Diamond was in a New York cinema. Johnny went in —and emerged a couple of minutes later holding the gunman under one arm. A crowd gathered as he carried the struggling gangster along the street. Raising him high, Johnny dumped Diamond head first into a dustbin. "I warned you to stay out of town," Broderick barked.

A bystander asked Johnny if he was going to arrest Diamond. Johnny shook his head. "He'd only get a lawyer to get him out of jail," he said. "This way he'll be so embarrassed he won't be able to face the boys. He'll leave town for keeps."

Johnny was right. "Broderick as good as killed Diamond with that garbage-can stunt," Mayor Jimmy Walker said. "It finished him as a leader." Diamond moved his base of operations to Albany, New York, where he was shortly afterwards killed by gangland bullets.

Once a riot call went out from a slum district and Johnny arrived alone to answer it. "Where's the riot squad?" someone demanded. "Hell," Johnny said disdainfully, "this ain't a world war." Many times I've sat in nightclubs where gang members were present, and seen them suddenly make a hasty exit. That was the signal that Broderick was prowling round the area.

He would appear in the doorway, grey felt hat pulled low over his face, his narrow eyes sweeping the room for any sign of trouble. Once, looking for a murder suspect in a nightclub, he spotted his man, walked up and knocked him out. As the suspect toppled, a revolver—presumably the one used in the killing—fell from his pocket. "Case closed," said Johnny as he hauled the groggy man off to jail.

Generosity. By 1934 I had worked my way up to become the owner of a popular restaurant. But through gambling and the Depression, I lost it. Discouraged, I was drowning my sorrows in a restaurant one night when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked up and saw Johnny. "I just thought you could use this, Toots," he said softly, dropping a bundle of notes on the table.

That was only one of many times that Johnny helped pull me out of a tight spot. I think he was even prouder than I was when, just two years afterwards, I opened my own Toots Shor restaurant in New York.

While I was building it, a group of construction workers announced that they would not permit lorries from New Jersey to deliver materials to the construction site. "We'll see what can be done," Johnny said. At the pier where the ferries from New Jersey dock, we found a gang of men waiting to prevent the lorries from landing. Johnny met the ferry and climbed up alongside the driver of the first lorry. "Okay, let's go," he announced. The waiting men took one look at Johnny's scowling face. The lorries rolled off without interference.

Johnny retired in 1947 after serving 25 years in the force and earning eight medals for conspicuous bravery. Soon after, a film producer paid some Rs. 7.5 lakhs for the rights to Broderick's life story. The picture was never made, but with the money Johnny bought a 200-acre farm near Middletown, New York, where he bred horses and dogs. But he still used to come to New York City occasionally to sit in my restaurant and talk with old

friends. He had trouble adjusting to the changing times. He would shake his head sadly when he heard of beatniks and sit-ins, and of women being beaten up and raped in Central Park.

On the night of January 16, 1966, there was a party at the restaurant in honour of his 72nd birthday. His old friends were on hand to congratulate him, and he was gay and loquacious and glowing in the warmth of their affection. After the party he drove back to his farm. There, Johnny Broderick died peacefully in his sleep.

With his passing went the toughest of the old-time cops. Today his methods would undoubtedly draw cries of protest. Yet for the ordinary citizen, New York City was a far safer place when Johnny Broderick and others like him prowled the streets at night.

Parental Plots

My father believed that the larger a man's head, the greater his brain development, and was one day having a heated argument about this theory with a financial magnate. The tycoon had left his hat on a chair in my father's office, and, unobserved, father folded some paper and slipped it inside the inner flap. After their business was concluded, they shook hands and the man put on his hat. He removed it and put it on once more.

"That's odd," he observed, "my hat feels tight."

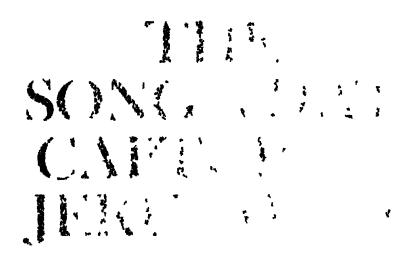
"You see," said my father in triumph, "one conversation with me, and . . ."

—Richard Lloyd George, in Lloyd George (Muller)

WHENEVER he went out of the house my father, who was a connoisseur of literature, had a curious way of saying: "I have hidden the key to my bookcase under the clock in the living-room; I forbid you to read my books."

Thus, with charming complicity, I had read most of his favourite authors at 15.

—Solunge Chaput Rolland, My Country Ganada or Quebec?



By LINDA GOTTLIEB

It was to have been a song of nostalgia for a lost city. Instead it became a hymn of victory

TROM ONE end of Israel to the other today, one song is sung:
"Yerushala'im Shel Zahav"
—Jerusalem of Gold. Within three weeks it became both national hymn and prayer. Over 30 versions compete for sales in Israel—Eddie Fisher has recorded it in London and Larry Adler plays it on the harmonica.

The song has penetrated the very marrow of every Israeli, and lives on as a reminder of the six-day war last June.

In Tel Aviv, Naomi Shemer, long black hair framing a face from a Gauguin painting, sits and ponders her latest creation. For her, it was a miracle which began on May 15,

1967. Some 3,500 people had crowded into Nation Hall in modern Jerusalem to attend the annual song festival commemorating Israeli Independence Day. For this festival, five of the country's top composers had been commissioned to create songs. The festival director had explained that they were free to write about anything they chose, but the city's Mayor had expressed a strong wish that one of the five compose a song about Ierusalem. Four were not interested. Naomi Shemer, 34, popular composer of more than 200 songs, accepted.

For two months she wrote nothing at all. But as she went about her daily activities, she thought about

the Jerusalem she had known as a girl. She remembered the colours, the sounds, the silent mood of Jerusalem, her childhood visits to biblical places, closed for ever to her since 1948.

She thought, too, of a story from the Talmud in which the wife of the great Rabbi Akiva lived in poverty for years so that her husband might pursue his studies. When Rabbi Akiva became a famous and learned man, he rewarded his wife with a "Jerusalem of gold," a gold brooch hammered out in the shape of the ancient city, to be worn as a symbol of her devotion.

Inspiration. Naomi Shemer took the Talmudic phrase, "Yerushala'im shel zahav," "Jerusalem made of gold," and used it as the title for her song. It was to be a song of nostalgia, an intimate regret for a city she had personally lost.

"Jerusalem of gold, of copper and of light," went the refrain; then, quoting from the medieval Hebrew writer, Yehuda Halevi, she continued, "Let me be a violin for all your songs . . ." For the first time in modern song, she referred to the "ancient wall" which Jerusalem "carries around her heart," and talked of the sights of the old city, sights Jews of today would never see:

The water cisterns are dry.
The market-place is empty.
We cannot visit our temple in the ancient city,

Where winds wail in the rocky caves
Over the mountains.
We cannot go to the Dead Sea
By way of Jericho.
Your name burns my lips like a seraph's kiss,
Let me not forget thee, O Jerusalem of gold!

At Nation Hall in Jerusalem, it was already close to midnight when the song was sung. Fourteen other melodies had already been per formed to full orchestral accompaniment and polite applause.

Then a young girl, discovered by the composer herself only a few days before, and unknown to the general audience, walked out onstage. Her only accompaniment was her guitar. As she sang "Yerushala'im Shel Zahav," the audience grew hushed.

When she finished there was a second of silence, then earsplitting applause for nearly seven minutes. Naomi Shemer's personal sense of loss, it seemed, was every Israeli's. The song had to be played once more, by popular demand. This time—the second time it had ever been performed—the entire audience joined in the refrain.

On the same night that the Jewish audience was singing of a Jerusalem they would never see, Nasser was moving his troops into the Sinai Peninsula. During the next few days the soldiers of Israel began to leave their homes and prepare for battle. They took with them almost

no personal belongings, but somehow—as the song was played time and again on the radio during the early days of mobilization—they took the song.

Then the telephone calls and letters began. Soldiers wrote to tell Naomi Shemer how they sang her song in the fields during the evening. Performers rang to ask if they might begin and end their programmes for the military with her song, since the soldiers inevitably requested it. A high-ranking member of the armed forces called to invite Miss Shemer to sing her song for the troops stationed around Jerusalem. Although she does not often perform, she accepted.

Many of the faces in her audiences she recognized—doctors, lawyers, people she saw every day in the small country of Israel. Some, she remembered, had fought in 1948 and 1956. They stood about her in a circle, with only the headlights of a truck breaking the blackness of the night, and she sang to them. Loudly, with determination in their voices, the soldiers joined in the refrain.

On Sunday, June 4, Naomi Shemer was called to one of the army's central command posts, to be given a new troop-entertainment assignment. She was introduced to some of the top military leaders in Israel, including Brigadier-General Ariel Sharon, division commander who was to lead one of the main thrusts of the Sinai campaign.

Sharon turned to her, and in his usual blunt fashion said, "It's important you should come to sing for us."

Late that afternoon the songwriter from Tel Aviv and the deputy commander of Israel's armed forces flew together to the encampment of Sharon's troops in the south. Dinner that night consisted of tomatoes, cucumbers and eggs. Nobody talked much. After dinner the young woman waited to be asked to sing, but she was not.

Shared Vigil. At last, Sharon's aide drew her aside. "The war will be tough," he began. "And we have reason to believe it will be soon—very soon. We have decided there will be no singing tonight." Naomi Shemer said nothing. "Still," he added, "you do not know how important it is to us to have you here, It's difficult to explain," he continued, "but you are a poet, a musician—and somehow we wanted someone with soul to share this time with us."

Late that night, very late, the men moved out and, on Monday morning. radios announced that war had broken out. Naomi Shemer set out to help in the only way she knew. On Tuesday she joined the troops outside Rafa, singing for them in the evening. On Wednesday they moved to El Arish, where scattered infantry fighting was still going on. She and several other entertainers were huddled round a column built, ironically, by the Egyptians to

commemorate their 1956 "victory" over the Israelis in Sinai.

Someone had a transistor radio. Suddenly an announcer broke into the music. "The city of Jerusalem has been taken!" The programme switched to Jerusalem itself. Gunfire could be heard behind the announcer's voice, as he described the paratroopers' street-by-street fight into the heart of the old city. Now some of the troops were advancing towards the Wailing Wall, he said. Then, in the background, indistinctly at first, there was the sound of a song—or a hymn, rather—sung by what sounded like hundreds of men, in hoarse voices, gasping for breath between lines: "Yerushala'im shel zahav, veshel nechoshet veshel or Halo lechol shiraich ani kinor." ("Jerusalem of gold, of copper and of light, Let me be a violin for all your songs!")

Naomi Shemer, crouched by the side of an Egyptian wall, listened to the broadcast. She heard the announcer's description of the tanks and trucks coming into the city, many of them plastered with banners reading, "Yerushala'im shel

zahav." Tears ran down her cheeks.

Then, in the middle of the sounds of battle in El Arish and Jerusalem, a very small, personal, professional thought occurred to her: she would have to rewrite the second stanza of her song. There was no longer any need for nostalgia: Jerusalem was theirs!

Later that evening, when the Israeli soldiers had gathered in their camp in the desert, the young woman stood up. "I shall sing for you a stanza I have just added to 'Yerushala'im Shel Zahav,'" she told them "Because when I first wrote the song, Jerusalem was just a beautiful dream. Now," she added, "it belongs to us!" And as the soldiers listened, she sang:

We have come back now to the water cisterns,
Back to the market-place.
The sound of the shofar is heard
From the Wailing Wall in the ancient city.
And from the rocky caves in the mountains,
A thousand suns are rising.
We shall go now to the Dead Sea,
Go by way of Jericho!

Changing of the Garb

CHANGES in the dress of some Roman Catholic nuns are taking place so fast that even members of the Church have trouble keeping up with them. Last year, a Catholic delegate on his way to a religious convention, turned to a group of women wearing outfits he did not immediately recognize. "Excuse me," he said. "But I don't recognize your order. What is it?"

The young women looked perplexed. Then one of them replied, "Oh, we're airline stewardesses."

—Religious News Service

Paris Restores Her Royal Heritage

By Alice-Leone Moats

In the dilapidated mansions and palaces of the Marais, a group of young volunteers uncover the architectural splendours of France's Golden Age

Michel Raude walked the crooked, oddly-named strects of the Marais, once the most aristocratic quarter of Paris, and political and social centre of France's Golden Age.

It was here that Louis XIV drove on his wedding day; it was here that Madame de Maintenon had gone to live as the bride of Scarron, where Beaumarchais finished writing Le Mariage de Figaro.

Raude looked at the façades of the palaces and mansions, masterpieces of the greatest seventeenth and eighteenth century architects. Abandoned by their owners after the French Revolution, they had been taken over by artisans and shop-keepers; though dilapidated, they

still stood on solid foundations. He was sure they could be saved.

A 31-year-old electrical engineer, Raude had no money, no official position, no access to influential circles. All he had was his knighterrant dream of rescuing the Marais from its squalor—and an invincible determination that was to startle the people of Paris and even the French Government.

Raude's opportunity to fulfil his dream came quite by chance. In January 1961, he heard of an 80-year-old man, Monsieur Decamps, who was threatened with eviction from his workshop, a seventeenth century mansion in the Marais where the Decamps family had been making mechanical dolls for almost 100 years. Raude went to

ATLAS/J VFRROUST



The Marais' historic place des Vosges where Victor Hugo lived

visit the old man. He learned that the French Ministry of Education had bought the mansion with the intention of demolishing it and erecting a modern building in its place.

There appeared to be no way of preventing the disaster until Monsieur Decamps suddenly recalled that his father had once mentioned the existence of some splendid beams under the thick plaster of the workshop ceiling. Raude was back the next night with a friend to help scrape the ceiling clean.

When the first piece of plaster fell off, they knew that they had struck gold: the ancient beams were there.

Raude found 12 more volunteers, plus an architect to supervise the work, and kept working. For three weeks he and his team spent every evening and every week-end loosening tons of plaster, pulling out hundreds of nails, washing and waxing.

The Louis XIII ceiling they brought to light proved to be one of the few of its kind in France. On March 1, the Hôtel de Vigny was put out of the destructive reach of the Ministry of Education by being declared a historic monument.

Raude and his group of enthusiasts now wanted to save the whole of the Marais, a project involving millions of francs. For this they knew they would have to enlist public support. They began by organizing a series of entertainments at the Hôtel de Vigny. These included a tour of the mansion, a talk on the 150 finest Marais palaces, an

amateur film made during the restoration work, recorded music and tricks performed by the Decamps' dolls.

Only 30 people arrived for the first performance, but by the third evening the number had swelled to 250. One of the visitors, a lawyer, said: "I found these lighthearted young organizers so irresistible that I signed a paper they thrust at mewithout reading it three times."

The paper was a petition for the preservation of another famous Marais mansion, the Hôtel Guillaume Barbès, about to be torn down to make way for a block of flats. Members of the audience carried off petitions to circulate in their own neighbourhoods, and shopkeepers in the Marais distributed petitions to their customers. Within three months, 10,000 signatures were handed in at the Department of Historical Monuments. In October, the Hôtel Guillaume Barbès joined the Hôtel de Vigny on the historic list.

A Festival. Meanwhile, in May 1961, a meeting of volunteers had been held in a café to discuss what could be done next to arouse general concern over the fate of the Marais. "Why not organize a festival?" Raude asked. "We drew hundreds of people with a little entertainment in a decaying mansion. Why couldn't we draw thousands with entertainment in the courtyard of a restored palace?"

By the beginning of September a

Festival Committee had been set up. The organizers fanned out all over Paris to beg and borrow necessary materials, to recruit new volunteers, seek patrons and donors. "We all thought it was a mad project," says one backer, "but we were carried along by their enthusiasm."

The Festival opened on May 28, 1962, in the majestic courtyard of the Hôtel Lamoignon, one of the Marais palaces. The first performblood-and-thunder was a melodrama set in the seventeenth century; a Racine tragedy, a Marivaux comedy and eight concerts by local orchestras and groups followed. Claude Fontaine, an economist who scrved as the Festival Committee's vice-president treasurer, recalls: "The audiences were tremendously enthusiastic and the critics kind, although the shows were extremely amateurish." In all, there were 35 performances attended by 10,000 people.

Each year since then the Festivals have grown in popularity. At the 1964 Festival, 54 performances—operas, ballets, plays and concerts—were presented, attracting 64,000 spectators. In 1965, when Minister for Cultural Affairs André Malraux took the Festival under his patronage, it became one of the main events of the Paris season.

The Festivals have achieved their main objective: to call attention to the Marais. After the first Festival, petitions were signed by patrons and spectators, many of whom had

OUGI.

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never before visited the Marais. Newspapers made the Festival an opportunity for articles urging that the Marais be preserved. As early as August 1962, the Festival's value was dramatically emphasized by the passage of the "Malraux law," designed to safeguard entire historical districts, instead of single buildings or sites. The law had been prepared some time before, but officials concede that the work of Raude and his volunteers promoted its acceptance

by the public.

Once the Marais became a historical monument, Raude's volunteers became busier than ever. To get a detailed list of the 2,000 ancient buildings in the district, they spent 18 months crawling through cellars and attics, climbing on to roofs, hanging out of windows and lying on floors to photograph and sketch façades, carvings, ironwork, staircases and painted ceilings. They built up a file of 300 index cards and 5,000 photographs, and designed a detailed map of the Marais indicating which buildings were of value.

This map was sold to raise funds for the volunteers' activities; it was also presented to the Department of Historical Monuments and to city officials who now use it for their

restoration plans.

At the end of 1963, Raude and his colleagues decided to organize

Volunteers scraping and restoring golden beams discovered in the Hôtel de Vigny

INCAB wins £ 1.1 million contract in Kuwait for ICMA Export Consortium

The Indian Cable Company Limited, quoting as leader of the Export Consortium of the Indian Cable Makers' Association and competing against world-wide tenders has won a contract of £ 1.1 million according to a message received from the Indian Embassy in Kuwait. This is the first time the Indian cable industry has successfully competed against the established and well-known manufacturers in this sophisticated field.

With the home demand unable to utilise even 40% of the installed

capacity and the spectre of deepening recession facing the industry, seven power cable manufacturers of the I.C.M.A. have formed an Export Consortium in an endeavour to (1) project the image of the Indian cable industry in the world market (2) earn foreign exchange and (3) fight recession at home.

INCAB—The Indian Cable Company Limited—as the promoter of the plan and the contracting party for the Consortium is proud to be associated with this export promotion enterprise.

OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CONSORTIUM

Asian Cables Corporation Ltd.

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themselves on a more permanent basis; a central headquarters had also become a necessity. municipality gave the organization, at a nominal rent, a 30-year lease on two city-owned sixteenth century houses in the Marais on the condition that they undertook the restoration themselves. And so, since April 1964, groups of young men and women have been working on the two houses, tearing out partitions, clearing away rubble and removing tiles. When the work is finished, there will be, besides office space, rooms for meetings, exhibitions and archives.

The volunteers are almost all single, between 22 and 30, and include engineers, accountants, secretaries, salesmen and civil servants.

Some, like Edouard Basset, an efficiency expert who supervises the restoration work, originally joined the organization to get free tickets to the Festival. Others are Marais residents who saw the organization's map in the headquarters' window, went in to learn more about their own homes—and stayed to help.

They give various reasons for their enthusiasm. A pretty secretary likes "the atmosphere, the team spirit and the pleasure of building something." An electronics technician gets intellectual satisfaction: "Instead of reading about the age of Louis XIV, I relive it by scraping old stone."

Says one volunteer, "Restaurants, antique and curio shops have sprung up in the Marais and those that were already there are getting into the spirit of things, too. The owner of a restaurant near our headquarters rid his ceiling of plaster to expose the old beams, and a grocer is scraping away at his walls to uncover some seventeenth

century panelling."

Maurice Minost, an official from the Department of Historical Monuments who is in charge of the Marais district, agrees that the volunteers' work is not only useful but necessary. "The job is going to take 30 to 50 years, and the younger generation must be prepared to carry it on," he says. "Furthermore, the state can't impose the restoration of the Marais on taxpayers; they have to feel that they are forcing us into it. The volunteers are the fuses that can ignite the public's imagination."

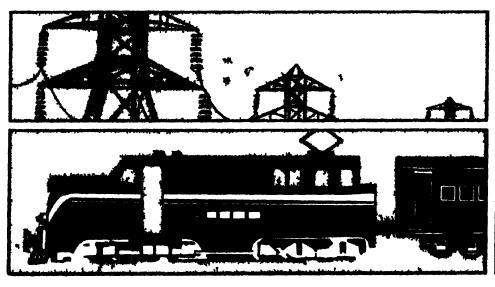
Although Raude's volunteers are prepared to protect the whole of historical Paris, the Marais remains their chief concern. "Our aim," says Raude, "is to keep people and officials conscious of the tasks that lie ahead. The Marais must live again." For the 110,000 people who came to this year's Festival, Raude's dream is coming true.

GANDHI was once asked: "What do you think of Western civilization?"
"I think it would be a good idea," he replied.
"N.S.

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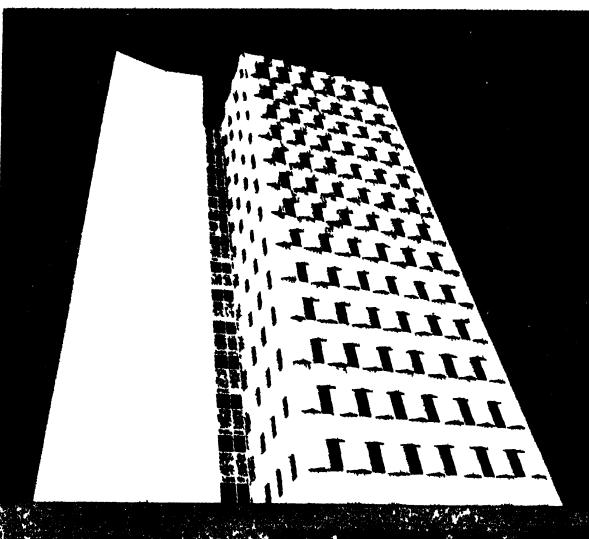
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Silvicrete ACC WNITE CEMENT



Humour in Uniform

While I was on active duty as a reserve officer shortly after the Korean War, one of my jobs as a unit commander was to give a re-enlistment talk to each man prior to his discharge. During one interview near the end of my term of office, I was earnestly pointing out the merits of an Army career to a soon-to-be-discharged private. Suddenly the fellow broke in. "You've convinced me, Lieutenant," he said. "Let's go down and re-enlist together."

The interview ended immediately.
—G. S. K.

Dominating our classroom at Air Navigation School was a large iron stove. A useful point of reference, it was labelled on the instructor's seating-plan.

One morning we were being examined by one of the brass-hats, a formidable Group Captain with a heart of gold.

Having posed an unanswerable question about inertial guidance systems, he glanced at the seating plan.

Each one of us quaked at the prospect

of being called on to reply.

Finally, he looked up: "Let's hear what you have to say, Stove?" The embarrassed silence was broken by a terrifying dressing-down addressed to our iron classmate who, it appeared, was idle, neglectful of his duties, a disgrace to the Air Force and a menace to his flying companions. To our relief, the remainder of the session was taken up with an explanation of guidance systems.

Being seated nearest the door, I overheard the Group Captain's remarks to the instructor sergeant after they had left the room.

"That old gag never fails, Sergeant," he said. "It's the best way of putting the fear of God into a class without actually hurting anybody."

-I. M. WILLIAMS

Pushing my new son home from a visit to the Brigade Depot where my husband was a staff officer, I was greeted by a sergeant-major's wife, an old acquaintance from a previous posting. She gazed admiringly into the pram. "Of course, I don't know your husband," she explained, "but I can see that this little chap is the spitting image of one of the officers in the battalion."

—Mrs. Norman Clayden

It was the end of a hard day at sea and the Navy cook had just prepared yet another round of fried eggs for yet another watch of hungry sailors. He pushed away the bins of broken egg shells, sat down, and wrote a short letter to his sweetheart.

"Darling," he began, "for the past ten hours shells have been bursting all around me..." —W. R. MORGAN A FEW days after our arrival in Vietnam, we were briefed by a captain from the Special Forces. The most memorable part of the briefing was on the subject of snakes. He stated that in Vietnam there are 100 species of snakes, of which 99 are deadly poisonous. "The other one," he continued, "swallows you whole."

-F. D. S.

WHEN MY husband's cousin left for service overseas, he kissed his family good-bye. A few days later, his six-year-old son said, "I shouldn't have washed Daddy's kiss off. It will be a long time before he can give me another."

After a pause, he added, "That's O.K. It soaked into my heart anyway."

—Mrs. Richard Oxley

HOLY FAMILY Hospital in New Delhi, staffed and managed by the Medical Mission Sisters of Philadelphia, usually handles all physical and laboratory examinations of U.S. military personnel in the north of India. The summer heat is so oppressive that it can be a problem even to the toughest. One soldier had just completed blood tests and taken about ten steps into the hot corridor when he fainted. The hospital paediatrician, a tiny nun with a sense of humour, happened to be passing and caught him over her shoulder as he fell. A lab technician, who dashed to help, asked the sister what had happened.

"Oh, nothing," she replied. "I'm just trying to get his wind up."

-Sister M. Pascal, New Delhi, India

I PERSUADED my cousin, who was in the Navy, and a shipmate of his to go

with me to an art museum. They showed little interest as we wandered through the various galleries. But when we came to a crowd listening to a guide's comments on the paintings, they perked up considerably.

My self-satisfied smile faded as I realized they were not appraising the paintings but a girl who stood in front of us. Her pink knitted suit did nothing to hide her gorgeous figure. My cousin edged through the crowd and passed in front of her. When he returned, I scribbled on my guide book: "Well?"

With a grin, he replied, "Just checking if the bow is as see-worthy as the stern."

—Mrs. J. Greenland

To Honour the visiting general, a keen horticulturalist, our civilian gardener was instructed to have plenty of flowers around. Much impressed, the general ended his inspection at the strong room.

"This, sir, is where we keep our secret files and documents," announced



the C.O., and opened the door—to reveal the finest display of begonias outside a flower show.

—J. Crossy

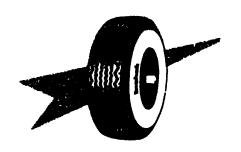
My HUSBAND and I were in the air force during the Second World War. Last night we unpacked our old uniforms and tried them on. Now that's humour in uniform! -- MRS. F. W. HOFER

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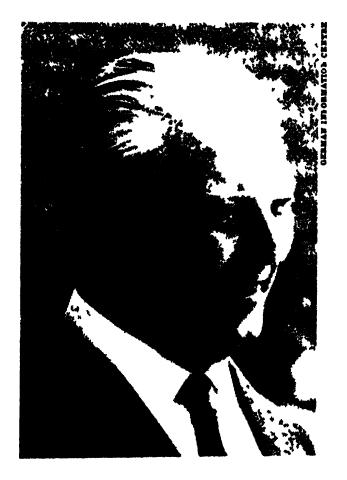
That was a timely halt for all the automobiles No skidding better road grip, easy control — such exacting performances of Inchek tyres have been ensured by a thorough study of Indian roads and climatic conditions which goes into the manufacture of Inchek tyres. Built with the latest international technical know how Inchek tyres represent a range of safer and more durable tyres for trucks, buses cars, scooters and other vehicles on Indian roads.



THEY ARE DEPENDABLE .. THEY ARE ITO THEY &



A recent visitor to India, Kurt Kiesinger gives firm, deft direction to West Germany's role on the world stage



over the West German city of Brunswick one morning last May. Thousands of people in the streets below craned their necks as the awkward machines spiralled down and landed. One hovered a little longer, while from its window a smiling, silver-haired man waved greetings.

"There he is!" roared the delighted crowd. When the helicopter landed, out stepped Kurt Georg Kiesinger, the new chancellor.

West Germans have grown to expect such dramatic entrances from their new chief. Witty, charming, with a flair seldom seen in the staid

By Edward Hughes

circles of German bureaucracy, Kiesinger hops around his country meeting people in a way unknown before to the German public. Since the Federal Republic was formed in 1949, no other leader has done as well in the public-opinion polls.

Konrad Adenauer was Der Alte—the old man—a father figure who won deep respect for his long years of service and commanding person ality. Ludwig Erhard was Uncle Ludwig, the cigar-puffing symbol of prosperity and economic good sense. Kurt Kiesinger's image is that of the man of urbanity and culture, learning and sophistication.

New Spirit. He stands for a new Germany. Two decades after the Second World War, Germans are tired of deferring to Washington, London and Paris, a bit weary of being constantly reminded of Dachau and Auschwitz. Impatiently, they suggest that it is time for West Germany to take its independent place in the world.

The very fact that Kurt Kiesinger is chancellor is evidence of the new spirit of independence in West Germany. The reason: for 12 years he was a member of the Nazi party, a blemish which had always before disqualified a person from holding high office in post-war Germany.

What are the facts? When Hitler came to power, Kiesinger was a young lawyer, newly married and newly graduated from Berlin University. His youth had been spent in the land of Hansel and Gretel:

mellow, mountainous Swabia, the south-western part of Germany, famous for the Black Forest and cuckoo clocks, Stuttgart and its Mercedes cars, ruins, romantic poets and home-made dumplings known as Spätzle.

The son of a book-keeper in Ebingen, he was strictly brought up on the piano, organ and violin. His excellent work at school and some lyric poetry he had published caught the attention of a prosperous local businessman, who provided the money for him to study law. At university he was prominent in Catholic youth activities. In the wake of the Pope's Concordat with Hitler—before the true meaning of the Nazi creed became clear—Kie singer, like many other young Catholics, joined the National Socialist Party.

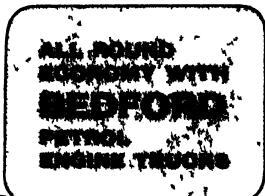
That was in 1933. Kiesinger says he became disillusioned in 1934, when Hitler turned to blood and brutality. The young lawyer took no further part in party activities. He taught law at Berlin University, then during the war was drafted to serve in the Foreign Ministry. Automatically arrested by the allies at the end of the war, Kiesinger spent 18 months in prison. At his de-nazification trial in 1948, he was cleared of guilt.

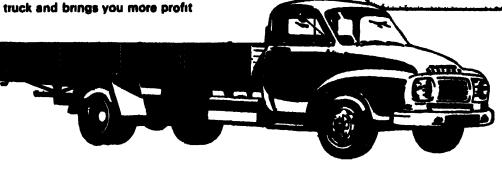
He left prison resolved never again to get involved in politics or government. His talents dictated otherwise. When the first post-war legislature was formed in 1949,



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Kiesinger was there as an elected representative from the state of Baden-Württemberg.

The tall, suave and articulate lawyer made such a strong impression during the next years, on Adenauer and others, that he was recognized as a potential occupant of the chancellery. Instead, as governor of his state in 1958, he returned to Stuttgart.

By last autumn, however, under Chancellor Erhard, West Germany—the admired Wirtschaftswunder (economic miracle) of the Western world—was in dire straits. The economy, which had grown nearly seven per cent a year since 1950, seemed heading for no growth at all. It had been a classic case of overspending.

In the 1950's, when rapid economic growth guaranteed enough money to meet any demand on the treasury, the government built a welfare-state structure that got bigger and bigger.

Inflationary Aid. The subsidy schemes were endless. Inefficient German agriculture was given subsidies to stay alive. So were scores of high-cost coal mines that should have been out of business. The warwounded got benefits; so did university students; so did parents with more than two children. In 1965, with national elections looming, many existing subsidies were increased and several new ones created, while taxes were reduced.

When the inevitable inflation get

too serious to ignore, an alarmed Federal Bank put on the brakes by restricting credit. Suddenly, manufacturers panicked, began cutting back expansion plans and laying off workers.

In autumn 1965, the demand for labour had been so great that 660,000 jobs went begging, in spite of the fact that 1.2 million foreign workers had been brought in from southern Europe. By February 1966, 225,000 workers were unemployed, and within another year the total would shoot up to 670,000.

Inevitably, the political effects were felt by the Christian Democratic Union, the majority party, of which Adenauer, Erhard and Kiesinger were all members. In response, the "conservative" CDU -which over the years had moved gradually to the left—formed an alliance with its traditional enemy, the Social Democrats, who had just as steadily abandoned their Marxist trappings in favour of a capitalist, middle-of-the-road policy. The candidate elected by the coalition: Kurt Kiesinger. On December 1, 1966, at the age of 62, Kiesinger was formally voted into office as third chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany.

He faced a dilemma. On the one hand, public spending needed to be sharply reduced to balance the budget (as required by the federal constitution); on the other, a stimulus was needed to get investors

spending again and end the downward spiral of unemployment.

Kiesinger sat down with his ministers in the longest cabinet meeting in the history of the Federal Republic. The upshot: a policy package that promised, among other measures, higher taxes, a reduction in farm subsidies, cut-backs in pensions and family allowances. More important, Kiesinger announced a ten per cent reduction in defence spending.

To help implement his programmes, the new chancellor has chosen a cabinet that is highly talented—and very odd, reflecting the improbable coalition behind him.

Strong Allies. At his elbow is a Foreign Minister who, as a Social Democrat, had to flee to Norway to escape arrest by Hitler's henchmen. He is Willy Brandt, 53, ex-mayor of West Berlin. Another colleague is Herbert Wehner, 61, a one-time card-carrying communist and today the bitter foe of the East German Reds. As All-German Affairs Minister, he is the adviser on matters leading towards German reunification.

Also in this strange team is Franz Josef Strauss, 52, Defence Minister under Adenauer. Strauss, a conservative, is now Finance Minister, and as such he works hand in glove with an Economics Minister who is a socialist: Karl Schiller, 56, a scholarly former professor who, with Brandt and Wehner, did much to rid the Social Democrats of their

old Marxist garb and rebuild the party as a Teutonic version of the New Deal.

Kiesinger rules these and the other members of his cabinet with a firm, deft hand. Gone are the days (as under Erhard) when cabinet ministers called press conferences to announce their own independent policies. And gone are the days (as under Adenauer) when no minister dared open his mouth. "The Old Man overcontrolled, and Erhard undercontrolled," comments one who knew both administrations, well. "In spite of its odd composition, Kiesinger's team smoothly."

Bonn the chancellor likes; Baden-Württemberg he loves. At every opportunity, he goes back to his country cottage at Bebenhausen, 20 miles from Stuttgart. There, hour after hour at week-ends, he wanders through the silvered forest. There he thinks. And there he makes many decisions he has, not brought himself to in the bustling atmosphere of the national capital.

Relaxed and gentle in public, he can be a holy terror in private. On one tramp through the woods he spotted an unfamiliar bird rising from a bush. "What kind of bird is that?" he demanded of the aides with him. None seemed to have any idea. "Well, go back and find out!" he barked—and an underling dutifully dashed off to seek the answer.

At the end of Kiesinger's first year in office, there are signs that



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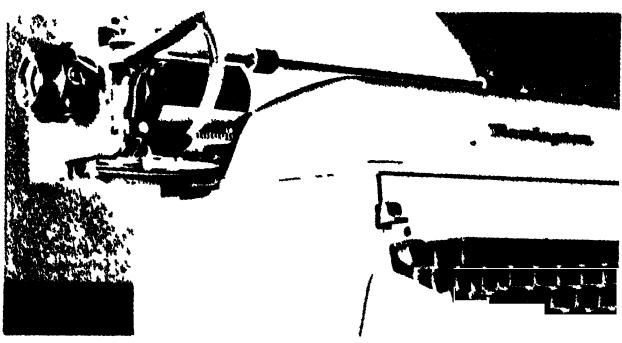
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NEW LEADER OF THE NEW GERMANY

his country's economic fortunes are improving. Manufacturers' order books show increased demand for factory products, unemployment figures have begun to go down, and once again Swiss banks are recommending German stocks to their customers.

Kiesinger can also look with optimism on the new patterns he is beginning to forge abroad. Neither of the previous chancellors had dared to establish formal relations with the Soviet satellites of Eastern Europe. Seeing the opportunity to take initiatives of his own, Kiesinger, immediately after taking office, sent emissaries to Romania and established diplomatic relations. He would like to do the same with Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Hungary,

Czechoslovakia and Poland. The theory is that closer ties will produce a reunification of his divided country far faster than the old policy of rejecting the Reds. Kiesinger has even dared to defy tradition and reply directly to a letter from the premier of communist East Germany, who always claimed that this sort of thing would constitute "recognition" of a separate Germany.

Such firm and independent actions have attracted national and international favour and made Kiesinger one of the most popular figures in Germany. Neither fascisin nor communism can look to the West Germans for support today. Simply stated, they are a nation of the West—and their chancellor is of the same breed.

Signs of Life

A New cafeteria has been opened at New York's Central Park Zoo. In it is a large sign which says: "Let the animals watch you eat for a change."

Sign in a store's padded-bra department: "Nobody Is Perfect."

—Richard Harrison

THE OPENING of a new public library had been long delayed. A notice in the adjacent shopping centre announced: "This is the first time a whole library has been overdue."

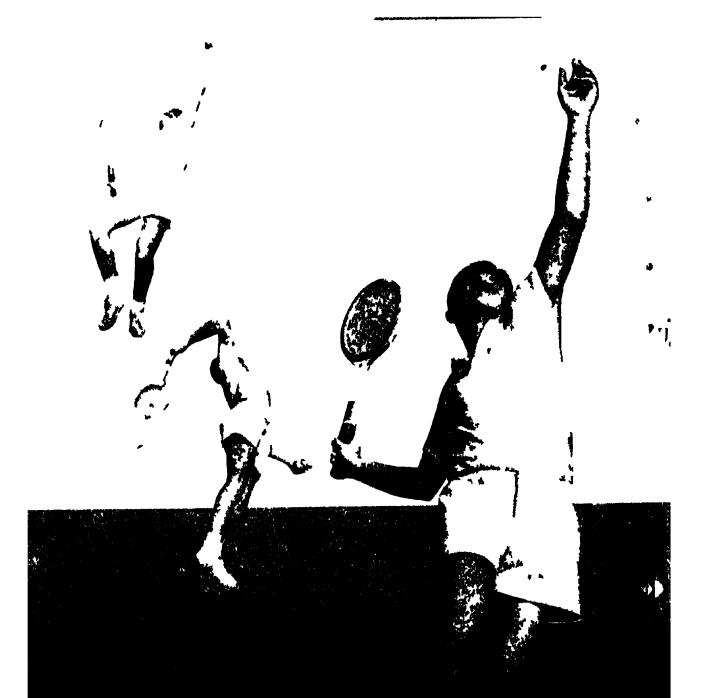
—Don Page

A Tokyo telephone company sums up the city's enormous traffic jams with this sign: "Use the phone—you'll never get there by car." —D.F.P.

. Sign in a New York cab: "Please sit back and relax. It's bad enough that I'm nervous."

—s. w.

A RESTAURANT decorated in ancient Roman style put up a sign reading: "Humidus Colorium." It translates: "Wet Paint." —Leonard Lyons

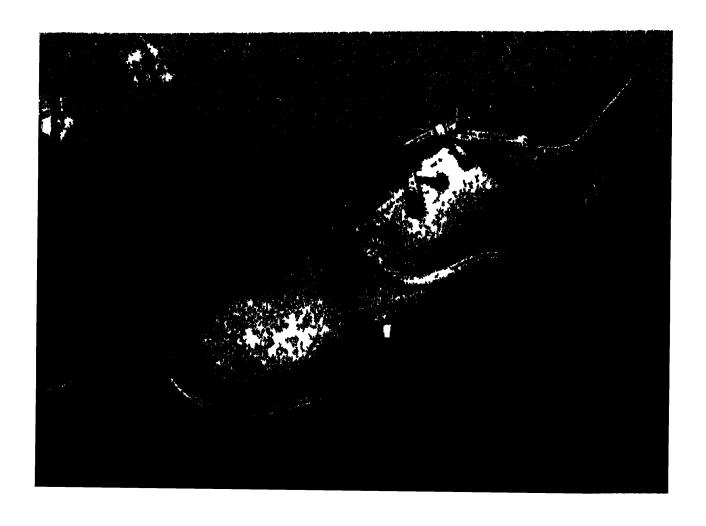


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The Children America Forgot

By Pearl Buck

Alone, stateless, lost, they are the children fathered—then abandoned—by U.S. servicemen in Asia. A famous author pleads their case

anonymous fathers—the American servicemen who have left their children behind in Korea, Japan, Okinawa, Formosa, the Philippines and Vietnam. It is estimated that one in ten of the young servicemen sent to these countries fathers a child by an Asian girl. Result? The New People—the Amerasians!

American policy towards these children is unique: "Impossible—they do not exist!" Perhaps I, too, might have believed in their non-existence had I not gone to see for myself.

Pearl Buck, America's most distinguished woman of letters, and winner of the Nobel and Pulitzer prizes, has devoted much of her time and energy in recent years to helping "lost children"—the orphaned, the handicapped, and those of mixed parentage.

These children do not exist, I told myself firmly as I stared into faces that were certainly not Asian. Beggar children pursued me on Asian streets, and I gazed into dirty, beautiful little faces, faces with blue eyes, grey eyes, hazel eyes, faces surrounded by tangled brown hair, fair hair.

"You don't exist," I muttered, while their filthy little hands clutched at my skirts. "No, no, you don't exist," I whispered when I saw them in orphanages. And "No," I cried, when I saw a ragged gang of them sheltering under a bridge in a snowstorm. "No, you are not there!"

At last, convinced against my will, I gave up. They are there, and they are there in great numbers. Many of them die in babyhood, and the ones who survive by tooth and claw,

by begging and thieving, are above average in looks and brains.

"There are more of these children than anyone knows," the Korean ambassador said to me in Washington one day. "And I must tell you that they are superior children."

Yet they are isolated and alone, stateless and lost. For in most of Asia the child traditionally belongs to the father, not the mother. Since it is the father who registers the child's birth, a fatherless child has difficulty entering school or getting a job. Lacking a father, the child has no family and no future.

One could say that these children are not my business. But I am vulnerable to enchantment, and I am bewitched by them. They steal my heart by their wit and beauty. I cannot see them grow up lost and angry without trying to do something about it. I know from history and experience that lost and angry children, especially if they have brains and beauty, grow up into dangerous people.

Unerring Faith. I know the servicemen are not solely responsible. No man has yet been able to produce a child by himself. The Asian mothers of these children are, for the most part, young girls who attach themselves to individual American servicemen and remain faithful, each to her man, so long as he stays in her country.

She hopes her man will marry her, as he often promises to do, and she may even have the child in order to reinforce her hold on him. That is an old female mistake in any country. In nearly all cases, the American fathers do not acknowledge the children they have begotten.

Moved years ago by the plight of half-American children in Asia, I had already been bringing some of them to the United States for adoption. It was obvious, however, that many thousands of them could never be brought to the land of their fathers.

So I became a hunter. I set out to find the American fathers who had brought about the situation. What their names were I did not enquire, Let them remain anonymous, if only they cared for the children. Anonymous fathers—fathers anonymous—why not a Fathers Anonymous club? Nothing would be asked of the members except money—with which the child could be educated and prepared for life.

I began in the most likely place I could imagine—in ex-servicemen's organizations. I telephoned the heads of such organizations. When they answered my questions I felt that their voices came from beyond the moon.

"No," they insisted. "Impossible."
But surely, for helpless children . . .

They were only slightly touched. There were local branches, they said. If I would prepare individual batches of information . . .

I prepared them, sent a personal



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READER'S DIGEST

letter with each and explained that a Father Anonymous need send no name, no address, only money. I mentioned the fact, apologetically, that a few dollars could save a child's life; a few more dollars, sent regularly, could also educate a child and ensure him a job; just one dollar a year from every active serviceman could take care of all the Amerasian children and give them the best

possible education. I sent information and letters into the void, and out of the void nothing came back.

So the hunt goes on. And, still hunting, I am puzzled. How is it that these fathers will not respond? Do they never wonder where their Asian children are and how they look?

What strange instinct is this to beget, and then destroy?

Sheer Poetry

AFTER a discussion of a magazine article in which a group of famous writers submitted the English word they considered the most beautiful and evocative, I asked my Bangkok university students to give me their own choices. The writers' favourites ran to words like "lilting," "moonlight" and "dawn." I expected a good deal of repetition from my students, with perhaps a few special oddities gleaned from their Victorian poetry course.

I did get a few "dawns" and "moonlights"—but on about half the papers, in neat, precise handwriting, appeared the word "progress."

-William Warren

Old Wood to Burn

A QUEER fancy seems to be current that a fire exists only to warm people. It exists also to light their darkness, to raise their spirits, to toast their muffins, to air their rooms, to cook their chestnuts, to tell stories to their children, to make chequered shadows on their walls, to boil their hurried kettles, and to be the red heart of a man's house and hearth, for which, as the great heathens said, a man should die.

—G. K. Chesterton

Don't MAKE the mistake of poking a wood fire, thinking that makes it burn more briskly, or of boosting up the logs to get a draught under them. Two logs placed side by side with the hot coals between them will make their own draught, which comes in at each end of the log. Moreover, they keep the heat between themselves, constantly increasing it by reflecting it from one to the other. If you are in haste to make the flames start, don't disturb the logs but use a pair of bellows.

—Dan Beard

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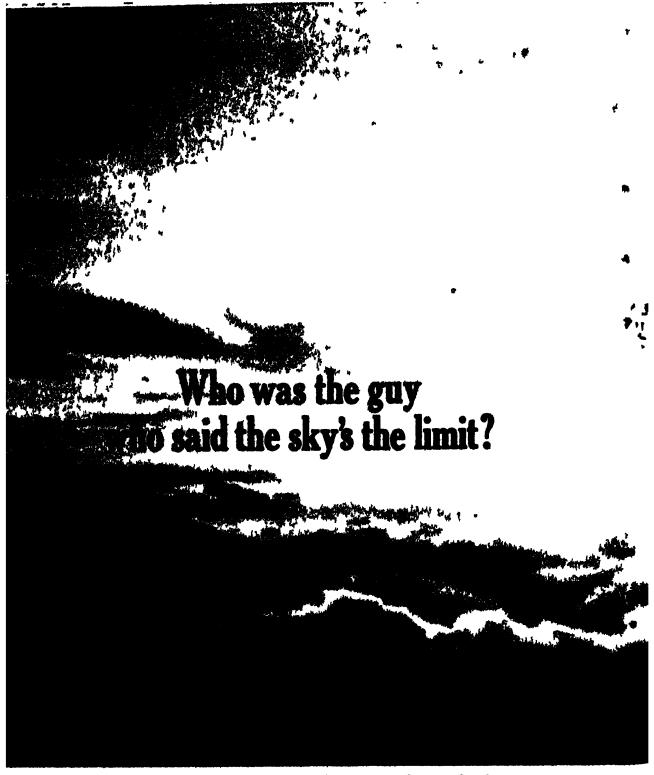
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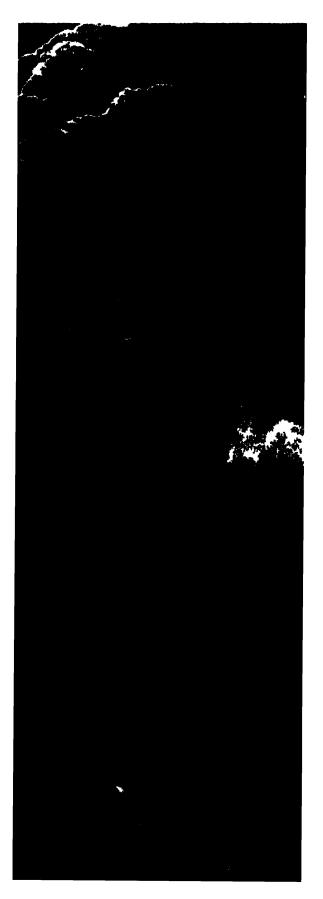
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In a holocaust of unimaginable force over 3,000 years ago, a whole nation perished, and an island sank beneath the sea...

Was This the Vanished World of Atlantis?

By RONALD SCHILLER

in the Aegean, the beautiful island of Stronghyli, some 70 miles north of Crete, lay basking in the sun. Its harbour was crowded with ships. Its terraced vineyards were heavy with fruit. In the warm springs that gushed from the sacred mountain in the centre of the island, people bathed, and in the steam fissures on its slopes they consulted the oracles.

Suddenly, the 4,900-foot mountain heaved, roared, then blew up in a volcanic eruption of unimaginable violence. When the fiery rain finally stopped, the central portion of the island dropped into a deep hole in the sea.

The pieces that remained—called the islands of Santorini today were buried under volcanic ash. The explosion and its after-effects were enough to change the course of history.

Archaeological evidence has long indicated that a series of catastrophic events—in fact, the cataclysm out of which Western civilization emerged—took place around the fifteenth century B.C. But did the Santorini eruption occur at that time, and was it of sufficient magnitude to have had such enormous consequences?

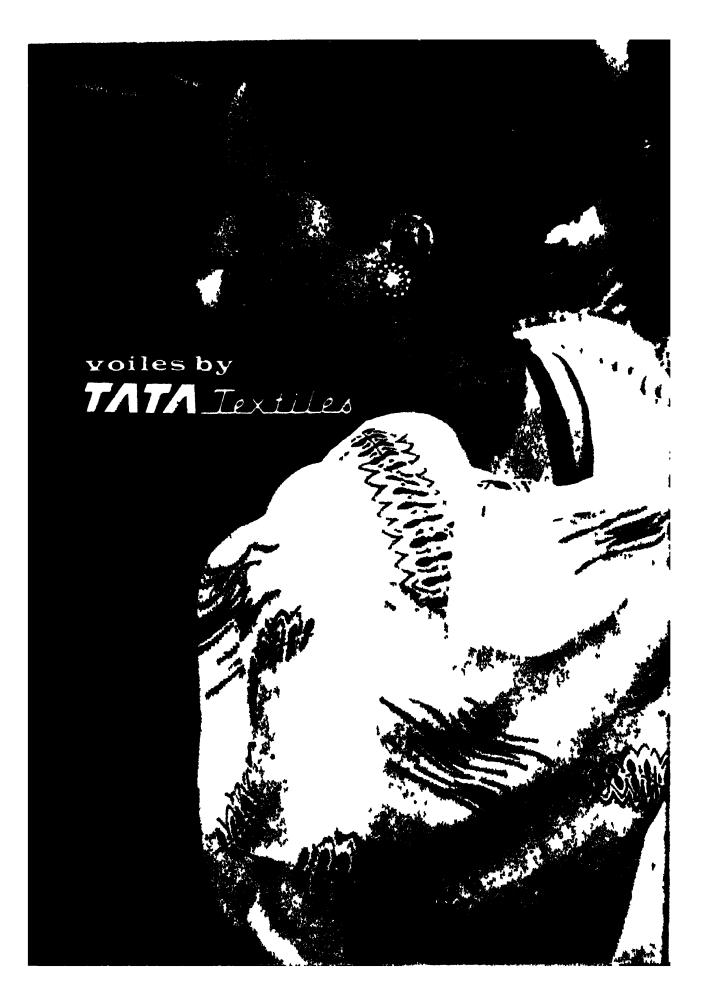
In 1956, an accidental discovery was made by Professor Angelos Galanopoulos, of the Athens Seismological Institute. On the island of Thira, one of the shreds of Santorini that had not sunk under the sea, he visited a mine from which volcanic ash is removed for use as cement. At the bottom of the mine shaft he discovered the fire-blackened ruins of a stone house. Inside were two pieces of charred wood and the teeth of a man and woman.

Radiocarbon analysis disclosed that they had died in approximately 1400 B.c., and the volcanic ash that covered them was 100 feet thick. The cruption that laid it down may indeed have been the greatest in human history.*

Just how violent was the Santorini explosion? For comparison, scientists turn to records of the Krakatoa eruption in the East Indies in 1883. That volcanic island cracked at its base, allowing an inrush of cold sca water which mingled with hot lava. The irresistible pressure of expanding steam and gas blew the top off 1,460-foot Krakatoa, sent a fiery column of dust 33 miles into the air and hurled rocks 50 miles. The dust circled the earth, turning sunsets so red that, months later, fire brigades were called out on the U.S. cast coast.

When the eruption had spent its force, the empty shell of the volcano collapsed into a 600-foot-deep crater in the sea, creating tidal waves which destroyed 295 towns, drowned 36,000 people and hurled a ship two miles inland. The roar shook houses to a distance of 480

[•] Searches have continued on Thira. In mid-1967, a team of scientists brought to light the first Minoan town ever to be uncovered intact—a counterpart of Pompeii, the Roman city buried by volcanic eruption in 79 A.D.



miles, and was heard more than 2,000 miles away.

The explosion of Santorini followed the same pattern, geologists say—except that it must have been many times more violent. According to Galanopoulos, the aerial energy released was equivalent to the simultaneous explosion of several hundred hydrogen bombs. It buried what remained of the island under 100 feet of burning ash; Krakatoa deposited only one foot. The wind spread the Santorini ash over an 80,000-square-mile area, largely to the south-east, where it still lies as a layer of the sea-bed, from several inches to many feet thick.

When the volcano had emptied itself, the hollowed-out mountain dropped into its crater, 1,200 feet below sea-level, creating tidal waves estimated to have been one mile high at the vortex. Roaring outward at 200 miles per hour, the waves smashed the coast of Crete with successive walls of water 100 feet high, engulfed the Egyptian delta less than three hours later, and had enough force left to drown the ancient port of Ugarit in Syria, 640 miles away.

These are the calculations of the Santorini explosion's physical effects. Its historical effects may have been even more profound.

Western civilization traces its aesthetic, intellectual and democratic traditions back to classical Greece. But at the time of the explosion, Greece was inhabited

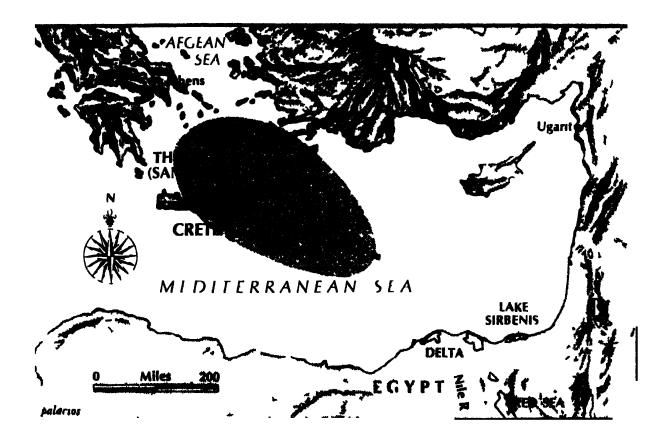
by primitive Helladic tribes. The great culture that later flowered there owes its origin to a people whom we call Minoans.

Almost one million strong, the Minoans lived in a dozen cities on Crete, with outposts on Santorini and other islands. They employed a sophisticated form of writing. They enjoyed a variety of sports, including boxing, wrestling, and bull games in which the contestants vaulted over the horns of the charging animals. They used flush toilets, airconditioned their houses by channelling cool breezes into them, and created superb vascs, ornaments and wall paintings that would be high fashion in our living-rooms today. Their ambassadors and merchant flects ranged the oceans of the ancient world.

Sudden End. Late in the fifteenth century B.C., this brilliant civilization abruptly vanished. Excavations indicate that all of the Minoan cities were wiped out at the same time, all the great palaces destroyed, their huge building stones tossed around like matchsticks.

Until the recent geological discoveries, the obliteration of Minoan civilization was an intriguing mystery, attributed to revolution or invasion. Many historians are now convinced that the destruction was caused by the eruption of Santorini—by the holocaust itself, by its aerial shock waves, and by the ensuing tidal waves. The heavy fall-out of volcanic ash filled Crete's fertile





valleys, destroyed the crops, and rendered agriculture on the island impossible for decades. Almost the entire Minoan race perished.

There were scattered survivors—those who managed to reach the high mountains, those who were on distant voyages at the time. Archaeological evidence indicates that most of these people fled to western Crete, and from there northwards to Mycenae on the near-by shores of Greece. Although battered by tidal waves, Greece had not suffered from the volcanic fall-out, thanks to the north-west wind.

The results of the Minoan migration were quickly apparent in the flowering of Mycenaean civilization about 1400 B.C., when the written history of Greece begins. The

refugees introduced the Greeks to their alphabet, art, archery and games—all hitherto unknown on the mainland. They taught them to work in bronze and gold, and probably helped them build the great tombs and palaces that are the glory of Mycenacan culture.

Greeks of the Golden Age did not entirely forget the vanished civilization, or the catastrophe. These lived on in various legends, including—possibly—the story of Atlantis.

According to Plato, who recorded he incident later, Solon, the Athen ian lawmaker, on a visit to Egypt in 590 BC., was told by Egyptian priests that in the ancient past "there dwelt in your land the fairest and noblest race of men which ever

lived; of whom you and your whole city are but a seed or remnant. But there occurred violent earthquakes and floods, and in a single day and night of rain all your warlike rien in a body sank into the earth, and the island of Atlantis disappeared beneath the sea."

Atlantis, by this account, was an island kingdom. It had an area of 800,000 square miles—too big to fit into the Mediterranean—and Plato placed it in the ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules (the Straits of Gibraltar), thereby giving the Atlantic its name. It was destroyed, according to Plato, 9,000 years before Solon's time.

Theory. New Archaeologists point out many factual impossibilities in Plato's account. Professor Galanopoulos believes that Solon simply misread the Egyptian symbol for "100" as "1,000," thereby multiplying all figures tenfold. Eliminate that extra nought and the destruction took place 900 years before Solon in the fifteenth century B.C., which coincides with the destruction of Santorini. The size of Atlantis, then, would have been 80,000 square miles, which accords nicely with the dimensions of the eastern Mediterrancan islands. And, Galanopoulos notes, there are two promontories on the coast of Greece near Crete also called "Pillars of Hercules."

From Plato's descriptions, the plain on which the "Royal City of Atlantis" was located closely resembles the plain on Crete where the

Minoan city of Phaistos stood. And the description of the part of the kingdom which was sacred to the sea god Poseidon, with its steam fissurcs, hot springs and concentric circular canals, "fits perfectly the features, shape and size of the island of Santorini," says Galanopoulos. "Traces of the canals and harbours are discernible even now on the floor of the caldera, or undersea crater." These and other parallels have induced at least one distinguished historian to note, "It seems that the riddle of Atlantis has finally been solved."

A second great historic consequence of the Santorini cataclysm is the effect it may have had on northern Egypt, 450 miles away, where the children of Israel laboured as slaves at the time. Historians have long noted the resemblance between the Ten Plagues, as recorded in the Bible, and disasters that have accompanied volcanic eruptions. The surrounding waters may turn a rusty red, fish may be poisoned, and the accompanying meteorological disturbances frequently create whirlwinds, swamps and red rain.

The Ten Plagues produced similar phenomena. The waters of Egypt turned red as blood, killing fish and driving frogs on shore. Darkness covered the land for three days. The heavens roared and poured down a fiery volcanic hail. Strong winds brought locusts, which destroyed what crops remained. Insects, which bred in the rotting

bodies and swamps, brought disease to cattle and humans. Death was so rampant as to amount to the killing of the "firstborn" of every family.

Egyptian documents confirm the disaster. "The land is utterly perished... the sun is veiled and shines

not," says one papyrus.

"O that the earth would cease from noise, and tumult be no more!" laments another. "The towns are destroyed... no fruit nor herbs are found... plague is throughout the land."

Did the enslaved Israelites take advantage of the confusion and begin their epic migration to the Promised Land? As evidence, some biblical scholars cite I Kings 6:1: "And it came to pass, in the four hundred and eightieth year after the children of Israel were come out of the land of Egypt, in the fourth year of Solomon's reign over Israel..." Since Solomon reigned from 970-930 B.C., that puts the Exodus very near the time that Santorini

The Bible relates that Pharaoh pursued the Israelites and drowned in the sea with his army. Egyptian inscriptions also refer to this event. Professor Galanopoulos attributes the disaster to the tidal waves created when the cone of Santorini dropped into the sea—which could

exploded.

have occurred weeks or months after the eruptions, and the plagues, first began.

He points out that the Hebrew words yam suf can mean either "Red Sea" or "Reed Sea," and declares that many scholars believe it was the latter that the Bible refers to. He identifies the location as Sirbenis Lake, a brackish body of water which is separated from the Mediterranean by a narrow piece of land. He believes that the Israelites fled across this dry bridge, with the waters "on their right hand and on their left," during the interval when the sea was drawn back towards the Acgean, and that the Egyptians were caught in the huge returning tidal wave. The interval would have been about 20 minutes.

These theories about the Exodus stand on shakier ground than those concerning the destruction of Minoan civilization and the disappearance of Atlantis. Nevertheless, they seem to have occurred too closely together in time to be ascribed to mere chance. They fit together like parts of an incomplete jigsaw puzzle.

Today scientists and historians are working hard to find the pieces that will prove the contention that Western civilization was born in the flame and ashes of a volcanic eruption in the Aegean, 3,400 years ago.

Cheap at the Price

AFTER his Saint Bernard had puppies, my friend put this advertisement in the local paper: "For Sale—Saint Bernard puppies. Guaranteed double your dog in a month, or your money back."

—D. S.

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maa IT-6721

Address," it says on the coupon, and I wish I could. I'd really like to send for the lovely silver-plated cake server in my choice of patterns. But I never will. Never.

I can't fasten the little strap that's supposed to encircle my umbrella to keep it closed, either. It's too little. That is, the strap is too little. The umbrella is too big.

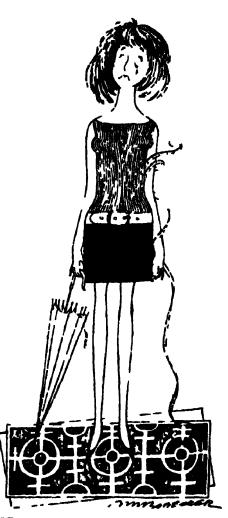
I seem to spend a good part of my day battling with spatial relationships. The problem is that too much won't fit into too little, no matter how hard I try. Or cry. Or stamp my foot and swear.

What drives me to despair isn't the clearly impossible feats, such as manoeuvring a too-big car into a too-small parking space. I know that won't work—however much assistance I may get from bystanders who shout, "Right hand down a bit!"

But I do have certain little illusions, and one is that a 12 × 15 carpet is larger than an 11½ × 14½ underfelt. It's mathematically impossible for the felt to peep out on all four sides of the carpet. Yet there



By JANE GOODSTIL



it is, not only peeping out but curling up.

Another of my fantasies is that I expect my season ticket to fit neatly into the sec-through compartment of my wallet designed for it. Undaunted by my previous disenchantments, I persist in believing that this time my new ticket will slip right in, smooth as silk, and lie flat. And why shouldn't it? When you consider the number of people who can design nuclear submarines and compute missile trajectories, wouldn't you think that somebody could calculate how to make a card fit into a card compartment without bending?

As a matter of fact, I worked it out myself the last time I had to trim the edges of my season ticket to make it fit. By using a tape measure, I discovered that the card was exactly three-sixteenths of an inch larger than the compartment it was supposed to fit into.

Am I the only person in the country who's got a tape measure?

The hot-dog discrepancy is slightly different, but no less perplexing. Is there some reason why the sausage industry and the bread-roll manufacturers can't get together and resolve their differences? Why can't they make sausages as long as the rolls, or rolls as short as the sausages? If either side would budge an inch—or if both would make a half-inch adjustment—the problem would be solved.

I sometimes doubt whether there is such a thing as a perfect fit. No, I take that back. A perfect fit is what I throw myself into when I'm driven to distraction by the endless unfitness of things.

Have you ever tried to ram your overnight essentials into an overnight bag? Or two suits into a two-suiter piece of luggage? Ever tried to jam the vacuum-cleaner attachments back into the attachments box? I know they came neatly packed in it, but a fat lot that proves. The fact is that *nothing* fits like a glove, including gloves.

Pork Wine

IN JOHANNESBURG, pigs on an experimental farm have been enjoying a pint of chilled white wine every day with their meals—and they have shown a marked increase in weight. "There were no ill effects except when the pigs did not take enough food with their wine," says Dr. W. A. Vosloo.

"The pigs that took proportionate quantities of food and wine were more relaxed and went to sleep soon afterwards. But those that took too much wine became fractious. Their hair stood on end and they blundered about noisily and unsteadily until they eventually fell asleep."

—AP



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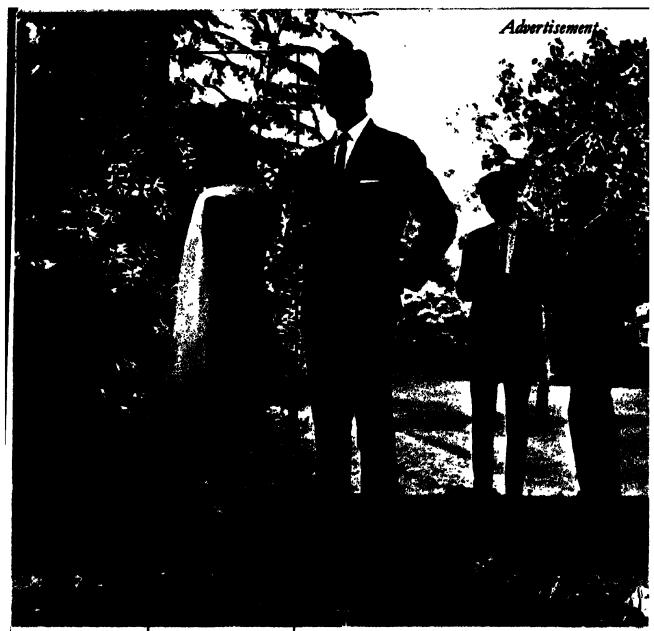
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WHO is she?

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Until she was nearly 80 she had known nothing but farm work. By the time she was 100, she had become a

world-famous artist

The Incredible Career of Grandina Moses

By Don Wharton

began painting. She had never received a painting lesson or been inside an art gallery or had more than a few months' schooling of any sort. Her entire life had been spent on farms, 15 years of it as a "hired girl." Her hands were now arthritic, and she actually didn't know the difference in artistic value between an original painting and a copy of a pretty postcard. Yet a decade later Anna Mary Robertson Moses was one of the best-known artists in the world.

Her career has no parallel. At 90, pictures she had just completed were in galleries and exhibitions in the United States and numerous European countries. When she reached 100, birthday greetings flooded in from all over the world, including messages from all four



living U.S. Presidents. When she died in 1961 at 101, it was front-page news across Europe and America. It is only today, with the perspective of a few added years, that we can fathom the full wonder of this fabulous story.

Anna Mary Robertson was born in 1860, one of ten children in a frugal farm family in New York State near the Vermont border. At 12, she left home to earn her living as a hired girl. When only 15, she was cooking three meals a day, weeding, washing, cleaning, ironing, and churning butter. She worked like this, for a succession of families, until at 27 she married Thomas Moses, a hired man whom she found "of good family, very temperate and thrifty."

Moving to Virginia, she not only did the usual work of a farm wife but put in long extra hours to supplement the family income. At one time, she was making and selling 160 pounds of butter a week. When her husband began selling milk, she had the task of washing, filling and sealing 100 bottles a day. Meanwhile, she was bearing children ten between 1888 and 1903, of whom only five survived. "Five little graves I left in that beautiful Shenandoah Valley."

This seeming drudgery, accepted, uncomplained at, apparently enjoyed, continued after she moved back to the hills of home in 1905 and settled on a dairy farm in the Hoosick Valley. Year after year, her

routine made Monday a washday, Tuesday ironing and mending, Wednesday baking and cleaning, Thursday sewing, Friday sewing and odd jobs such as working in flower and vegetable gardens, Saturday more cleaning—all this in addition to cooking for the whole family, making soap, gathering fruit, canning, rendering lard, trimming and cleaning oil lamps. (Not until she was 76 did she have electricity in her home.)

So it is not strange that when she took up painting it was for practical rather than poetic reasons. "If I didn't start painting," she explained, "I would have raised chickens. I would never sit back in a rocking chair, waiting for someone

to help me."

"Fancy Work." When past 70, her husband dead and housework too much for her, she began making bright little pictures of wool sewn on canvas. Then her arthritic hands worsened, and in 1938 a sister suggested that painting would be "better and faster." For her first picture she used household paint and a piece of canvas left over from mending a threshing-machine cover.

She thought no more of her painting "than of doing fancy work." She first exhibited her pictures at a local fair, entering them with some of her canned fruit and raspberry jam. The fruit and jam won a prize, but the paintings were ignored. She next put them on display in a shop at near-by Hoosick Falls, in the

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hope of picking up a few dollars. There they happened to eatch the eye of Louis Calder, a middle aged businessman who was always buying antiques and Americana He bought all four, 3 dollars (Rs 225) apiece for the small ones and 5 dollars each for two larger ones

That evening she tound he had been told she had ten more pictures and was coming out to the farm the next day to buy the lot Lying in bed, she began worrying, because she hadn't got 118





Laft: "Hoovick Valley from Vi) Window"

Below: "Mary and the

Little Lamb"

Above: "Hallowe'en"
Right: "Sugaring Off in

Maple Orchard"



ten pictures. But then she recalled a large one she had painted of the Shenandoah Valley, and she "thought if I could find frames in the morning, I could cut that in two and make two pictures, which I did, and by so doing I had the ten pictures for him when he came."

These pictures do not rank* among her important works, and dealers were not interested in them. But within less than a year, by sheerest chance, Calder encountered a woman in a New

York cafeteria who told him she knew a dealer from Vienna, newly settled in New York because of the war, who was genuinely interested in folk art. This was Otto Kallir who, when he saw two paintings by this farm woman, wanted to see more. And when he saw more, he wanted to see still more. Within the year, Kallir was giving this unknown painter a "one-man" show.

On October 8, 1940, the day before the exhibition opened, there



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came the turning point in Anna Mary Robertson Moses' professional life: a New York Herald Tribune reporter referred to the new artist as "Grandma Moses." This name got into the headlines, and was picked up later by magazines and other newspapers.

The name caught on so well that millions of people never knew her by any other, or had the slightest idea what her full name was. She let strangers call her that to her face, and she came to use the name herself, at 93 slowly writing "Grandma Moses" on nearly 400 Christmas cards.

One leading art dealer today contends that, next to the fact that she was a true artist, the most important ingredient in her popularity was this homely name.

In those first years, Grandma Moses wouldn't paint a picture until she had a frame ready and had sawed a piece of board to fit—she rarely painted on canvas. She got friends and relatives to comb their attics for discarded mirror and picture frames, then used hammer, nails and plastic wood to put the dilapidated ones into shape.

When the demand for pictures outran her supply of frames, she sold them unframed. But this displeased her; "It's like sending my children out with ragged dresses on them."

She never had a studio, but painted in her farmhouse bedroom, sometimes in the summer using the

verandah. She did her pictures in batches, like cakes, to save paint, using the same blue for five or six skies, the same greens for all the trees—"this way your paints don't dry up on you." When she was 88, she said, "I can start a batch of five on a Monday and have them finished off on a Saturday." She painted more than 1,500 in her last twenty years.

In the early years, when she was asked the prices of her paintings, she replied, "What size do you want?" Pictures ordered by post cost 3 dollars and up. In 1946, she got 250 dollars (Rs. 1,875) for a painting—the first time, according to a little notebook in which she recorded all sales, that any picture of hers brought such a price. In the past three years, 68 have been sold at one gallery at prices up to 20,000 dollars—Rs. 1.5 lakhs.

It has been said that "Grandma Moses was an industry." In a sense this was true. Under Kallir's astute direction, a firm was set up called. Grandma Moses Properties, which trademarked her name and copyrighted her pictures and sold reproduction rights, with a percentage of every dollar going to the painter.

Fame. A greeting-card firm sold more than 35 million Grandma Moses cards in ten years. Still other contracts were made with fabric houses. Altogether, far in excess of a quarter of a million dollars in royalties was passed on to this gentle, spry, birdlike woman. She was

exhibited, fêted, honoured, televised; she was entertained at the White House, adored by millions.

But Grandma Moses never changed her frugal way of life. She used discarded coffee tins to keep paint in, old cold-cream jars to soak brushes in. Sometimes she worked with a brush long after it was worn down to a stub. Before starting a picture, she gave the wood three undercoats—"so that I don't have to put on so much of the expensive colour paint."

She was keen about being paid a little something for each picture, as if it were a jar of jam, but she was indifferent to large sums. When Otto Kallir sent her a 12,000-dollar royalty cheque in 1947, she didn't cash it. After two letters from him. it still remained uncashed. He visited her at Eagle Bridge, insisted that it be cashed, got her promise, came back the next day and found her sitting at a table loaded with huge piles of notes—12,000 dollars' worth. Kallir then insisted she should have a lawyer to handle her finances.

While everyone thinks of a Grandma Moses picture as a rural landscape with a lovely Green Mountains background, she seldom "painted from nature." She said that sitting out in the open with an easel was "very impracticable." She worked at a table indoors, with "it all up here in my head." She would paint a landscape, and afterwards "put in the boys and the cows."

Critics observed that her figures did not cast shadows. She never mastered perspective or proportion—a man in the background might actually be larger than a horse in the foreground. And yet, when her pictures are viewed as a whole, there is a perfection about them that casts a spell and makes people ignore technical oddities and shortcomings.

Grandma Moses soon stopped her early practice of copying postcards and photographs of the Taj Mahal and Lake Geneva. More and more, she "painted her memory." She kept on learning and improving, and hit her stride around 85. Kallir bought whatever she sent him for sale, held back the markedly inferior and exhibited those paintings which in his opinion were most representative of her talent and style.

Anna Mary Robertson Moses was a link between two ages. The child whose first photograph was taken in 1864, her head in a clamp to keep it still and avoid a blur, lived to sleep under an electric blanket and to watch television ("Monotonous."). But there is much more to her appeal than her age or the fact that she never went to art school. Many critics say that this appeal is partly nostalgia, for a childhood that was simple and peaceful and happy—the kind of childhood that some had and others wish they had had.

Whatever the nature and origins of Grandma Moses' appeal, it proved to be universal. When her work reached Europe, the critical acclaim was even greater than at home. In Moscow, 100,000 people went to her exhibition. In Munich, a visitor wrote in the guest book, "One can almost feel the fresh air coming over the hills." And in Salzburg an official at the art gallery, who had watched crowds for years, reported, "Ninety-five per cent of the visitors left the show in a happy, satisfied mood, with the words, 'It was beautiful.'"

Grandma Moses once said, "I like to paint old-timey things—something real pretty." She did far, far more than that—and lived to see one of her paintings hanging in the White House, another in the Musée National d'Art Moderne in Paris.

More important, however, was the fact that, according to one admirer, Grandma Moses made her land "lovable even to those who do not yet know it from personal experience."

Anyone can love the earth, but it is incredible that anyone could start out at 78 and learn how to communicate that feeling to multitudes at home and abroad.

Cartoon Quips

Boss to secretary: "Head that memo 'Strictly Confidential.' I want everyone in the office to read it."

-w.s.j.

AIRMAN to officer: "Our anti-anti-missile missile's just shot itself down, sir!"

MEDIUM at séance: "Please, Harry—if you didn't take it with you, where is it?"

—W. H.

Parent Teacher Problems

ITEM in a Parent Teacher Association news sheet: "Mrs. Terry, who has reared nine fine children, came to our first PTA meeting of the year and stayed an hour before she remembered she no longer had any children at school."

A BUSY mother, inviting parents to a PTA meeting, typed a letter with several carbons. But she made a mistake and put the carbon in backwards. Not having time to do the job again, she just added a postscript: "If you want to know what this letter says, please hold it up to a mirror." They all came.

—s. s.

Homeward bound, my neighbour was telling me about the harrowing day he had had. "What you need is a tranquillizer," I suggested. "I had one," he replied. "But now she's president of the PTA."

-Mrs. H. M.



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Why I am No Longer a Communist

By PHILLIP ABBOTT LUCE

An angry young man tells the story of his "wasted years"—from youthful rebellion to militant activity and eventual defection

pared to act upon command. Once he begins to develop scruples, he's on his way out. How and when the break comes depends on the man and the circumstances.

I began dabbling in "revolution" in 1958, when I was 20. I became a free-wheeling "activist" among American leftist groups in 1960 and a secret member of the Chinese-orientated Progressive Labour Party

in 1963. By late 1964 I was trusted enough to be selected to join a special group to go underground.

The plan was discussed for weeks in quiet restaurants and coffee-houses in New York City. We would be trained in the techniques of disguise, forgery, wire-tapping, karate, evasion of surveillance. Later, this education would be rounded out abroad, in Cuba or China, Then we would change our

names and trades, drop all open contacts with communists and blend into the submerged world of secret operatives.

As a start, I was instructed to give up my friends, my relatives, my job, my flat. Since I was at the time awaiting trial for my connexion with trips to Cuba in defiance of U.S. State Department policy, I would become a fugitive from justice. There would be no turning back.

Dig Decision. I chose not to go underground. Shortly after, I broke away. It was not a sudden thing. The underground project was only the climax. For months I had been worried by scruples, but I was kept too busy with meetings, picketings, sit-ins and editorial-writing to think things out. Now I was forced to reappraise communism and my own relationship to it—not the abstract ideas, but the grim facts.

I defected because, when the chips were down, I couldn't accept total obedience. Sucked into the movement by hunger for absolute freedom and rebellion against all authority, I eventually recognized that there were no margins for personal freedom among hard-core communist revolutionary organizations.

I defected because I saw young people being deceived and possibly destroyed by lies which we, as leaders, were telling them; by actions in which they were just expendable pawns. Some were my friends, drawn into the movement in part by my example.

I defected not because I was reconciled to the injustices of society as I saw them, but because I realized that communism would bring more and infinitely worse injustice.

My story is not unique. Thousands of young people for nearly half a century have believed that revolutionary radicalism held the answers to their own grievances and the world's problems. Few joined the movement for bad reasons. Mostly we were naïve, romantic, misinformed—above all, angry and impatient.

I was born of middle-class parents. I graduated from university in 1958, then earned a master's degree in political science in 1960. By the time I started studying for my master's degree, I had begun to flirt with communism. My inner frustrations led me to the illogical conclusion that only the overthrow of the whole political and economic structure of the United States could cure its ills.

These inner frustrations are difficult to explain, being more emotional than reasoned. I was in rebellion against parents, school, society—any authority. I wanted things changed, and changed now. The normal democratic tempo seemed to me too slow, the "establishment" too entrenched to yield to anything but violent pressures. My rebellion was fed by the reading of communist hate propaganda and sustained by the itch to "do some-

thing."

When I had got my master's degree, I went to New York. I wrote for the Worker, a communist newspaper, under several pseudonyms, and I fellow-travelled with a variety of communist organizations, coming to know the whole spectrum of ultra-left groupings, some of them communist creations, some infiltrated, some independently radical. I was searching for a "home" in the frenzied world of revolution. It was not until mid-1963, however, that I became fully involved.

By then the so-called New Left (America's new and strident lettwing groups) was in loud and violent eruption, an outgrowth of the stage of romantic anarchy called the Beat Generation. The movement was "new"—or so we told ourselves ---because it rejected the conventional Marxist jargon and working-class mystique. We had only contempt for the Old Left, with its patience and restraints. We relished stirring up trouble for trouble's sake. We were for police baiting, riots, underground movements. Ours was an attitude rather than an ideology.

Early in 1963, I was approached by a leader of the Maoist Progressive Labour Party to join an expedition to Cuba. No one can overstate the influence of Communist Cuba upon immature, alienated minds. Fidel Castro and Che Guevara were to us what Lenin and Trotsky had been to others in their time. Here was action, colour, our own kind in power—and all of it only 90 miles from the mighty Yankees. Here was David defying Goliath. I jumped at the chance to go. The fact that it might be in violation of U.S. federal law added spice to the adventure.

When I returned, I plunged into Progressive Labour Party activities. In 1964, I helped organize a second trip to Cuba. I was arrested while trying to kindle a riot in New York's Times Square—forcing a "confrontation with the cops," we called it grandly. I helped secrete guns in New York City for future "self-defence." I drafted the original declaration calling on young men to refuse to fight in Vietnam, took part in marches, shouted slogans as directed.

Wrong Attitude. It was phrenetic life, as "involved" as any communist string-puller could wish. The change in me was evidenced by a new willingness to lie and deceive others in pursuit of our goals. Looking back, I recognized. how utterly self-righteous and intolerant we were, not only of the "enemy"—meaning everyone from conservatives to "bourgeois radicals"—but of all other elements in the New Left. It was the totalitarian mentality in action. We were toddling totalitarians, and unofficial demanding communists idealism and "Millennium Now!" We alone had the "true truth" from which dissent was heresy.

By dint of sheer activity I was

becoming more and more entrapped within the narrow communist world. If you are a good communist, your time—including evenings and week-ends—is not your own. You sell party literature, do volunteer mailings and office work, paint signs, picket, demonstrate, attend endless meetings.

Yet some part of my mind was uneasy, questioning. The caches of arms left a bitter taste. It bothered me to see our individual members time and again become pawns in plans and plots outside their knowledge or consent, so that they were often jailed or injured for reasons beyond their control.

At last, all my doubts and grievances seemed to crystallize when the scheme for going underground was sprung on us. Making the conscious decision to join the communists had taken a certain kind of guts. Now, defection proved even more difficult. The temptation is to slink away in silence; if you decide to break away publicly and try to save others from the morass, you have to be prepared for slander, harassment, even physical attack.

I chose the latter alternative. Then I walked into the Federal Bureau of Investigation office in New York to clinch it. At this, the wrath of my former "comrades"

knew no bounds. They accused me of every crime in the book, contended that I had always been a "police agent." I was in the outside world but not yet part of it. It took some time before I discovered not only that I was indeed free but that others had gone through the same ordeal of disenchantment and that, like them, I could ultimately readjust myself to a rational society.

I think often that I might have been spared the wasted years if my schooling had included the study of communism—not as a beguiling doctrine through its sacred texts, but as living history on view in Soviet Russia and Communist China and in the story of its many mass deceptions and manipulations in the Free World. There is a rich literature on communism. Surely universities have an obligation to use it effectively.

I've thought a lot about my involvement, and its meaning. It is not enough to condemn impatient, rebellious youth as communists or dupes. The public must distinguish between young communists and voung rebels. Youth has always been rebellious. The problem is to understand and channel their zeal for a more just world, and to keep them out of the clutches of communists and other extremists.

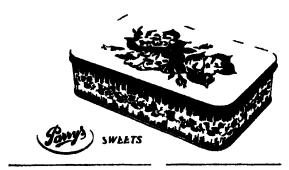
To the three writers credited for the screenplay of Zeffirelli's recent film, The Taming of the Shrew, there is this added line: "With acknowledgement to William Shakespeare, without whom they would have been at a loss for words."

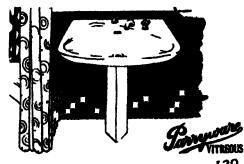
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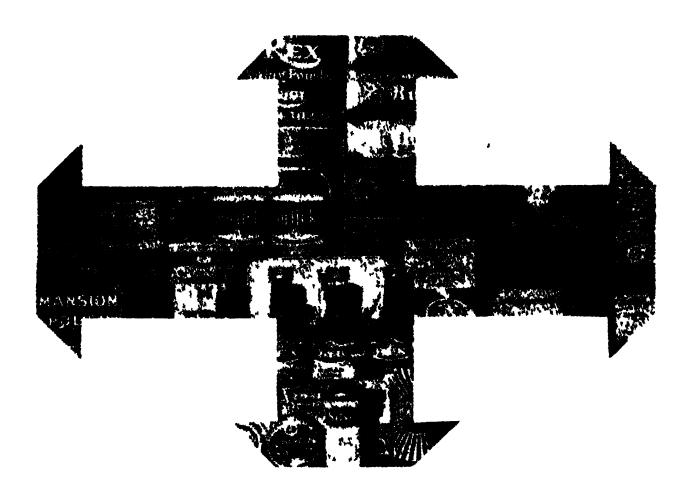
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Fought over in two World Wars, tiny Heligoland was nearly erused from the earth—yet today, thanks to the initiative of two young idealists, it has risen from desolation to become one of Northern Europe's most popular resorts



The Indestructible Island

By LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

off the German coast, lies picturesque Heligoland, an island speck not quite a mile long and less than 200 acres in area. From afar it looks like a toy town, with small boats bustling across the harbour, a fringe of white beach, and busy little streets pressed against red sandstone bluffs that rise up steeply to a grass-covered plateau called the Oberland.

Yet twice within living memory, this peaceful spit of land bristled with artillery and underground armament, and twice the 3,000 islanders have suffered the disastrous consequences of a war none of them wanted. Kaiser Wilhelm II was the first to turn the island into a fortress, evacuating the Heligolanders to make room for the gun crews of the First World War. In the late 1930's, Hitler vastly extended the subterranean network of bunkers, and used the island as a naval base.

The inevitable came at noon on April 18, 1945. An Allied air armada, 1,000 planes strong, thundered out of the west and loosed a hailstorm of bombs. Huddled in underground shelters, islanders felt the earth quiver and heard massive slabs of rock crash into the sea as the land they loved was reduced to

rubble. When the raid was over, they rubbed the red dust from their eyes and crept out to find not a building standing, not even the gaily-striped lighthouse that hadbeen their symbol. Then, with the cemetery destroyed, they committed their 20 dead to the sea. When night came, it was ominously dark. It would remain so for almost a decade.

After the devastating bombardment, the Heligolanders were dispersed to north German towns and villages where they lived in a world so alien they were like fish out of water. But they survived. With unswerving faith in each other and an absolute determination to return some day to their island, they met in small groups to exchange news and to sing Heligolandish songs so that the children would not forget their native tongue.

Big Bang. When the war ended the British said they would allow no one to return. Bent on thoroughly destroying the fortifications, they packed the tunnels and caves with 6,700 tons of explosives, and on April 18, 1947—two years to the day after the terrible war-time raid—detonated one of the greatest non-nuclear blasts in history.

The explosion was heard in Paris, 450 miles away. Heligolanders, waiting forlornly in the streets of Cuxhaven on the mainland, saw the dirty black cloud plainly, and tears welled up in their eyes. Tons of rock tore loose and a small piece of land slid into the sea. But when the dust had settled, Heligoland the indestructible was still there.

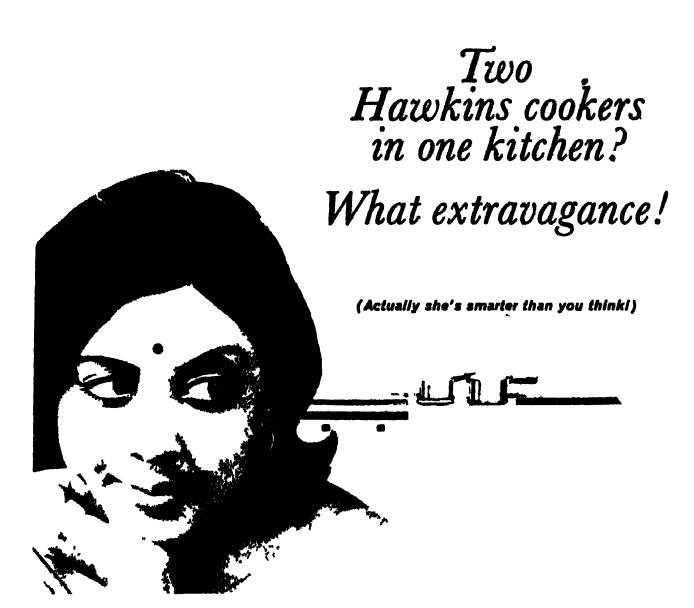
Soon Britain announced that the RAF would use the ruin as a bombing range. Horrified, the islanders petitioned Britain's House of Commons, the occupation authorities, the United Nations, the Pope—to no avail. But even when many Germans conceded that Heligoland was gone for good, the islanders fought on, and whenever they raised their glasses, there was only one toast: "Next year on Heligoland!"

In December 1950, after an earnest discussion about post-war Europe at the University of Heidelberg, two students decided to go to Heligoland as a protest against the bombing, and as a personal plea for Germany to be accepted again into the family of nations. René Leudesdorff was a theology student—thin and sensitive. Georg von Hatzfeld, son of a poet, was an idealist and abhorred violence. With about Rs. 90 between them, they hitchhiked to Hamburg.

There a journalist gave them money in exchange for exclusive rights to a story—should there ever be one. A fisherman agreed to take them to the island for Rs. 360—in advance. And in the early morning, five days before Christmas, the two young men set out on a stormy sea, bound for an adventure such as they could scarcely imagine.

The wind howled in their ears, and their little craft pitched deep





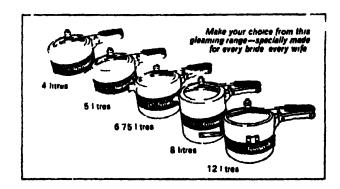
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into the troughs, then teetered precariously on the wave-crests. Once the engine stalled, and while the fisherman's freezing fingers groped to right the trouble they tossed at the mercy of the wild North Sea.

Just before 3 p.m. the island suddenly rose darkly before them. They made their way into the battered harbour—only to find a British patrol boat, *Eileen*, already there. Fortunately, the officer in charge swallowed Leudesdorff's tale that they were journalists come to have a look at the island—but warned them to be gone well before 7 p.m., when another practice raid was scheduled. Then *Eileen* cast off, and the boys picked their way across the devastation towards the *Oberland*.

It began to snow. In the gathering darkness they stumbled over unexploded bombs and slipped repeatedly into craters, terrified that at any moment they would blow themselves into oblivion. At last they reached an anti-aircraft tower—the only building not completely obliterated—and crept inside to seek what warmth there might be.

Once they heard planes droning closer and composed themselves for the end, regretting only that there had been so little time for the world to learn of their mission. But the planes flew on, for by now the British knew what was afoot. The "invaders" had won the first encounter.

But the battle was far from over. Contrary to the students' hopes, Heligolanders did not respond to their gesture by swarming back in force.

The people thrilled to the news, to be sure, but were constrained by a British announcement that bombings would be resumed on December 22. And so the boys sat in miserable silence, teeth chattering because they couldn't get the wet wood burning.

The British did *not* bomb the island, and on December 23 the boys were back in Hamburg to seek reinforcements. Four days later, they returned to the island, accompanied by two Heligolanders.

On December 31 they were followed by a band of students from Britain, Germany, Italy and the United States, as well as a boatload of reporters and television cameramen. Building a huge bonfire to commemorate the New Year, the madcap little army, now 50 strong, settled in for a long siege.

World News. Soon the story spread far and wide. Oceanog-raphers, ornithologists and marine biologists who treasured the island's unique ecology clamoured for its return to peaceful purposes. Indian newspapers praised the students as true disciples of Gandhi. Questions were asked in the House of Comnons and controversy erupted across the whole of England. The British authorities on the scene were sorely beset: they secretly admired the courage of the "occupation force," but without orders to the contrary

they were finally forced to the job of removing them.

Going at it with diligence, if not enthusiasm, they turned to the Germans for help. But they had badly miscalculated the great surge of sympathy and pride that the students had roused in the German people. Wherever they turned, the answer was a polite no.

In exasperation, the British ordered patrol boat Eileen to the island on December 31, but her propeller was shattered on an ice floe as she came out of Cuxhaven harbour. A second British vessel, Albert, was dispatched from Hamburg to meet with an even more galling misadventure. As she reached the open sea, her exhaust pipe froze. Then her wooden hull was torn by drifting ice and Albert just managed to run ashore near Cuxhaven.

Meanwhile, on the island, the squatters tried to decide what to do when the British did get there. On the afternoon of January 3, the mended *Eileen* came limping into the harbour, and her commander read to the assembled "liberators" a decree which prohibited all but authorized personnel from visiting Heligoland.

"We shall go peaceably," declared spokesman René Leudesdorff. "But if the island is bombed again we shall return—with an even larger force."

Late in February, the British High Commissioner announced that Heligoland would be returned

to Germany as soon as an alternative bombing-range was approved. On March 1, 1952, when the island was finally released, it was a heap of rubble, its very topography changed —and the Heligolanders themselves were penniless. But Germany rose to the challenge. A foundation called Aktion Helgoland launched a nationwide drive for funds, and raised Rs. 18 lakhs. A reconstruction team was soon at work.

The task was awesome. Nowhere in the world was there a greater concentration of unexploded bombs and mines. As dredges scoured the harbour, the entire island had to be churned in a risky search, the bombs defused and shipped away for scrap metal.

It took two years to finish that job alone. Meanwhile, every bit of building material, every drop of drinking water, had to be brought from the mainland. But for the first time in seven years there was life on the island; the people rejoiced, and the men returned at once to help in the rebuilding programme.

The first family arrived there in April 1954, and the last when the reconstruction was finally done, ten years later. (All but a handful of the original islanders chose to come home.) As each family stepped ashore, they gazed in wonder at the

miracle.

Gone were the quaint but cramped Frisian cottages. In their place were neat and vividly-coloured houses, whose style was timeless and



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as agreeable to the surroundings as the red rock itself. Short streets, ingeniously designed to break the wind, ran into surprising plazas ablaze with flowers. And the *Oberland* was dominated by a new lighthouse, beaming 40 miles into the North Sea.

Not everyone was instantly captivated by the island's new look. But when a tourist complained that the idyllic Heligoland of yesterday was lost for ever, a 72-year-old islander commented, "Well, on a cold winter's night a man can grow used to living with central heating, running water and television."

Tourists came in ever-growing

numbers—not just the rich as in earlier days, but students, campers, and families seeking respite from the pressures of mainland life.

Heligoland's two "liberators" are often among these visitors. René Leudesdorff is now a Lutheran minister working with young people, and Georg von Hatzfeld a successful Munich publisher. Both are awed by the incredible changes wrought on the once-desolate land-scape. Indeed, the "liberators" find it difficult to reconstruct the hell that greeted them 17 years ago—for today, in German hearts, Heligoland is an enchanted island, and a place of deepest peace.



Cherchez La Femme

A WELL-KNOWN nineteenth century French politician, charmed by a pretty young actress, sent this note to her, backstage: "When one sees you one loves you; and when one loves you, where does one see you?"—G. B.

French academician Maurice Donnay, listening to a complaint about the Academy's ban on women, replied: "If they were to enter the Academy, not even the dictionary could get a word in."

-Miroir de l'Histoire, France

Scotch Mist

UNCLE DUNCAN, from the Scottish Highland faction of our Campbell clan, was visiting us in our Hollywood home. Our sunny climate never failed us, but despite the weather and our best efforts at hospitality, Uncle Duncan grew increasingly dejected. At last I asked him if he wasn't enjoying the sunshine, the swimming pool, the barbecues. "It's wonderful, lad," Uncle Duncan replied. "But after a time a man starts longing for a good gloom."

—G. R. Campbell





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Living Off the Interest

By JEAN BELL MOSLEY

talking about living off his interest. He would come to the farm on Sundays, admire the crops, help Grandpa and Dad with the sheep, then take a brisk canter round the meadow astride Strawberry Nell. Later, after consuming great amounts of Grandma's fried chicken and Mama's dewberry pie, he would gather with the rest of us on the porch or in the parlour. There he would twirl his watch chain and embark on his favourite dissertation.

"Yessir." (He always began with "Yessir," as though the intervening week had been but a momentary interruption.) "Yessir, you could get a timber company to come in here and give you a good price for the pine

grove. And that land by the river—enough there for another farm. Sell it! Or let someone quarry the granite in these hills." From time to time he varied his ambitious monetary exhortations. "Enlarge your world," he would say. "Sell the dairy herd. Enquire about oil rights. Put your money in the bank and live off the interest, like I do." And he would take out his little black bankbook and pass it round to show us proof of his accrued interest.

The way Uncle Hayden would punctuate his advice with smoke rings from a fine-smelling cigar r ade his way of life seem utterly good and us a bunch of hardworking country bumpkins. His advice seemed especially good to my sister Louise and me, who had cows to milk, and maize to hoe and shell and grind to help the family pay the interest. Being on the receiving end of interest was as alien to us as a pig sitting on the hens' roost.

Sunday after Sunday, as summer breezes stirred the honeysuckle round the porch posts or winter winds rattled the windows, we listened to talk of Uncle Hayden's proposed halcyon days when there would be nothing to do but sit back and "let the money roll in." And each Sunday Louise and I leaned ever more yearningly towards Grandpa, willing him to say yes, and wondering how the rest of the family could be so grossly insouciant about the matter.

Resolution. One Sunday in the midst of Uncle Hayden's counsel, Grandpa slapped his knee and said, "I'm going to do it, Hayden." His blue eyes swung about the circle of suddenly stupefied faces. "Yessir, we're going to live off the interest around here."

"You are?" Uncle Hayden said. The watch chain circled slower and slower and came to an abortive stop. "Well, now, Pa, maybe you ought to think twice about this." He got up and walked across the room to look out of the window. A string of crows unravelled a black chain across the sky, and up on Simms Mountain the sun touched the top of the twin gum trees, making a red torch of their autumn-tinted leaves. "You might miss all this," he said.

"Now, the first thing we'll need,"

Grandpa informed us after Uncle Hayden had departed, "is an interest book."

"The bank will give you one," Grandma said, in tones which indicated that if this was a joke it had gone far enough.

"It won't be big enough," Grandpa said grandly.

Soon afterwards, on a blue-gold day in October, he donned his best suit, saddled Strawberry Nell and rode off to town on what he said was a Special Mission. Such missions usually meant that we had enough money, at last, to pay our bills, or to lay in the winter's supply of flour. But this time, when Grandpa returned, he had what we came to know as the Interest Book. It was large with a gay red cover and ruled pages. With a suitable flourish, he placed it in the centre of the library table.

It lay there for a few days, its pages blank, for no one knew what to do with it. And we were reluctant to ask, for Grandpa liked to explain things in his own good time. One morning, he got up from the breakfast table, went to the book, and made the first entry. He did it with aplomb, using a feathered quill that rippled the air with excitement. When he had left for the barn we rushed to read what he had written.

"Number One," Louise read aloud. "There is a silver-fox den up in the pine grove, right under that hollow log."

A silver fox! Had it not been a



school day, Louise and I would have departed immediately for the pine grove. As it was, we had to wade through three more days of fractions and essays and geography and milking and maize shelling before we could make our first visit. We talked of the fox night and day, how we could best creep up on it, downwind, and quiet as kittens. It laced our dreams, lightened our drudgery and hoisted our hind wheels, so to speak, out of the muddy ruts of mediocre moments.

We never crept up on the fox, although we spent many an hour trying. But one winter morning, when the ground was white with snow, we saw him. He was standing in the path ahead of us, nose uplifted to the wind, breath visible on the cold air. A shaft of sunlight through the pine trees caught and tangled in his white-tipped brush. Every hair on his full winter coat seemed to end with a diamond. We stood in thrilled wonder.

Before we had seen the fox, there had been many more entries in the Interest Book. When Louise and I spoke of the chipmunks we had seen, Grandpa said, "That's a thing o interest, isn't it?" He nodded towards the Interest Book and said we should make a note of the exact location so that if anyone else wanted to look at them during some otherwise dull, uninteresting hour,

they'd know where to go. Thus, the second entry was about the chipmunks, and Louise and I were most pleased when the other members of the family took time to go and see them.

Soon everyone discovered how nice it was to remove the dull edge of monotony from our days by consulting the Interest Book and finding some new thing to see or investigate. And it was even nicer to enter something we knew would please someone else.

Knowing Mama's love of flowers, someone entered, Stacys' ten-acre field is full of daisies this week. What a sight! Perhaps we had seen it before in past seasons, but now it was noted in depth, eye-measured, finger-felt, interest-weighed.

Some of the entries were run-ofthe-mill, the best we could do at the time: Harveys are making molasses. Wild strawberries are ripe. Alexanders have wild honey. But all the while we were becoming alert for things of greater interest. We stood at attention to discover and report.

Lillian, our older sister, a born scholar and teacher, made the following entry: At night, viewed from the top of Simms Mountain, the lights from our house, Stacys' and Teasers' appear to be a reflection of Orion's belt. This sent the rest of us flying to the encyclopedia to study the constellation in more

detail. Then, one starlit night, we all took a wagon ride to the top of the mountain. Lillian was right.

The most famous entry that Dad made was an enigmatic statement: There is a message in the oat field to be found from the hayloft before the oats are cut.

From the little gable window high up in the loft, we looked down on the oat field and easily read a scrawly, "I love Mama." The preceding autumn, a salesman had given Dad a sample bag of fertilizer. Not having enough for the whole field, he had spread it out in the above message. The fertilized oats were a deep green and taller than the surrounding crop, making the message quite discernible.

Uncle Hayden made entry Number 75. He and I were walking home from across the meadow where we had gone to see the evidence of Number 74, A beaver dam is being constructed at the wychhazel ford.

"Sun's down," I announced, skipping along beside him.

"Not yet," he said. "I can still see it. Try standing on tiptoe."

I did. As if by magic, the whole horizon dropped—and there was the sun again.

Back home, Uncle Hayden read several pages of "interest" entries, then took the quill and made his first entry: Yessir, if you stand on tiptoe your whole world is enlarged.



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How Intimate Need a Good Marriage Be?

Agree to differ, and be happy

By Hannah Lees

written about compatibility than about any other facet of marriage. You can hardly open a magazine or newspaper without being asked: Is yours a happy marriage? Should you have married your husband? A list of personal questions usually follows—on sleeping, eating, working and having-fun habits.

Anxious wives get out pad and pencil and dutifully answer the questions, then start brooding about the incompatibilities they have scored up. And, once worried, a wife is almost bound to worry her husband too. "You're an introvert, it says here, and I'm an extrovert. No wonder I feel lonely." The implication is: Why don't you change?

This can be very confusing to a husband, for men rarely stop to think whether they are compatible or not unless their wives start pointing it out. Preoccupied with their work, they tend to take love and marriage for granted. This is bound to be frustrating to a woman, but it is something every one of us might as well reckon with. For this masculine characteristic often has in it real maturity and strength.

The average man simply doesn't need or want the intense feeling of closeness the average woman thinks she needs. He doesn't yearn to have the person he loves be a mirror image reflecting his every mood, taste and reaction.

Many of us women find this painful. We feel that, because they don't want what we want, they don't understand us. But can't a husband love and understand his wife and still expect her to know what she enjoys in life without needing to be

reassured by his enjoying it too?

Is a difference in tastes an incompatibility if it doesn't bother you? The average man can sit happily at home and listen to a boxing match on the radio while his wife goes to the opera. "I don't go for highbrow stuff," he will explain to a friend who drops in, "so Grace went with Margie." But you can be sure that sometime during the opera Grace will sigh, "I wish Jack liked good music. He won't even try."

Tolerance. Does it matter if Jack prefers boxing matches and his wife opera? What matters is that when she comes home and he wants to tell her about the knockout, she is interested instead of impatient. For one of the many marital paradoxes is that, though she needs closeness and sharing more than he does, he needs her approval and interest far more than she ever needs his.

Probably a wife ought to expose herself to the things her husband enjoys. But if, after trying, she still hates boxing and football, so what? Let her relax and accept him. Let him relax and be himself and he is almost sure to accept her.

Of course you are incompatible in a hundred different ways. Almost every couple is. But simply liking to live together is being compatible.

One woman listed the things she and her husband don't have in common. He is quiet, she is noisy. He is undemonstrative, she is effusive. He likes to go to bed early, she likes to stay up late. He likes classical music, she likes jazz. He is careful and meticulous, she is careless and absent-minded. He hates to talk about problems, she wants to discuss everything. But one entry cancels out all the others: he likes her; she likes him.

Only why? It began to worry her that they seemed to get along so well in spite of all their differences. So she tried making another list of all they had in common, and what turned up was surprising. Apparently they operate on the same wavelength. They both think fast and talk fast and walk fast. They usually laugh at the same things. Getting ready for a party or doing the dishes together, they function like one person and never get in each other's way. They are simply a good team.

It is harder, no doubt, for husbands and wives who operate on different wavelengths—if, for example, he is always prompt and she is always late. But that very difference may have been one of the things that attracted them to each other. She may have fitted his dream of a woman who would slow up his life and make existence peaceful and gentle. She may have wanted a dynamo to make her blood run faster. Differences can be nourishing if you don't waste time and energy fighting them.

All this doesn't mean there is no point in trying to sell your interests to each other. Half the fun of being married is opening new doors together or for each other, and any

wife can probably get her husband, in time, to like at least half the things she enjoys. But she has to be pretty relaxed about it. If you say, "Oh, dear, he'll never enjoy this the way I do," the gap will get wider and wider.

Those empty places where you are incompatible have an important use. They leave room for each to turn round and feel free. What seems like incompatibility may really be just a normal need for privacy. No two people can share everything without getting ingrown and sooner or later feeling trapped. If a man turns on the radio when his wife is trying to talk, maybe he just has a desperate need to be alone for a while.

Women, as soon as their children are at school, ordinarily have much more privacy than men. We don't realize, often, how we soak up the peace of an empty house and then are ready for companionship for just that reason. But the world has been beating all day on most men. They may need to withdraw a good many evenings a week to keep from cracking up.

Obviously if a man wants to be alone every night, it only makes sense to ask yourself why. Maybe life at home isn't very interesting and you can think of ways of giving it a lift.

But a woman should not think it is a failure of her husband's love if he does not share life with her every hour of every evening. No wife has ever lost a husband yet by leaving him free to be himself.

A marriage may seem easier in the early years if all along the line from bed and breakfast to books and magazines a husband and wife mirror each other. The danger is that if one of them does change, after years of such "compatibility," it may mean opening a door the other is not equipped to walk through. But if two people start out with tremendous differences and resolve them over a lifetime of living together, they have strength, inside each of them and between them, that nothing can take away. A good marriage made of an improbable combination is probably the strongest and most relaxed kind of marriage there is.



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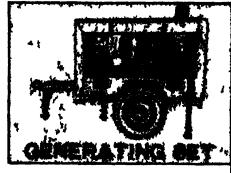
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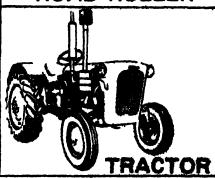




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How the loss of a leg led to a national adventure in rehabilitation

Don Rómulo Helps Mexico's Handicapped

By Robert Strother

NE CHILLY midnight two years ago, the driver of a battered old removal van lifted a paralysed man out of the cab and left him, wrapped in a blanket, lying on the pavement in front of the Mexican Rehabilitation



Don Rómulo O'Fárrill

Institute in a suburb of Mexico City. Attendants found the helpless man there at dawn and carried him inside on a stretcher.

Thus one of the world's most unusual hospitals admitted a new patient. Eight months later he walked out with braces but under his own power, and today he supports his family by his new trade of watchmaker, learned in hospital.

That is the bare outline of one of some 6,000 heartwarming success stories written by the Institute's doctors, therapists and teachers since it opened seven years ago. The professional staff, many of whom are handicapped themselves, are lifting crippled people from all over Mexico out of hopeless apathy and enabling them to become self-reliant members of society.

The Mexican Rehabilitation Institute is hospital, training centre,

DON ROMULO HELPS MEXICO'S HANDICAPPED

trade school and factory. Its fame has spread and similar centres have sprung up in Mexico and in several other Central and South American countries. But the parent centre remains unique in one respect. Thanks to profits earned by a thriving industry in the hospital grounds, operated entirely by men and women it has rehabilitated, the Institute is able to treat 90 per cent of its patients without charge, and still pay its own way.

The chain of events that led to the Institute's founding began several years ago, in Switzerland. On a busy road near Geneva, Rómulo O'Fárrill, one of Mexico's foremost publishers and civic leaders, got out of his car to change a flat tyre and was struck by a motorcycle; his left

leg was shattered.

Don Rémulo, as he is known throughout Latin America, sent to Mexico for Dr. Juan Farill, noted orthopaedic surgeon and a friend of long standing. A long and ultimately futile fight to save his leg followed. He underwent cleven operations, but in the twelfth, the leg was amputated—on July 7, 1955, a date he was later to make memorable.

Don Rómulo was determined not to be a cripple on crutches. As president of the Pan-American Highway Commission, he had many friends in the United States. At the age of 59, he became a prize pupil of Dr. Thomas Canty in the rehabilitation department of the Naval Hospital in Oakland, California. Fitted with an artificial leg of advanced design (it was waterproof and could be used for swimming), he was soon able to manage it so well that few suspected he was an amputee.

During his rehabilitation, O'Fárrill thought deeply about the plight of the estimated 600,000 crippled Mexicans who had nowhere to turn for such help. "What better way could I give thanks for my recovery than to make available to my crippled fellow-countrymen the same kind of help I had received?" Don Rómulo asked. "I wanted to ensure that every injured person would find a triendly hand sustaining him from the moment he suffered the shock or an amputation until he was totally rehabilitated."

Fund-Raising. Elected president of the Mexican Rehabilitation Association, he put his five newspapers and 16 magazines behind a drive for funds. Money poured in from all over Mexico, with generous contributions from the United States, and Adolfo Ruiz Cortines, then President of Mexico, gave a big two-storey balconied building in suburban Tlalpan.

On July 7, 1960—five years from the day of his amputation—Don Rómulo opened the new Institute. In charge as General Director was his friend, Dr. Juan Farill.

Crippled men and women in the remotest parts of Mexico began to hear of the Institute, and the trickle of patients became a stream. A

Chihuahua man who had lost both legs in a railway accident got there by hitch-hiking and hobbling on his padded stumps. A few months later, when he walked out on artificial legs made in the Institute's own prosthetics factory by former patients, he had been trained to make his living as a shoemaker.

An aircraft pilot, paralysed as the result of a crash, came from the southern state of Chiapas. He was painstakingly retrained to atrophied muscles, and is now working again as an aerial crop

duster.

Nobody is turned away from the Institute. Newcomers are given a bed in the attractive 30-room guest house built and run by the Ladies' Volunteer Corps, organized by Mrs, O'Fárrill, until an outside room can be found for them. The Institute has a 42-bed hospital, but it operates mainly as an outpatient clinic. Most of the 600 patients under treatment live outside and are brought to the Institute by bus.

No two patients are given exactly the same treatment. The therapy is so accurately adapted to individual needs that failures are rare. Ninetyfive per cent of all young adult or middle-aged patients leave the hospital—as Don Rómulo was determined they would—fully re-habilitated and able to look after themselves.

In the case of amputees, corrective surgery may be needed to permit maximum use of the stump.

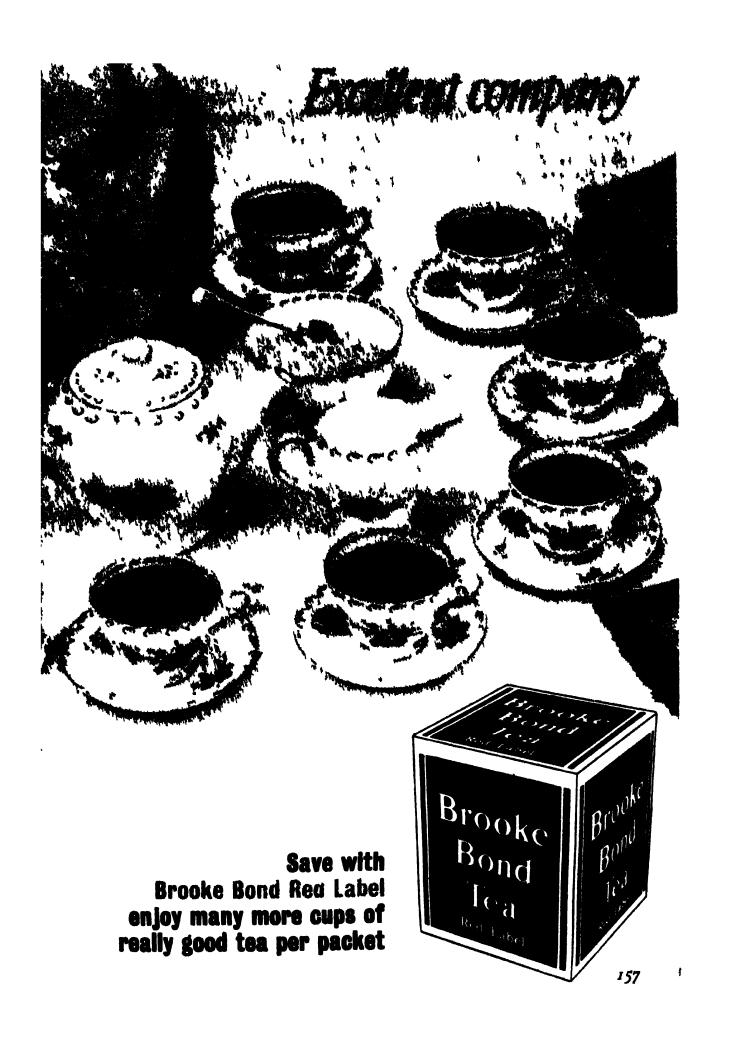
Hydrotherapy improves circulation, and patients build up muscles by exercises conducted by specialists in the gymnasium. Not until the patient is in good physical condition is he fitted with an artificial limb, built to his own requirements. He learns to walk between parallel bars, and also how to fall safely.



Modern physiotherapy equipment plays an important part in the rehabilitation of patients

The Institute has a complete flat where amputees are trained in household routines—how to work taps, make the bed, lay the table, have a bath and get dressed. Before a patient goes home, the Institute sends an investigator to work out the best routes for him to follow when he is there.

Help is also given to those who



are disfigured. The Institute's cosmetic prosthetics section makes plastic ears, noses, hands so natural in appearance that the wearer can be at ease in company. These are of great psychological importance.

In vocational training, many patients are taught "sitting down" trades and emerge as electricians, cobblers, watchmakers, typists, typewriter mechanics or dressmakers. Some are taught book-keeping, even accounting. In addition, illiterate patients are taught to read and write, and children attend primary school while receiving treatment.

Most of the teachers have overcome grave handicaps themselves, and the patient is encouraged by this example. The cheerful young instructor in weaving, for example, gets fine results because of his amazing dexterity with his two artificial arms.

Courage. Recently the Institute bade farewell to its most remarkable teacher—one of the most amazing cases of rehabilitation ever recorded. Heriberto Castro Serrano had lost both arms and both legs as a child through dry gangrene. After several years on a small farm near Zacatecas, he heard of the Institute, and his parents wrote a letter for him to Doña Eva Sámano de López Mateos, then Mexico's First Lady. She arranged to have him admitted as a patient. Because of his courage and unfailing spirit, the handsome 20-year-old boy became a universal

favourite. He was fitted with artificial limbs, and soon he was walking. He learned to fit his limbs without help.

Heriberto went to school at the Institute, and soon became an instructor. At the same time, he enrolled in a Mexico City business college, where he became an adept typist. Don Rómulo, impressed by the boy's drive and high intelligence, offered him further training, and he is today a student at Zacatecas University in his home town. He is determined to become economically independent, and his friends have no doubt that he will succeed.

Considering the tragic circumstances which bring people there, the Institute has a truly cheerful atmosphere. The mild climate allows patients to enjoy the beauty of the grounds. Groups meet under lofty trees, well away from the main building, to play guitars and sing.

"They come here despondent," Dr. Farill told me. "But they quickly cheer up when they see others overcoming handicaps worse than their own."

As the reputation of the Institute spread, health officers from other countries came to see the work. Soon a school was built on the grounds to give groups of 15 to 20 Latin American students 18-month courses in physiotherapy, vocational counselling, and in designing and fitting prosthetic devices.

As a businessman, Don Rómulo

was concerned from the beginning with finance. "I wanted to put our operations on a firm, permanent financial basis," he said.

Rehabilitated workers were already demonstrating their skills in the production of artificial limbs, braces and wheelchairs in the Institute's shop. In searching for other products to provide profitable work for former Institute patients, Don Rómulo found that no car radios were being made in Mexico, and that import duties were high.

Talks with an American company, Bendix, led to a deal: Bendix would install advanced radio manufacturing and test facilities in a special building at the Institute. They would train key personnel in their U.S. plant who would, in turn, teach former Institute patients

to make radios. The project was a complete success. Some 120 handicapped men and women now turn out 40,000 sets a year, and annual output is being increased to 60,000.

Don Rómulo takes special interest in those just learning to manage an artificial leg, and would demonstrate his skill in jumping if Dr. Farill were not there to dissuade him.

"I'm not worried about his lcg," his old friend says. "I'm just trying to get him to slow down a little."

Don Rómulo has no intention of doing that. "Mexico is growing so fast that the need for rehabilitation centres is greater now than when we began," he says. "We have no time to congratulate ourselves. We are just getting started."

Weeping Willow

A MAN I know once lost a stone and a half when he went on a diet. "How in the world did you do it?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I cried a lot at the table."

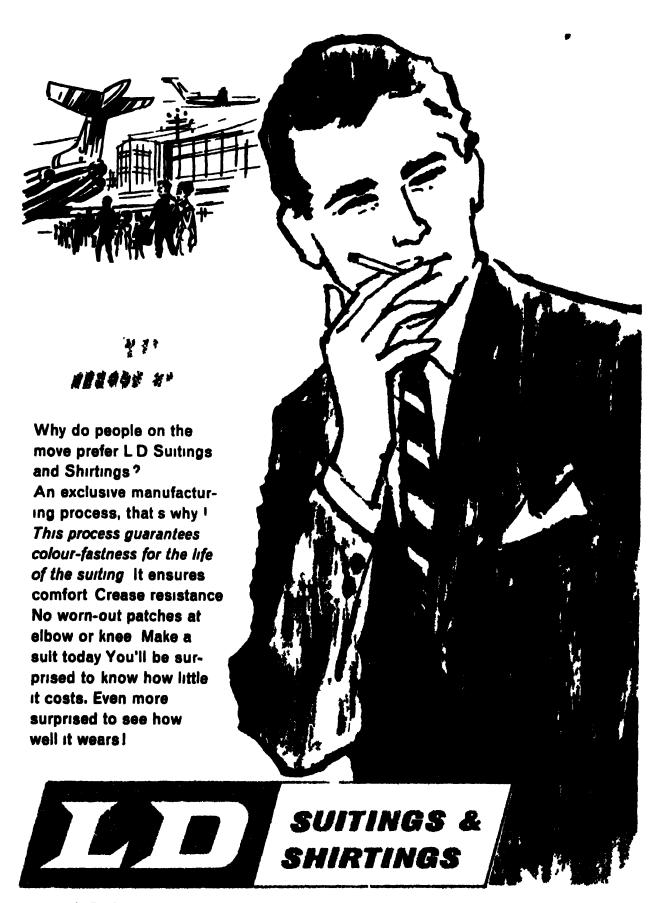
-J. B. G.

Horse Play

During the last war, I lived in a flat in the London house of the celebrated sculptor, Sir William Reid Dick. One evening Captain Mills Astin, an old friend, came to visit us, and we showed him the sculptor's studio. The Captain was fascinated by the huge memorial Sir William had done for Coventry—a voluptuous Lady Godiva, mounted on a prancing horse, her long sculptured tresses falling obligingly to reveal her snowy charms.

"Magnificent!" said Mills. "Exquisite!" He walked round and round the horsewoman, admiring her from every angle. "Ravishing! You can't think what this does to me. You see, I'm a cavalry officer myself."

-Olga Moore, I'll Meet You in the Lobby



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Back to school.. a story-book tale for adults

Oh, See Mother Run!

By JOAN MILLS

SEE MOTHER. Mother is sleeping.
"Jump up, Mother," says
Father. "Jump up! Today is
the first day of term!"

Oh, see Mother get out of bed! Her eyes are not open. Her slippers are on the wrong feet. She cannot find the bedroom door. Funny Mother!

"Hurry, children," says Mother. "Today is the first day of term!"

See the children go down to the kitchen. They hurry slowly on the first day of term, don't they? Mother hurries to the kitchen, too. Mother has one eye open now.

"I will give you a good breakfast," says Mother. "I will give you fruit juice, porridge, toast, bacon, eggs, and milk from the friendly cow."

"Ugh!" says Laura.

"Ugh!" says Bobby.

"Ugh!" says Chris.

Laura wants cottage cheese and tea. Bobby wants cornflakes and cocoa. Chris wants three bananas.

"Ugh!" says Mother.

HERE comes Father. He is wearing his clean white shirt and good brown suit. Father is a business executive.

'I am going to work, Mother," says Father. "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Father!" call Laura, Bobby, Chris and Mother. Father waves good-bye. Father is glad he is a business executive and not a mother.

"CHILDREN, children!" says Mother. "Hurry and put on your clothes. Hurry, hurry! Soon the school bus will arrive!"

See Laura. Laura is combing her hair. See Bobby. Bobby is reading. See Chris. Chris is tattooing his stomach with a ballpoint pen.

See Mother's hair stand up! What is Mother saying? Those words are not in our book, are they? Run, children, run!

"Mother, Mother!" says Laura. 'I have lost a shoe!"

"Mother, Mother!" says Bobby. "I think I am ill. I think I may be sick on the yellow school bus!"

"Mother, Mother!" says Chris. "My zip is stuck, and I have a jelly baby in my ear!"

Oh, see Mother run!

"Here is Laura's shoe on the stove. Here is another pair of trousers for Chris. Here is a thermometer for Bobby, who does not look all to me."

Now what are the children doing? Laura is combing her hair. Bobby is playing the banjo. Chris is under the bed feeding jelly babies to the cat.

"Oh!" says Mother. "Hurry,

hurry! It is time for the yellow school bus!"

Mother is right. (Mother is always right.) Here comes the yellow school bus!

SEE all the children on the bus jump up and down. Jump! Jump! Jump! See the pencil boxes fly out of the windows! Listen to the driver of the yellow school bus. He cannot shout as loud as the children, can he? Run, Laura! Run, Bobby! Run, Chris!

See Mother throw kisses. Why do Laura, Bobby and Chris pretend they do not know Mother?

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" calls Mother.

"Barrooom!" goes the yellow bus.

How quiet it is.

Here is Chris's sweater in the shoe cupboard.

Here are Bobby's glasses under the cat.

Here is Laura's comb in the fruit bowl.

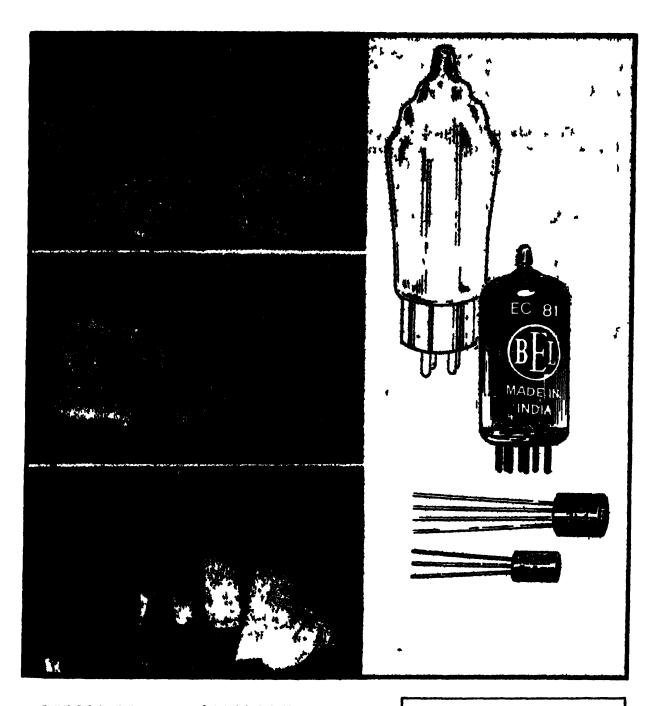
Here are cornflakes all over the kitchen floor.

Here is Mother. Crunch, crunch, crunch. Mother is making a big cup of coffee. Mother is sitting down.

Mother does not say anything. Mother does not do anything. Mother just sits and smiles. Why is Mother smiling?

THE ELECTRONIC computer saves a man a lot of guesswork—but so does a bikini.

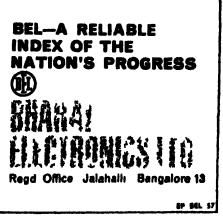
—The National Observer



SMALLER AND SMALLER

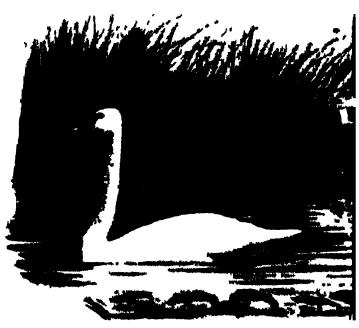
As a result of the diversity of uses to which electronic devices are applied, the trend is towards transistorisation, to save space and power consumption and reduce the weight of the equipments

We in BEL are in step with these trends A number of our wireless equipments, especially those used by the Police and Defence, are being progressively transistorised making them less cumbersome and more reliable, and incidentally cheaper too



The Trumpeter Swan Returns from Oblivion

Graceful and gleaming, this magnificent American bird has been saved from extinction a heartwarming story of wildlife conservation



By Robert Murphy

western Montana lies the wild and spacious Centennial Valley. Perched amid snow-capped peaks some 6,600 feet above sea-level, the valley contains great marshes, three shallow blue lakes and several sparkling streams.

It is a beautiful, untroubled spot. And it is here, at the Red Rock Lakes National Wildlife Refuge, that one of the rarest and most beautiful of waterfowl, the wild trumpeter swan, lives and multiplies. Once near extinction, the great bird has been saved from final annihilation, and the story is one of the most

heartwarming in the whole field of wildlife conservation.

Once the wild trumpeter swan—a huge, graceful, gleaming white bird—ranged over much of the central part of the North American continent, from Alaska south to Missouri. Then man's guns began to 'xacı their heavy toll. By the mid-1930's, with fewer than a hundred of these wild swans left, militant conservationists finally set out to save this heritage of the past.

Early in May 1966, my wife and I drove into the Red Rock Lakes Refuge to see these trumpeters. We went to the edge of a lake—and

THE TRUMPETER SWAN RETURNS FROM OBLIVION

there I glimpsed my first pair of trumpeters, floating with the special grace that characterizes all swans. They weren't far from shore. Indeed, the fact that they like to swim along the shoreline is one of the characteristics that made the trumpeter so vulnerable to hunters. Serene and untroubled by our

in a chorus that rises in a crescendo and ends in long wailing notes. Softened by distance, these songs are one of the most stirring sounds in nature.

Despite their size, trumpeters are fast swimmers and strong, graceful flyers. They get into the air with a flapping run over the water's



presence, this pair of trumpeters swam slowly away with their long necks erect and their heads held

high.

The largest of American waterfowl, trumpeters are five feet long, have a wingspan of seven feet or more and attain a weight of 35 pounds. So shining white is their plumage that in flight they can be seen at a great distance. They have black bills and feet, and a deep, resonant call, clear and trumpetlike, which can be heard a mile or more away.

In autumn and winter, gathered in flocks, they sometimes sing

surface, fly with neck extended and feet tucked under their tail. When travelling any distance, they fly in angular lines and often at considerable heights. Alighting on the water again, they glide majestically down, spread their feet out in front of them and "ski" to a halt on the broad webs

Trumpeters are thought to mate for life. Their huge nests, five or six feet across, are made of marsh plants. The female, or pen, incubates a clutch of two to ten half-pound eggs for about 35 days, covering them with down and plants when she leaves the nest to feed. The

male, or cob, stays on guard near by.

Hatched in June, the baby trumpeters, or cygnets, leave the nest for the water as soon as their grey down is dry. In October they are ready to fly. Their parents skim low over the water, several hundred feet ahead of them, calling encouragement. The cygnets follow excitedly, running over the water and beating their wings, until at last they, too, are airborne.

In earlier years the trumpeter was able to withstand the drain on its numbers by natural enemies such as coyotes and eagles. But the pioneer settlers relished tender young swan as a change from deer and bison meat, and the fur trade soon learned the value of swan skins. Trumpeter down made the best quilts, feather beds and powder-puffs; the quills, hard but elastic, were perfect for pens.

Later, about the turn of the century, these spectacular birds were suddenly in great demand for zoos, parks and estates. The young, captured before they could fly, brought a princely Rs. 375 a pair, and were shipped all over the United States and across the Atlantic. The remaining few retreated to remote areas of the West—and stayed there.

Laws passed in 1900 and 1918 ended all hunting of swans. But these measures came almost too late. Duck hunters, trophy seekers and poachers continued to shoot swans illegally, settlers encroached on their nesting grounds, and it was thought

by many to be only a matter of years before their total extermination.

It was J. N. Darling, a famous newspaper cartoonist and militant conservationist, who really saved the swans. For years, through his cartoons and speeches, he publicized the cause of wildlife conservation. Appointed head of the U.S. Biological Survey in 1934, he insisted—as other conservationists long had—that a sanctuary for the trumpeters must be established. The refuge at Red Rock Lakes finally became a reality in 1935.

At the time, the Biological Survey reported that there were only 73 trumpeters left in the United States -46 of them at Red Rock, a few additional pairs in Yellowstone Park and in Idaho. But rigorous protec tion turned the tide, and slowly the great birds began to multiply. Last year, aerial surveys counted 878 wild trumpeters in the United States, 417 of them in Montana; about 1,000 more live in western Canada and Alaska. There are also 84 in captivity in the United States. Thus, in contrast with the passenger pigeon, which was exterminated, and the whooping crane, whose fate is still touch-and-go, the trumpeter swan is one of the few severely threatened bird species to be substantially reestablished.

Somewhere along the way, while they were taking a beating from the hunters' guns and traps, a remarkable thing happened to the trumpeters. They stopped migrating, and the swans today keep to their remote fastnesses in the American West, summer and winter.

At Red Rock Lakes several warm springs remain open all winter. The sanctuary managers have been able to use them to provide open water for the swans even when the temperature plunges to well below zero. For, besides illegal shooting, the trumpeters face another danger when they leave their wilderness homes. They have an almost suicidal predilection for flying into the sides of barns or other man-made obstructions, or for hanging themselves on fences and telephone wires. "Give

them half a chance," says one sanctuary worker, "and they'll kill themselves."

With the continued growth of the flocks of wild trumpeters, some are now being moved from Red Rock Lakes to other protected areas. Eventually it may be easier for the public to glimpse them. It is doubtful, however, that great strings of trumpeters will ever again move majestically across the sky, as in earlier days. It is a serious loss, for they are a truly magnificent sight, with wild voices that stir the blood. Yet it is better to have them where they are, in seclusion, than not to have them at all.

Holy Wit

Two parsons, former colleagues, met in the next world:

"What a wonderful place Heaven is after life as a parish priest!"

"My friend, this isn't Heaven."

THE REVEREND Brian Brindley, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Reading, disputed John Lennon's claim that the Beatles were more popular than Jesus: "We have a larger total audience and our show has been running very much longer."

WHEN A prisoner of war in Singapore, the Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Leonard Wilson, was forbidden to preach. Instead he started a PT class in which the exercises were timed to this chant: "One-two-three-four-trust-in-the-Lord. One-two-three-four-keep-up-your-hearts."

Some years ago an American cardinal, turning to the Chief Rabbi at dinner, asked mischievously, "When may I have the pleasure of helping you to some ham?"

Replied the Rabbi, "At Your Eminence's wedding?"





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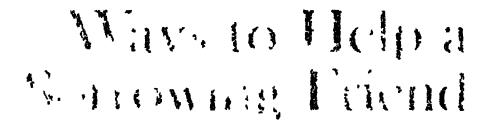




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By Arlene Silberman

Search for those thoughtful, personal gestures which carry a special quality of comfort and healing

summer, and the elaborate final arrangements overwhelmed the air with their perfume. I sat next to my silent, sorrowing friend, wondering what to say to a mother whose only child was the victim of a car crash.

The stillness was broken when a man, stooped and gnarled from what must have been a life-time of hard work, placed a damp package of rolled-up newspaper on Katherine's lap. Carefully tucked inside were limp clumps of seedlings—would-be asters and zinnias, snapdragons and petunias. "These little things need the feel of earth around them," the old man said. "They'll need you to care for them."

Years later, Katherine still recalls the brilliant annuals that gladdened more than just her garden that summer. Somehow, planting those frail seedlings and coaxing them into bloom helped restore her own broken spirit. And Katherine sometimes woulders whether it was sheer coincidence that, minutes after she began planting, her next-door neighbour came out to hang up her washing and lingered to talk, soon to be joined by another neighbour who chanced to see them. Together they gently helped Katherine escape from the silence which had engulfed her. That little gift of seedlings brought a special quality of comfort and healing.

Most of us fall short of the mark when we offer our condolences. Embarrassed and uncomfortable in the face of death, we use some conventional, impersonal means to express our sorrow.

What distinguished the old man's gift was that it was exactly right for Katherine. He was saying in effect,

"I have given special thought to you, my friend, because you matter very much to me."

With just a little care we, too, can usually find a personal remembrance that speaks directly to the mourner.

Putting deep feelings into words is never easy, of course, but I doubt if it's as difficult as many people think.

Sympathy. One of the loveliest condolence notes I have ever read was only three sentences. "Dear Lil," it began. "His place in heaven is certain. Peter and I would like to offer the most sacred prayer we know—the Mass. Our hearts are with you." In these few words a young Catholic housewife comforted her newly widowed Jewish neighbour. She didn't concern herself with the differences between their two religions. She simply put down on paper the loving thoughts that moved her, knowing that kindness can never be wrong in any religion.

A cousin of mine carries in her handbag a letter written to her many years ago, when her 18-year-old sister died after a long illness. "I've never met the teacher who wrote this letter," she told me, "and he only knew Nancy for the month or so that she was in his class before she fell ill. But I treasure his words. 'I hope you will soon shed the terrible sadness of your recent days and months,' he wrote, 'so that Nancy can be for you once again what she

will always be for me—sunshine and summer without end."

There were other moving letters about Nancy. A group of her young friends wrote that every summer they would send an underprivileged child on holiday in her memory.

"I think of Nancy often, but I am especially reminded of her when summer begins," her sister told me. "Because she once lived, some little boy or girl is having a happier time. It means that my sister's life, however brief, really mattered."

Some people hesitate to write a note because they only knew the deceased at school, in the army or in his first job. "Surely the family isn't interested in hearing from a ghost of half a century past," they reason. Nothing could be further from the truth. The very unexpectedness gives added meaning.

I know one family that received a letter from a man who had last seen their father as a teenager at school. They were thrilled to hear from him, particularly since the man reminisced about their father's schoolboy nickname, "Constitutional Tom." Learning that their father's passion for decency and fair play had distinguished even his boyhood added to their treasured memories.

In another instance, an elderly woman rummaged through her attic to find a faded and cracked snapshot of a fellow student, dressed in typical turn-of-the-century fashion. That picture, together with the letter of college memories that accompanied it, has already passed from children to grandchildren, and there are now great-grandchildren who will some day possess it.

Anyone who has ever mourned can vouch for the lasting impact of thoughtful gestures in the lonely weeks and months that follow the initial flurry of attentive callers. Some well-spaced telephone calls, an invitation, an occasional visit, a bunch of flowers can be most helpful.

Sometimes an everyday, homely gesture can be the most significant of all. My aunt tells me that the person who helped her most after my uncle died was a friend who insisted on taking her to the supermarket whenever she went shopping. "Those trips forced me to return to the world around me," she says.

No one wants to ride roughshod over another person's need for privacy and solitude, but good friends can usually distinguish between that genuine need and the withdrawal and brooding depression. "Cry if you must," one of my closest friends told me when I felt utterly desolate, "but please don't insist on crying alone." And so we sat together in my bedroom, sometimes talking and sometimes not, the comfortable silence punctuated by the clicking of her knitting needles or the occasional sound of my tears.

Deborah is one of the few people who are neither frightened nor embarrassed by tears, and her quiet strength gave me strength. It was what she didn't do that helped almost as much as what she did. She didn't urge me not to cry; she didn't try to distract me with constant chatter; she didn't play armchair psychiatrist or clergyman. She simply gave her presence as support, and I shall never forget it.

Underlying each of these indelible memories, from Katherine's seedlings to the afternoons Deborah shared with me, there is a common thread: consolation came from something immensely personal. As Ralph Waldo Emerson put it, "The only gift is a portion of thyself."

Who's Who

On several occasions I had checked out with the same cashier at our local supermarket. She surprised me one day by greeting me with: "Good morning, Mr. Spiers." I said nothing, since this was not my name. But on subsequent visits she continued to call me Mr. Spiers so I told her that my name was Foster. She was good-natured about her error, and I thought we had decided who I was. However, the next time I was in the shop, she said to me, "You know, Mr. Spiers, there's a man who comes in here who looks exactly like you."



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The Wonderful World of Run Run Shaw

By RON DE PAOLO

With wicked warlords, wise men and wizards, Hong Kong's movie magnate brings a slice of Old China to the screen

than New Wave, but as long as the tears keep flowing and the wicked wailords keep falling down, Run Run Shaw, the Cecil B DeMille of Hong Kong, can't fail to show a tidy profit

"Films are an art," says the spry Run Run in explaining the secrets of his success, "but they are also an industry. Forget that for a minute, and you have a money loser on your hands."

The 60-year old movie mandarin doesn't forget that very often Each

Run Run posing on set with his actors and his Rolls-Royce

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year he turns out 36 feature films, which are distributed to 132 Shawowned cinemas in Singapore and Malaysia, and to an almost equal number of Shaw-operated cinemas in countries more sensitive about Chinese enterprise. Some of Run Run's best efforts go all the way to New York, and one of his films, The Vermilion Door, has been shown at London's National Film Theatre. But the local Chinese audience is the only one that Run Run covets, and he caters for it with a mixture of religious fervour and unswerving dedication.

Classic Epics. Splashed on the screen in Eastmancolor and "Shawscope" (Run Run's version of Cinemascope) the films recount, for expatriates, familiar legends of Old China in the days of wizards, wise men and warlords. Singing, soap-opera drama, buckets of tears, buffoons and villains dominate the scene—until finally, a happy young couple emerges from it all. And over the 40-odd years that Shaw and his brothers have been in the business, loyal fans have paid enough to make the family "quite comfortable," as Run Run puts it.

The brothers' approach to show business was perhaps conditioned by the way they got into it. Their father, a wealthy Shanghai businessman, foreclosed the mortgage on a local theatre in 1921, and let his four sons have it as a plaything. The eldest, Runje, promptly wrote and produced a play and invited his

three younger brothers (Runde, Runme and Run Run) to pitch in.

But the hoped-for audience kept drifting away to the then new-fangled movies. Quick to sense popular interest, the Shaws produced a film version of Runje's play. It worked. And when talkies arrived, the brothers responded by making sound pictures, and equipping a newly-acquired chain of theatres in which to show them. The Shaw star of fortune rose quickly.

In 1924, Runme and Run Run decamped to Singapore to begin a film-distributing business. By the 1930's the two had put together a string of about 100 cinemas and amusement parks. But Japan's rising sun obliterated the Shaw star, and the Shaws soon found themselves without cinemas or amusement parks for the duration of the war.

The Japanese had scarcely gone home, however, when the Shaws dug a buried fortune from their front garden, and began to pursue the distribution rights to American films, which were then very much in vogue.

In 1957, Run Run moved to Hong Kong. With two sets, a makeshift administration building, and a handful of actors, Run Run began to make films on his own. He's still there; brother Runme stays in Singapore to handle distribution.

One of Run Run's first steps was to abolish the star system. Any prima donna who kept a film crew



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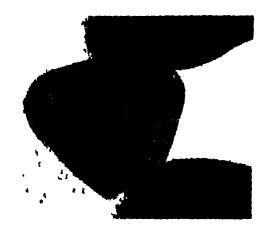


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waiting was sacked. All private dressing rooms were abolished. A communal crew of make-up girls works on empresses and girl spies simultaneously and inscrutably. Starlets live in dormitories on the lot, and obey the firm edict that everybody be on set and ready to shoot at 9 a.m. sharp. Everyone works six ten-hour days a week, and no one expects to go out on the town when work is over. "If a girl stays out late," says a director, "her red eyes make her worthless for a day, and a day's shooting costs us a lot of money."

Run Run is as tough on himself as he is on his staff. He moved from his palatial 20-room mansion to a small bungalow near "Shaw Movie City" (as the studio is named) in order to add more minutes to his daily schedule. He gets up each day at 6 a.m., eats a scanty breakfast of Chinese noodles and tea, does exercises, dresses, reads a script or two and heads for the studio in one of his two Rolls-Royces.

Completing a tour of the sets by 9.15, he settles in for a day of watching rushes from the previous day's shooting, conferring with his production supervisor, Raymond Chow, and advising writers on stories, or directors and actors on scenes. He goes to bed at midnight and repeats the schedule every day except Sunday, when he views a selected sampling of competitors' films (six or seven at a sitting).

On Sunday afternoons he retires

to a bathhouse, where for two hours he soaks, scrubs, gets his toes massaged, and relaxes.

Run Run's chief concern is enter taining his audiences and making a profit.

"The story is the most important thing," Run Run says Drawing from the huge store of Chinese folk tales, his writers and directors quickly hammer out their own shooting script, thus eliminating fees for original screen plays or film rights for popular books Production supervisor Chow takes over from there, manipulating the papiermâché sets, the cast and technicians into a 40 day shooting schedule on an average Rs 1875 lakhs budget If the sets and the costumes tend to look familiar, it is no illusion. A Shaw set is used over and over again, shot from a dozen different angles.

In addition to formula films, Run Run occasionally indulges in a more ambitious venture. The Blue and the Black, about the life and loves of a girl singer during the Sino-Japanese War, runs for four and a half hours in wide-screen colour, has battle scenes that would do justice to a John Wayne epic, and won the Asian Film Festival's Best Picture award. Audiences still weep when the film, now on its third rerun, comes to the local cinemas.

Weeping and women are integral parts of the Shaw formula; Run Run has 60 actresses working for him. "The Chinese love to see women on screen," he says. "They



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love to see them cry and suffer and come out all right in the end." Shaw actresses even play male parts in the classic films, where this is expected by the fans. "A classic Chinese actress must have a face shaped like a goose egg and a mouth shaped like a cherry," says Run Run. "It doesn't matter what the rest of her looks like."

Since most Shaw actresses have to cry somewhere in the script, even in a comedy, a supply of glycerine eycdrops is ever ready to bring tears without effort. "If you make them cry real tears in a scene," Run Run explains, "their eyes get red and you lose shooting time." Recently, Run Run Shaw turned out three Bond-like efforts, The Poison Rose, The Golden Buddha and Angel With the Iron Fists. All are sell-outs at the box-office. Today, the winds of profit are blowing strong for spy films, and Run Run is making the most of it.

"Money-losers," he says, "are not good."

Run Run has had a few moneylosers in his time, mostly "message" films. One concerned the life of a poor Chinese family in Hong Kong. With hindsight Run Run asks, "Why should we have expected people to pay to see themselves? They come to the cinema to be





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entertained and to escape from reality."

Shaw runs a carefully-budgeted enterprise. Top female actresses make about Rs. 45,000 a film, or nearly Rs. 1-8 lakhs on four films for the year. His 20 directors make an average of Rs. 90,000 a year. Starlets are bound to contracts and do not make real money until signed up for a second term. Extras are paid subsistence, and salaries of technical crews for lights and cameras would make any Hollywood union leader anticipate a labour riot.

One of Run Run's secrets of success is his judicious buying of property for cinemas. "If you just build a cinema, it takes a long time to get a return. So you buy a large piece of land, build a cinema in the middle and then put up shops and flats all round it." Multiply this formula 132 times and you have the biggest film producer in Asia, the biggest distributor, and one of the largest urban landowners in two countries.

Recently, an ominous shadow has

loomed across the Shaw empire. The hungry tiger of the north, Red China, is in the film business, and is trying to squeeze the brothers out. But Run Run is undismayed. He believes that the current "cultural revolution" will destroy whatever creative talent is left in mainland China.

"The only films they export," he says, "are the best ones from our point of view. The more their film makers have to keep to a party formula, the less attractive their films will be, and the better for us. Even though they compete directly with us in Hong Kong with seven cinemas, we can still beat them. Good, reliable products sell best, and that's what we make."

So saying, Run Run Shaw turns to the script of Son of the Empress of the Land of Many Perfumes Returns to the Land of Mystic Clouds for the Thirty-Fourth Time. "The title is a bit long and clumsy," he says, "but I like the story. Just a few more tears here and there and we'll have a money-maker."

Safe Keeping

Before I could stop him, my Argentinian friend posted his three letters into the night deposit safe of a local bank. "I always post my letters there," he said when I explained that it wasn't a post box.

Alarmed at the thought of all this mail piling up in the bank, we called on the manager. "How nice to meet you," he greeted my friend. "We have been posting your letters for the past six months. As you are here, please forgive me for mentioning that one or two airmail items have not carried sufficient postage. In each case, we added the necessary stamps, otherwise they would have gone by sea and that takes so long."—M. D. G.

BOOK OF THE MONTH

UP FRONT IN UIFTNAM



BY DAVID REED

UP FRONT IN VIETNAM

To many people, the Vietnam war is a distant, baffling conflict. But how does it look to the fighting man?

David Reed spent three months recently criss-crossing the country, watching, listening, interviewing.

At 40, Reed is no stranger to war. He was in Kenya from 1953 to 1955, and got caught up in the Mau Mau rebellion. As a reporter, he covered the Lebanese riots in 1958, the Congolese army mutiny in 1960, and Castro's rise to power.

Three years ago he flew to Stanleyville while the Simba uprising was in its last stages, and wrote a chilling book on the rescue of the white hostages.*

How did Reed gather the material for *Up Front in Vietnam?* "I started in the north, at the edge of the Demilitarized Zone, and worked south into the Mekong Delta, visiting every American unit along the way. I travelled in C-130 transport planes,

with combat troops or cargo. I travelled in helicopters, often making four or five flights a day. I travelled in trucks and jeeps. And I did a good deal of plodding on foot, lugging a pack, camera, small tape recorder and canteen."

Reed estimates that he interviewed some 350 men, ranging from commander-in-chief General Westmoreland to the newest privates.

"One develops a great admiration and affection for the troops out there," he says. "Most of the enlisted men are too young to vote or drink in most U.S. states, and too young to shave every day. And some of the officers are not much older.

"Yet they are men in every sense of the word. They know that each new day may be their last.

"In my book, I try to show what life is like for them, enabling the reader to glimpse the human side of the war. I hope I've succeeded."

[•] See "The Stanleyville Massacre," Reader's Digest, November 1965.



Genesis and Exodus

The 165 soldiers boarded the Boeing 707 jet at Travis Air Force Base, near San Francisco, California. It whisked them across the Pacific at nearly the speed of sound, stopping briefly to refuel in Hawaii and the Philippines. Now, some 20 hours after leaving the United States, the plane was landing at Bien Hoa Air Base, just north of Saigon.

When the soldiers disembarked, they felt faint from the 100-degree heat, the suffocating humidity and the blinding glare of the Vietnamese afternoon. "Kinda warm, ain't it?" a 19-year-old conscript said, but none of his companions replied. They were tired from their long journey, and dazed and frightened by the prospect of what lay ahead.

Most of them were very young, some only 18 or 19. They had been sent to Vietnam as replacements for soldiers who had fallen in battle or who had completed their tours of duty. They would serve exactly one year, and then they, too, would be sent back home. But it was a mathe matical certainty that some of them would never make it.

"O.K., men, let's get into the buses," a sergeant shouted. There was a scramble as the men boarded the four waiting vehicles. Then two jeeps armed with machine guns took up positions at front and rear, and the small convoy moved out, bound for near-by Long Binh Junction.

The road was lined with shanties. Naked children played in putrid ditches. Peasants worked the muddy rice paddies, ploughing behind lumbering water buffalo. The soldiers stared in fascination. They had never seen anything like it before.

After the buses reached the replacement depot, the men shuffled into a wooden building to indulge in the old army game of filling in more forms. Then they took off their starched khaki uniforms and changed into baggy green fatigues the clothing that they would wear for the next year.

A sergeant took them to the mess hall. "Gentlemen," he barked, "this is war! The time has come when you will put into practice all that you have learnt."

In an air-conditioned building not far from the mess hall, a stack of punch cards sped through a computer, assigning the men to various units all over Vietnam. In 24 hours they would be moving out by plane and truck. Soon, some of them would be under fire.

Elsewhere in the camp, there was another group of men. Bronzed and lean, they were dressed in freshly starched khaki uniforms, and many of them wore new decorations on their chests. They had completed a year in Vietnam and were now waiting to board buses for the airport.

The war was over for them. For the newcomers, it was just the beginning.

Eye-Opener

TIMOTHY SMITH, 23, was the fifth man in a column of U.S. Marines. The four men ahead of him moved slowly through a Vietnamese village, passing between a pigsty and a tree. As Smith followed, his foot caught a trip wire leading to a booby trap. There was an explosion.

Smith grinned sheepishly. The others laughed. The booby trap was not a real one; Smith had only set off a harmless detonating cap. He and the other men were students at the First Marine Division's boobytrap school, near Da Nang, where each month 500 Marines are given a three-day course in how to avoid the diabolical devices set by the Vietcong.

"O.K., you guys, that illustrates what I've been saying," said the instructor, Corporal Reese Wright. "Even if several guys walk along a trail without setting off a trip wire, don't assume that one isn't there. Keep your eyes open all the time; it will save your life."

Corporal Wright was taking Smith and 15 other Marines through a mock-up of a Vietnamese village, complete with booby traps of all kinds. At the gate of the village, he told them, "Now when you come to a village, you'd normally open the gate and go through."

He yanked the gate open. Another detonating cap exploded. The Marines jumped.

"You see, the Vietcong boobytrap the gates. They know you're likely to go through them. So what you do is tie a rope to the gate, back off to a safe distance and jerk it open."

Walking down a path with the men, Wright showed them a crossbow hidden in a thicket. When a man trips the wire, a bamboo spear is shot into his chest. He showed them a Vietcong flag flying from a pole. "Don't ever try to take a flag home as a souvenir," he said. "The Vietcong rig the lanyard so that when you yank on the flag a grenade goes off."

He showed them punji sticks—razor-sharp pieces of bamboo that are placed along trails to inflict a wound when someone steps on them. The sticks are usually smeared with excrement to make

them highly septic.

There was a tiger trap concealed beneath leaves, ready to snap shut on a man's foot. The trap was attached by a chain to a heavy cement block. "The guy can't get away, so his buddies come and lift the block for him," said Wright. "When they do, they set off a land mine underneath it, killing them all. So don't lift a block unless you have felt underneath it with your hand or a bayonet for a mine."

The Vietcong, Wright explained, take care to ensure that their own people do not fall victim to the booby traps. Each trap is marked with stones or sticks as a warning signal. "If you see a stick or a stone that looks out of place, watch out,"

said Wright.

The U.S. Marine Corps attaches great importance to the school, since 50 per cent of the First Marine Division's casualties have been caused by booby traps and land mines. On one occasion, the communists found an unconscious Marine whose leg had been blown

off. They fastened a grenade to the stump, then fashioned a bandage so that the grenade would explode when the bandage was torn off. The Marine was found by his friends and flown in a helicopter to a hospital ship off the coast. Fortunately, a doctor felt the grenade under the bandage and was able to remove it without setting it off.

With a Bang

It was the first night on the line for Private Joseph Kazimer. He had been in Vietnam a month, but during that time he had worked as a base-camp carpenter. Now he had been sent to a forward post. It was 3 a.m., and he was told to relieve one of the men on the perimeter.

The man was Lester Benton; it was his last night on the line. He had served his year and was to be flown by helicopter to a rear area in the morning to be processed out.

The two men chatted for a moment next to a foxhole. Then they froze; they heard someone speaking Vietnamese across the clearing. The two men dived into the foxhole in the nick of time; mortars began landing all round them, shaking the earth violently.

The mortars ceased. The ensuing silence was almost as unnerving. Suddenly there was a flash of light; four Vietcong, coming across the clearing, had set off a trip flare, silhouetting themselves brilliantly.

Kazimer and Benton blazed away with their automatic rifles. Other

paratroopers along the line opened fire simultaneously. The jungle was illuminated by flashes of tracers and exploding grenades.

Again there was silence. Kazimer and Benton waited. Dawn came.

Peering out of their foxhole, they saw two dead Victcong in the clearing and blood trails leading off into the jungle.

Benton heaved a sigh of relief. "It's all over for me," he said.

He packed what few things a soldier has in his rucksack. He gave several boxes of field rations to Kazimer. "I won't have to worry about cooking my food for a while," he said.

The two men shook hands as Benton got ready to leave.

"Nothing like finishing up with

a bang," he said.

"Except starting out with one," said Kazimer, with nearly a year to go.

Midnight Attack

WHEN Captain Leonard Shlenker crawled into his tent at 11.30 p.m., he decided, as a routine precaution, to sleep fully clothed. He even kept his boots on. Shlenker, 32, was a small, muscular man. He had been in the Army 11 years and had come up through the ranks. Now he was commanding two artillery batteries at a remote outpost nicknamed Landing Zone Bird. The outpost had often been threatened with attack—there were large numbers of North Vietnamese troops in the vicinity—but none had materialized. In fact, neither Shlenker nor most of his men had ever seen combat. The day before, they had enjoyed a big Christmas dinner. Helicopters, playing the role of Santa Claus, had brought Christmas cards and gifts from home, and the men had had as festive a time as they could under the circumstances.

Shlenker was due for a transfer. In two days, he would report for a comfortable staff job at headquarters; as he dozed off he thought with pleasure of his new assignment.

Suddenly the ground was rocked by explosions, so many that they sounded like one continuous roar. The North Vietnamese Army was laying down a mortar barrage on the outpost. Shlenker grabbed his helmet and pistol and ran to his command post. There he radioed another battery five miles away. "We're under intense mortar and small-arms fire—give us immediate artillery support," he said.

Shlenker did not realize it at the time, but the post was already overrun by more than 500 North Vietnamese troops. There were only 170 Americans in the camp, and twothirds of them were artillerymen. There was no way to retreat; there was no hope of immediate reinforcement. The gunners would have to stand by their guns.

While Shlenker was still on the radio, a mortar shell exploded next to the tent, riddling the canvas with shrapnel. An officer looked out and





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shouted, "They're right outside." Only 20 yards away, North Vietnamese troops were swarming into the camp amid bursting mortar shells and rivulets of machine-gun fire. Some of them carried fixed bayonets. "Yankee, you die tonicht" the most and the same and the same

night," they yelled.

"Get the hell out of here," Shlen-ker shouted to his men. He darted to a near-by ditch and ran through it towards his Number Four 105-mm. howitzer. He found that his gunners had already lowered the barrel for firing at close range. The men slammed a shell into the breech and yanked the lanyard. They were almost deafened when the shell exploded in the ground 60 yards from the howitzer. Still the Vietnamese kept pouring into the camp.

Shlenker found to his horror that the enemy had already destroyed all six of his 155-mm. guns and two of his six 105's. Two of these remaining howitzers were put out of action almost immediately. The Americans who had survived the initial attack pressed in close round the two remaining gun pits, firing point-blank at the enemy with both howitzers and small arms, deter-

mined to go down fighting.

Charles Turnage, a 19-year-old medical orderly who had arrived at the post only the day before, was sleeping next to a gun pit when the attack started. A mortar shell ignited a white phosphorus shell in the gun pit, setting Turnage's clothing alight. He jumped into a muddy

foxhole, and tore off his clothing. Then, clad only in his underpants and covered with mud, he dragged many of the wounded to the defensive perimeter around the two remaining guns.

As Turnage was scurrying across the battlefield, a North Vietnamese, who apparently was someone of authority, came up to him, thinking he was a Vietnamese, and shouted orders. Calmly, Turnage aimed a grenade launcher at him and shot the man's head off. Then, though burned by the white phosphorus, he continued to treat the wounded.

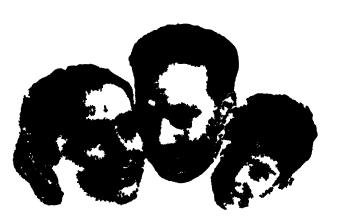
By this time, a tiny helicopter was overhead with an artillery observer, Captain James Weber. Because of burning ammunition, Weber could see only a pall of smoke. "It's all over," he said to the pilot. But then he saw gun flashes below, and realized that at least some of the Americans were still alive.

Weber also spotted enemy mortar flashes. He called for artillery fire from the nearest battery to silence them. Then he radioed for planes which blasted the enemy with rockets.

When Shlenker saw that most of his men were under cover, he got out his trump cards—Bee Hive shells, so named because when they explode, they spray an area with 8,500 little arrows, like a hive of angry bees. Usually a warning flare is fired when a Bee Hive is going to be used, but this time the men could not find the flare and so an

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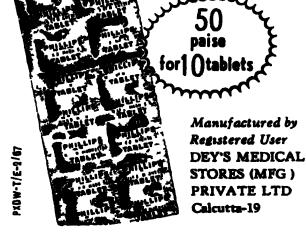
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officer screamed, "Bee Hive! Bee Hive!"

The men aimed the howitzer at the 155-mm. battery, which was swarming with North Vietnamese, and fired two Bee Hive rounds. "It sounded like a million whips being whirled over my head," one man said later. There was a stunned silence among the enemy. As the Americans learned afterwards, 30 soldiers had been killed by the two rounds. The rest fled in panic from the terrible weapon. The battle was over. It had lasted exactly one hour.

Twenty-six Americans lay dead; 48 were wounded. The camp was littered with blood-splashed Christmas cards and wrappings—but the enemy had lost more than 200 men.

Shlenker and Turnage were decorated for heroism.

Aerobatic Escape

It was a beautiful afternoon, diamond clear and drenched in sunshine, as the two U.S. Air Force F4C Phantom jets went screaming along above a road in North Vietnam. They blasted a bridge, then some barges. One of the Phantoms swooped down and strafed some ammunition trucks. As the pilot pulled out of his strafing run, there was a jolt: the plane had been hit by anti-aircraft fire, and the right wing burst into flame.

The pilot, Major James Hargrove, spoke on the intercom to his copilot, Lieutenant Peterson.

"You can go any time you want,"

he said, meaning that Peterson was free to eject from the aircraft.

"I'll stick with it as long as you do," Peterson replied.

Following standard procedure, Hargrove headed the burning plane towards the sea. There it is relatively simple for American helicopters to rescue downed pilots. Hargrove was heartened by the fact that the beach was only three miles away.

He checked his instruments. The two engines were operating normally. However, one gauge showed that the plane was losing pressure rapidly in both hydraulic control systems.

In a few minutes the hydraulicwarning light flashed on, followed by the fire-warning light. Worse still, the stick started moving aft. The stabilizer leading edge at the tail of the aircraft had locked in a down position, because of the hydraulic failure. This had raised the nose and pushed the stick back in the process. Both Hargrove and Peterson struggled to hold it in position for level flight. They were big, brawny men, and they pushed with their full strength, but still the stick came back to a full-aft position. The aircraft pitched up, and began to climb vertically.

"We're in trouble now," Har-

grove said.

There was nothing in the rules to cover a situation like this. Hargrove thought for a moment, then ignited the two afterburners, giving the plane a tremendous extra burst of power. If he could get high

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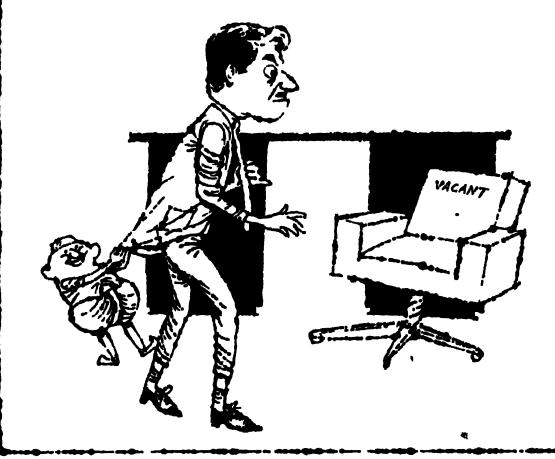
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enough, he could fly or even glide the aircraft to the sea.

It did not turn out to be that simple. The plane shot straight up for 7,000 feet. Then, when it reached 10,000 feet, it stalled. Hargrove switched off the afterburners. The nose of the plane tipped forward, and it dived for the earth.

Now Hargrove feared he would not be able to pull out of the dive, for the plane still would not fly properly. Again he switched on the afterburners. When a plane is heading down, the extra speed tends to bring the nose up.

The afterburners did the trick. At 4,000 feet, the plane pulled out of the dive—but only to head straight

up again.

All the while, there was another terrifying problem. The plane was on fire, and the fuel might explode at any moment. Hargrove decided that it was better to run this risk than to bail out into the waiting arms of the North Vietnamese.

Again the plane stalled, at about 10,000 feet. Again, as the plane headed earthward, Hargrove switched on the afterburners to bring it out of the dive.

For several minutes, the plane went through one such roller-coaster sequence after another. Each time it made a little progress towards the coast.

If nothing else, Hargrove may have set a record slow speed for a Phantom. The fastest operational aircraft in the U.S. military arsenal, it is capable of over 1,650 m.p.h. in level flight—more than twice the speed of sound. But with the fins locked, Hargrove's aircraft never attained a speed of more than 230 m.p.h., even when heading down.

Hargrove had now crossed the beach, but he was still not out of danger. He had to nurse the crippled aircraft several miles offshore, beyond the range of shore guns and coastal sampan traffic, and far enough so that the onshore winds would not sweep him and Peterson back to the beach in their parachutes. Now, after perhaps 20 pitchups and nose dives, they were seven miles offshore.

"O.K." Hargrove said at last.

The co pilot pulled an ejection ring, and an explosive mechanism blew off the canopy over his head. A moment later, a second explosion sent Peterson hurtling out of the plane, and soon he was descending into the South China Sea beneath a billowing canopy. Hargrove waited until after the next roller-coaster gyration; then he, too, ejected himself from the plane. The aircraft crashed into the sca half a mile away in a fireball of burning fuel. Since being hit, it had taken Hargrove nearly ten minutes to fly the plane ten miles.

When the men splashed down, they climbed into inflatable dinghies that are part of their survival equipment. Moments later, eight Phantoms and two Skyraiders, diverted from other missions, reached the scene and began to circle over them, to keep communist gunboats away. A Marine helicopter arrived, hoisted the men aboard and took them back to their base in Da Nang.

The man who was most intrigued by Hargrove's tale was a representative from the manufacturers of the Phantom. He questioned Hargrove for an hour about his wild aerobatics.

One other man had strong feelings about the affair—Lieutenant Peterson. It was his first mission over North Vietnam. And an American Air Force pilot is expected to complete 100 sorties during his year's tour of duty.

"Only 99 more to go," Peterson said.

Unusual Hazard

SERGEANT Bernard Yost was leading his squad on a patrol in the jungles of Binh Thuan province when he suddenly noticed that someone—or something—was stalking one of his men. When Yost got a better look, he saw to his astonishment that it was a tiger. Yost and a companion promptly killed the animal with bursts from their M-16 automatic rifles. The tiger was loaded into a helicopter and flown back to base to be skinned as a battle trophy. It weighed 400 pounds.

Another interesting encounter occurred when a Marine patrol sought to ambush passing Vietcong along the southern edge of the Demilitarized Zone. Corporal David Schwirian, 20, crawled into a thicket and waited. Suddenly a tiger leaped from the bush and bit his right arm. Schwirian countered with a left, hitting the tiger right on the nose. The beast looked startled, and when Schwirian's companions dashed up to see what had happened, it ran away. Later, the young Marine was evacuated by helicopter for treatment of his unusual wound.

Irish Tenor

You never imagined that Vietnam could be cold, but tonight, at Dong Ha, 11 miles from the Demilitarized Zone, the chill is numbing and there is a drizzling rain. The camp is a morass of red mud, ankle deep. Men slog around in the darkness, dirty and unshaven; there is no spit and polish at the front. Every few minutes, howitzers boom, tossing out harassing rounds in the direction of the NVA positions. The enemy is in the Demilitarized Zone and, beyond, in North Vietnam itself. The Allies are forbidden to invade North Vietnam, but the North Vietnamese have no such compunctions. From time to time they come swarming over the frontier to attack Allied positions.

Some of the men crawl on to their camp beds and wrap themselves in blankets. It is too early to go to sleep, too cold to stay up. They lie on their beds, thinking about girls and home and the enemy's mortars, and wondering if they will ever get out of this wretched place alive. Then, while howitzers are booming



CONTOUR THE TYRE THAT IS ☐ SAFER IN CORNERING

☐ SAFER WHEN BRAKING

☐ SAFER WHEN SPEEDING!

CONTOUR







When I'm grown up, I'll be an air hostess, and I'll give MORTONS to everybody who rides in my plane.



again, the voice of a fine Irish tenor is heard from the darkness:

In the ranks of death you will find him...

The voice comes from the tent of Father Joseph Ryan, head Catholic chaplain in the area. A group of chaplains and Marines has gathered in his tent for an Irish sing-song.

"All soul-saving will now come to a screeching halt," Father Ryan says as he pours a libation for his guests. War being what it is, there is no Irish whiskey at the front, and the men make do with bourbon.

Father Ryan needs a respite. Whenever the bodies of fallen Marines are brought to Dong Ha, he administers the last rites to all of them. Often there is no identification tag on the body, and he does not know who is Catholic and who is not. "But it doesn't make any difference," Father Ryan says. "The Protestant chaplain prays for all the dead, and so do I."

The men slog back to their tents through the mud and rain, warmer in body and spirit for the songs and Father Ryan's whiskey. They sleep in their clothes with their boots next to the bed, ready to run for shelter if there is a mortar attack.

Terrifying Minutes

NOEL REDDING, an 18-year-old machine gunner, was walking through a village near Phu Bai when he heard a loud click. The young Marine's heart sank. He knew that he had stepped on a land mine. Looking down, he saw that the toe of his left boot had depressed one of the three prongs of the murderous device.

Redding knew that if he lifted his foot, the mine would explode, killing him and his comrades. Calmly, he put all his weight on the left foot. Then he slowly unslung his rifle and dropped it to the ground. "Engineer up," Redding shouted. A Marine engineer, Gary Kauper, came running up.

"I'm standing on a mine," Rcd-

ding said.

Kauper, who had only 26 days to go before being sent home, cleared the dirt away from the mine. His eyes widened. "It's a Bouncing Betty," he said, "the one that jumps into the air and then blows up."

The two men shouted for the other Marines to leave the area.

"Keep all your weight on the left foot—the firing pin lacks only a sixteenth of an inch for detonation," Kauper said.

There was a piece of tile between the sole of Redding's boot and the prong of the mine. From time to time, Redding could feel it slipping.

Kauper, working on his knees, called for some wire. A Marine ran up with an ordinary safety pin. Kauper bent it and tried to insert it into the safety catch of the mine. But the pin wouldn't fit. Kauper jiggled some more and finally managed to slip the pin into the

hole. Other Marines piled six flak jackets on top of the mine, wrapped one round each of Redding's legs and put one on his back.

"Jump away from the mine,"

Kauper shouted.

Redding jumped.

The mine did not explode.

Kauper had been calm until then. Now he began to tremble violently. Both he and Redding had grown old very quickly in just 28 minutes.

Enemy Camp

THE COMPANY had been out on patrol in the jungles near Phan Thiet for seven days. Now they were on their way through the jungle to a near-by landing zone, where helicopters would pick them up and carry them back to base.

But as they neared the Landing Zone, a patrol spotted an enemy camp. The Vietcong saw the Americans and opened fire, but after a brief fight they fled, leaving four dead. No Americans were hurt.

Captain Charles Belan, the 32year-old company commander, was amazed as he inspected the abandoned camp. There were 21 buildings in all—barracks, a mess hall, 1 kitchen, a classroom for military and political instruction and a headquarters building. Everything was kitchen immaculate. The equipped with what are known as "Ho Chi Minh ovens." The flues extended out for 100 yards in all directions, with vents at regular intervals which dispersed the smoke so that no tell-tale plumes could be seen from the air. The entire camp was situated under a dense jungle canopy, invisible from above.

Belan thought it was the best Vietcong camp he had ever seen. Then he got a shock: two of the buildings turned out to be prisons. Each had a row of stocks, and two Vietnamese men were lying in them, held by the neck and ankles. They were so emaciated that they could not walk when the paratroopers freed them.

Searching further, the paratroopers found six men and two women hiding in a bunker. They, too, were emaciated and covered with raw sores and bruises from beatings.

Through an interpreter, the prisoners told Belan that they were Vietnamese government employees, regular soldiers and militiamen, and that they had been held captive by the Vietcong for up to two years. The two women were wives of Vietnamese soldiers. At first, they said, there were over 200 prisoners, but only 75 had survived. The rest had died of malnutrition or disease, or had been executed. They were fed only once a day—a handful of rice with fish heads or pigs' tails—just enough to keep them barely alive. Each night about 20 of them—those whom the communists considered unco-operative—were locked in the stocks. The two men found by the paratroopers were kept there day and night as added punishment.

Belan asked one of the prisoners

—a man who appeared to be about 60—how old he was.

"Thirty," the man replied.

The prisoners told the Americans that the communists had fled with the 65 other prisoners. Realizing that some of them might have got away in the confusion and be hiding in the jungle near by, Belan sent his interpreter round the perimeter to shout for them to come in.

"You're free now. Come in, and we'll take you to a hospital," the interpreter cried.

Six men came out of the jungle. The interpreter kept on shouting, but no more appeared. Belan guessed that others were out there, but simply too terrified to move.

The prisoners told Belan that one of the four Vietcong killed in the shooting was the camp commander. Several of the prisoners went over

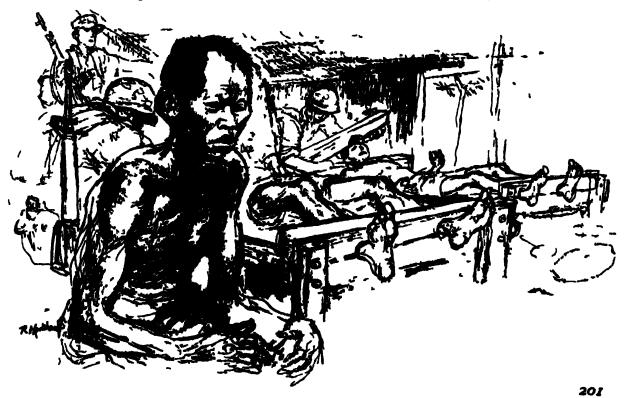
to stare at his body. Then, one by one, they spat on it.

The two men who had been in the stocks were in too critical a condition to be moved, so Belan called in a helicopter. While the machine hovered just above the jungle canopy, a cable was lowered and the two men were winched aboard.

On Belan's orders, the paratroopers blew up the bunkers and burned down all the buildings. Then, with the 14 remaining liberated prisoners, they set out for a landing zone from which helicopters flew them to a hospital in Phan Thiet. Eventually all recovered and were reunited with their families.

Coffee Break

THE THREE Marines had a problem. They manned a lonely observation post at the top of one of the



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With Life Insurance, you can make sure your family will have money should your income cease...provide for children's education and marriage. Even your retirement. So, plan your life confidently with Life Insurance. Do it soon with your insurance agent's help.

think rich with life Insurance

Marble Mountains, near Da Nang. The days were peaceful enough, but every night they received sniper fire from a Buddhist pagoda half-way

up the mountain.

Ordinarily, the Marines would have returned the fire or perhaps destroyed the building. But pagodas are sacred, and the Buddhists might have complained to the U.S. high command. And then there would have been all sorts of trouble. On the other hand, the sniping could not be ignored; someone might be killed if it continued.

After two weeks, the Marines thought of a solution. They went down to the pagoda and spoke to the Buddhist priest there. He was outraged at their suggestion that he had been sniping at them. But, anyway, the Marines offered him a weekly gift of instant coffee, a luxury in this remote area. The holy man accepted with alacrity.

Since then the Marines have had no more trouble from the pagoda.

When the Shooting Stops

WITH a mob of children in pursuit, the five men walked up the main path of the village of Phuong Tuong in the Mekong Delta. It appeared to be a tropical paradise. Thatched huts were strung out along the Bassac River, shaded by coconut palms and fruit trees. Near each house was a vegetable garden. Farther back from the river lay the neat rice fields. The river itself teemed with fish. As far as food is

concerned, Phuong Tuong is a land

of plenty.

But the five men, although they were civilians, were all armed, for the village is in no-man's-land. Only three months ago it was reoccupied by government troops after ten years of Vietcong rule.

The leader of the little expedition was Steven Shepley. With him were Louis Polichetti, and three Victnamese, one an assistant to Polichetti, the others bodyguards.

The Americans were part of an army of quiet heroes in Vietnam. They were officials of the U.S. Office of Civil Operations and Revolutionary Development Support (CORDS), and it was their job to go into dangerous areas every day to help the Vietnamese carry out what has become known as the "other war." The Saigon government has learnt the hard way that it is not enough to chase the Vietcong from a village, for as soon as government forces are withdrawn for operations elsewhere, the Vietcong come back. So, with American help, it has launched a programme of "Revolutionary Development."

Now when a village is retaken, a 59-member team is sent in. These cadres root out the remaining Vietcong agents. They then seek to establish effective administration in the village and promote economic development and health and education programmes. A local defence force is organized to help keep the Vietcong at bay, and local councils are



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set up to involve the villagers in public affairs.

"The problem in the past," Shepley explained, "was that the government did not have any real administrative control over the villages. There was corruption and oppression, but the real problem was not that the government was tyrannical, but that it simply did not exist. In a situation like that, any well-organized group such as the Vietcong could with ease destroy what little control there was and take over in the government's place."

Continuing along the path, the men came to a health centre which had just been opened as part of Phuong Tuong's development programme. Three young girls were treating sick villagers. The girls, who earn about Rs. 200 a month, had all volunteered for the job. One, who came from a near-by village, said, "Men always have a chance to do something for their country, but girls have to sit at home. When I heard they needed girls as nurses, I signed up."

Farther along the road, the Americans came to two sleds that were being pulled by water buffalo. The sleds were loaded with horseradishes. "An agricultural cadre came here and introduced secondary crops," Shepley said. "In the past, people grew only rice, but now they are growing vegetables as well. One man took a tenth of his plot and grew cucumbers. He earned

204

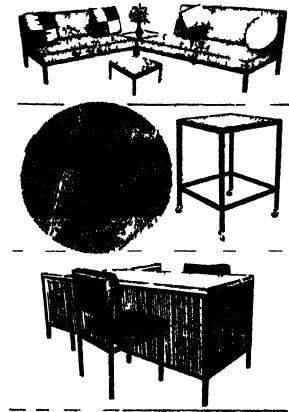
more than 1,250 dollars from one crop, and he can get three crops in a year. He used to get only 250 dollars in an entire year from growing rice in the plot."

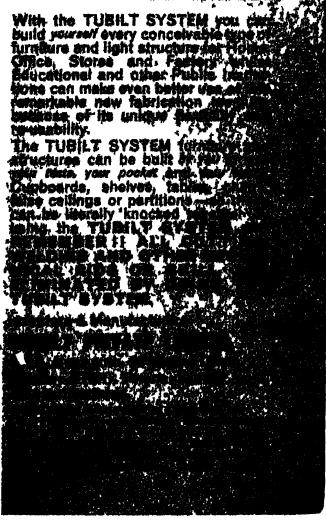
In a tent that served as Revolutionary Development headquarters, a leader talked of the team's accomplishments. In the three months that they had been in Phuong Tuong, they had set up the health centre and a school, conducted a census, identified and rooted out the Vietcong infra structure, and persuaded eight Victong who had relatives in the village to surrender

The local people had just elected one of their number as the village chief Adult literacy classes had been organized, and farmer, sport and youth clubs had been formed A road was being built to Dai Ngai, a town down river, to make it easier to administer the village and to speed up the flow of produce to markets Soon concrete bridges would replace the old monkey bridges—a single bamboo log with a handrail.

Shepley and Polichetti talked with a farmer in his thatched house. The man said that the Vietcong had taxed him 50 per cent of his rice crop each year. They had never provided a school or health centre for the villagers. "Are things better now?" the farmer was asked.

"Yes—better," he replied. "When I'm ill, I can get medicine. My six children are at school for the first time in their lives. I can borrow from the government for fertilizers





and I can get seed from the agricultural cadres. Life is more pleasant now."

"We have teams working in five other hamlets like this one," said Shepley. "They're supposed to remain six months, but we're trying to stretch it out to get a really solid foundation going." There are 415 hamlets in Shepley's area alone, 226 under government control, 110 under Vietcong rule and the rest contested.

"It's going to take an awfully long time to carry out Revolutionary Development in all of them, isn't it?" a visitor asked.

"Yes, but there's no other way to do what is necessary," Shepley replied.

Deadly Souvenir

Nguyen Van Luong, a Vietnamese soldier, was looking out of the open hatch of an armoured personnel carrier that was rolling along a road near Da Nang early one evening when he saw, a short distance away, some Vietcong with a mortar. Before Luong could do anything, they aimed the weapon at his vehicle and fired a round. The 60-mm. shell struck the open hatch, bounced against Luong's steel helmet, then entered the soft part of his neck, between the collar-bone and shoulder, and pushed its way underneath his skin until it came to rest above his rib cage, just below the left armpit.

The Chinese-made shell was nine

and a half inches long. It contained nearly a pound of TNT. To make matters worse, the detonator pin had been pushed partially in. It was a miracle that the shell had not exploded.

A helicopter flew Luong to the U.S. naval hospital in Da Nang. Luong was conscious, and holding his protruding side gingerly. Captain Harry Dinsmore, the chief of surgery, was called from his dinner. When he saw an X-ray of Luong's chest, the surgeon thought his colleagues were playing a joke on him. Then, realizing that this was not so, he muttered, "I wish I were somewhere else."

A demolition expert, John Lyons, was summoned. He shook his head. "It's bad. A touch or a shake could set it off."

Dinsmore had the patient anacsthetized, then told his staff to pile sandbags round the operating table waist-high. He ordered the anacsthetist and the other operating-room personnel from the room. But Lyons insisted on remaining. "You'll need some help here," he said. Lyons cautioned the surgeon about the shell. "Don't fool around with it any more than you have to," he said. "Try and stay away from the firing pin. No vibrations—no shaking."

"I don't think either of us will come out of this room alive," Dinsmore said. He made an incision all the way round the protruding shell. He lifted the skin and spread the

muscle tissue. He found that the fins of the projectile had pulled fragments of the soldier's shirt into the wound. Thread by thread, he removed the fragments. Twenty-five minutes ticked by.

At last he was ready. He reached into the incision, got a grip on the shell and gently pulled it out. He handed it to Lyons. Then he tiptoed to the door and opened it. Lyons, holding the shell, walked slowly from the operating room and out of the building to a near-by sand dune. He took a deep breath—and defused the shell. As an added precaution he poured the powder out on the sand. Then he presented the shell to Dinsmore. It made a fine souvenir.

Undress Uniform

THE BATTALION was in a bad mood. The unit was on a combat operation west of Saigon. The night before, the men had missed their hot evening meal. The supply helicopter, which carried hot food, had been driven off by sniper fire, and the men had had to make do with field rations. When morning came, they spent the entire day slogging around in canals and rice paddies, subsisting on more field rations. Now, as night was falling again, they set up a defensive perimeter. The men stripped off their shirts, socks and boots and spread them out to dry. Some of the men removed their trousers as well.

There was only one ray of hope

in an otherwise dismal situation: another supply chopper, carrying a hot supper, was due any minute. The airmen stood around in various stages of undress, waiting.

The chopper appeared. I here was a cheer from the troops. But then a burst of sniper fire raked the landing zone. The chopper darted away for safety.

"They're stopping the chow again!" a soldier wailed.

"Get the swines!" another man screamed.

With a roar, the men grabbed their weapons and charged across a dry rice paddy towards the sniper fire.

Several men yelped in pain as they ran on the stones in their bare feet. Others, who had managed to get one boot on, hopped along on one foot. A sergeant who was wearing nothing but underpants and a steel helmet sprinted across the rice paddy shooting as he went.

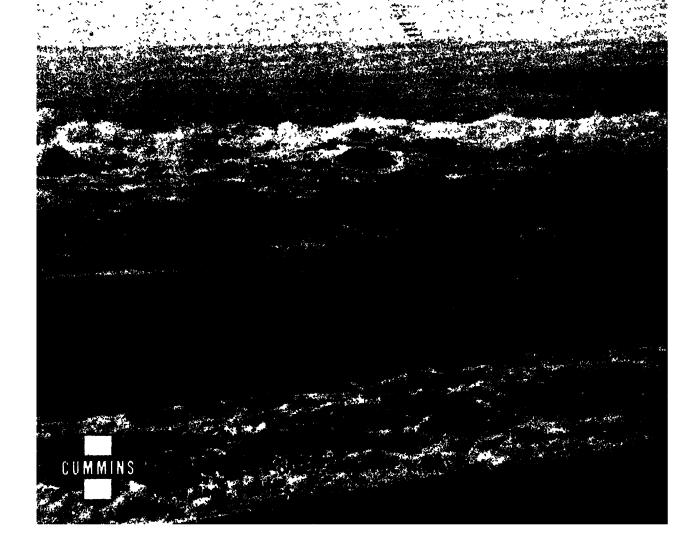
"The troops looked as if they were running from 1 police raid," an experienced soldier commented.

The Vietcong got the message: they fled in panic.

There was no more sniper fire that night. And soon the supply chopper came back and delivered hot food to the impatient troops.

Week-End Warriors

THEY'RE called "McCormick's Raiders," and they're a flamboyant bunch. When they move out of base camp at Chu Chi, north-west of



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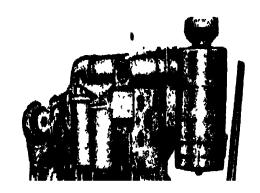
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Trawling for bigger catches demands going farther out to sea.

CUMMINS Marine Engines take



Saigon, they are clad in camouslage outfits. They operate only at night and are heavily armed. They make life miserable for the Vietcong with

their guerrilla tactics.

But they are not really combat soldiers. They are, instead, clerks, truck drivers, radar experts, cooks, barbers and mechanics who have been put together in one of the weirdest units the U.S. Army has ever scen.

McCormick's Raiders are the brainchild of 28-year-old Captain John McCormick. After serving six months as an adviser to the South Vietnamese army, McCormick asked to be transferred. He wanted some combat experience in armoured unit before his tour of duty in Victnam was finished.

The transfer was approved but, to McCormick's dismay, he was assigned as commander of a headquarters troop, a job that involves

mostly paperwork.

McCormick was not the only man in the headquarters troop who wanted to fight. Fourteen of his 80 men came to him and asked to be transferred to combat units. Many had volunteered for line duty, but the Army moves in mysterious ways, and they were assigned, instead, to domestic chores.

Then McCormick had an idea. "We're going to form a combat outfit of our own," he told his assembled men. "If any of you are interested, see the sergeant."

Twenty-five of the men jumped

at the chance. They continued to work full-time at their regular jobs. But for one week, from eight o'clock cach evening until nearly midnight, McCormick instructed them in guerrilla techniques.

He taught them how to set up ambushes, how to use various weapons, how to place mines and booby traps in the jungle, how to read maps and compasses. Each morning before breakfast, he put them

through rigorous exercises.

On their first night mission, Mc-Cormick's Raiders routed a Vietcong squad that was moving supplies. Since then they have helped comb the jungle for enemy mortar positions. They have discovered bunkers and foxholes which they've blown up to deny the enemy further use of them.

Each Saturday night, the clerks and cooks venture out of the base camp with McCormick in the lead and spend 12 hours in the field. When they return in the morning, they get a shower and breakfast, then put in a full day's work at their regular jobs.

"I'm proud of them," says Captain McCormick. "It shows that we have people here who really believe in what they are doing—and want

to 'do more.'

Reluctant Communists

AT FIRST glance, he looked like a typical American soldier. He was wearing GI fatigues, boots, steel helmet and the identifying flash of the



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U.S. First Cavalry on his shoulder. He had a friendly smile and an intelligent face. His hair was carefully combed, and his boots were polished to a mirror shine.

In fact, he was a sergeant in the North Vietnamese army, and had been a Communist Party member since he was 17.

This, as told through an inter-

preter, is his story:

"My name is Le Minh Chau. I was born in 1944, in Son Tay province of North Vietnam. My father was a teacher, and later became a government clerk. While I was at school, I joined the Lao Dong Party Workers' Party—as the North Vietnamese Communist Party is called. I joined it because all young men have to join. Otherwise the authorities say you are 'bad.'

"In 1963, I was drafted into the army. Because of my good education, I was assigned as a clerk. In March 1964, my company was ordered to set out for South Vietnam. We were told that we were going to help our brothers in the south, who were struggling against a corrupt and tyrannical government and against American imperialism.

"We arrived in Binh Dinh in December 1964. At first our morale was very high. We were fighting Army of the Republic of Vietnam troops then, and we always won. But then the U.S. First Cavalry came into the province. Sixty per cent of the men in my battalion were

killed or wounded. No replacements were ever sent to us. We always had enough ammunition, but soon we did not have enough food.

"Our superiors told us that the Vietcong would win the war, but that the war might continue for five or ten years or more. They said that the Americans had powerful weapons, but that their morale was very low. They said that some soldiers' wives and mothers were against the war. We heard about the two young Americans who burned themselves to death as a protest against the

"But our soldiers did not believe this, and some of our officers told us privately that the United States would win. Most of our men did not like communism. People in North Vietnam work very hard, but they don't receive anything for it. They don't have holidays. They don't have enough food to eat. They don't have enough clothes. Perhaps 80 per cent of the people are against communism.

"Nobody in my unit wanted to fight. We could see that this war would go on for a long time. We could write letters to our families, but we could not tell them the truth. It was really hopeless.

"In October 1966, I decided to surrender. By this time I was a sergeant. My company commander sent me out alone one day to see if there was any more rice in a cache on a mountain near by. I stood in a clearing. There were two American



units in the area, and some fighting was going on. I knew that the Americans would have an observation plane in the vicinity, so I took a piece of white cloth and put it on a long bamboo pole. I was really scared that I would be killed.

"After five minutes, I saw a helicopter. I waved the flag. The helicopter landed, and an American major jumped out with a pistol in his hand. He took me into the helicopter and flew me here. I was very, very happy."

Sergeant Chau co-operated with his captors and provided them with valuable information. He made friends among the American soldiers, who fitted him out in a GI uniform and gave him the run of the camp.

Because he surrendered, Sergeant Chau can never go back to North Vietnam. But his new friends are looking for ways to send him to university in the United States. Sergeant Chau wants to study medicine. He would like to come back to South Vietnam as a doctor some day, to do what he can to alleviate the suffering and misery of the people in this war-torn land.

The Valley of the Shadow

"THE LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want," the Protestant chaplain intoned. As he spoke, an eight-inch howitzer boomed near by. The earth trembled.

Fifty soldiers of the Fourth Iniantry Division were gathered round the chaplain. The men sat on their steel helmets, their heads bowed. Each man had an M-16 automatic rifle slung over his shoulder and several grenades on his belt.

The chaplain, Thomas Deal, was holding a memorial service for the men of the company who had been



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killed in a battle the week before. Chaplain Deal wore his vestments

over dusty fatigues.

He had set up a makeshift altar on a pile of sandbags. Next to the altar he had placed a portable tape recorder, and now, as he recited the Twenty-Third Psalm, the strains of organ music, mournful and beautiful and faint, came from the little machine.

In front of the altar, an M-16 had been planted, bayonet down, in the sandy ground. On it hung a steel helmet—the symbol of a fallen soldier.

The service was being held at a camp high in the mountains of Kontum province, only a few miles from the Cambodian border. The scenery was breathtakingly spectac-

There were steep mountains, covered with dark-green jungle. White-water rivers tumbled through the valleys. In the distance, along the Cambodian border, a series of smoke-purple peaks jutted skyward. To anyone who had just come up from the steam-bath climate of the coastal plains, the place was a delight; the air was bracingly cool, and a strong wind whipped through the camp.

The cannon boomed again. A helicopter came in for a landing, drowning out some of Chaplain Deal's words. But the infantrymen took no notice of the gun and chopper; they were lost in thought.

"Yea, though I walk through the

valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Chaplain Deal was a young and earnest man, and he was ill at ease. After he finished reading the Psalm, he gave a very short sermon. "Pascal once said that the solitariness of death was the bitterest pang of humanity," he told the young soldiers, and even though most of them had probably never heard of Pascal, they nodded.

Deal hesitated. "But our Heavenly Father is waiting to meet each of us," he said. The men were silent. Deal paused again, "As He has met our fallen comrades of last week."

The service was over. The men moved out on patrol. Many of them were replacements for those who had been killed the previous week. They had arrived only the night before. Some of them shook hands with the chaplain in silence before they departed.

Chaplain Deal packed up his altar and turned off the little tape re-

corder.

"I wanted to ring the area with the rifles of all those who fell," he said. "But the colonel thought that it would have a bad effect.on the new men, so we symbolized all of them with one rifle.".

The chaplain struggled with his emotions. Tears were in his eyes. "You see," he said, "there were 22 of them."

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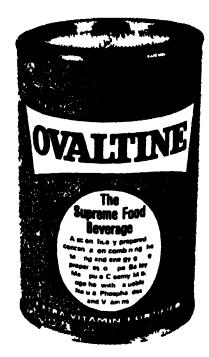
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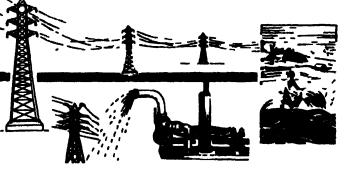


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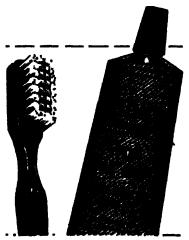
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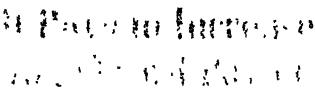
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By Peter Funk

Valentine verse or more practical prose, a few well-chosen words can work wonders. Here is the latest list to test your vocabulary—tick the word or phrase you believe is nearest in meaning to the key word. Answers are on the next page.



- (1) corrosive A: hateful. B: tarnished. C: caustic. D: tiring.
- (2) factious Λ: seditious. B: joking. (.: windy. D: businesslike.
- (3) obdurate (ób' du răt; ŏb du' rat) A: difficult. B: stupid. C: outmoded.
 D: unyielding.
- (4) phenomenal—Λ: significant. B: extraordinary. C: professional. D: dreamy.
- (5) wanton—A: by chance. B: accustomed. C: eager. D: unrestrained.
- (6) alacrity—A: briskness. B: bitterness. C: gaiety. D: smoothness.
- (7) judicious—A: ponderous. B: legalistic. C: prudent. D: scrupulous.
- (8) nefarious—A: famous. B: wicked. C: daring. D: diverse.
- (9) bilious—A: irritable: B: aggressive. C: poisonous. D: critical.
- (10) irreverent—A: hesitant. B: trivial. C: inconsistent. D: disrespectful.

- (11) acrid A. reliable. B: pungent. C: rugged. D: slanderous.
- (12) rabid A: senseless. B: strange. C: impulsive. D: raging.
- (13) adulation A: unselfishness. B: admiration. C: rapture. D. maturity.
- (14) sedulous A: devious. B. sluggish. C: diligent. D: sour.
- (15) mawkish A obstinate. B: clumsy. C: damp. D: sentimental.
- (16) lionize A: to socialize. B: glorify. C: bully. D: monopolize.
- (17) invidious A: stealthy. B: unconquerable. C: arousing resentment. D: incisive.
- (18) coerce (kō erse') -A: to compel. B: block. C: persuade. D: emerge.
- (19) lissom (lis' ŭm) A: pleasure-seeking. B: sloppy. C: supple: D: glistening.
- (20) consummate (kon sum' et)—A: complete. B: hindering. C: deliberate. D: conclusive.

(Now turn to the next page)

Answers to

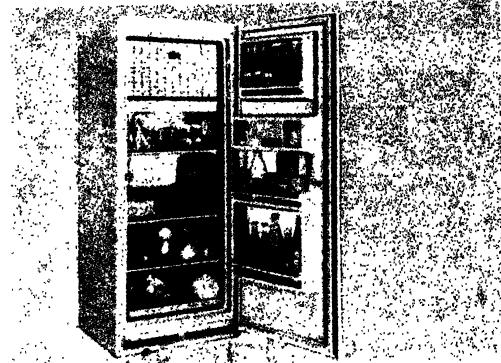
- (1) corrosive—C: Caustic; capable of eating or wearing away gradually; as, corrosive acids; a corrosive influence. From Latin corrodere, "to gnaw away."
- (2) factious—A: Seditious; relating to a contentious faction or clique; selfishly partisan; as, a factious minority within the party. Latin factiosus.
- (3) obdurate—D: Unyielding; stubbornly persistent; unmoved by persuasion or cajolery; as, an obdurate policeman. From Latin obdurare, "to harden."
- (4) phenomenal—B: Extraordinary; remarkable; exceptional; as, a phenomenal number of migrating birds. Greek phainemenon, from phainein, "to show."
- (5) wanton—D: Unrestrained; irresponsibly malicious; as, wanton rioting. Middle English wantowen.
- (6) alacrity—A: Briskness; promptness; cheerful willingness; as, to respond with alacrity. Latin alacritas, "cagerness."
- (7) judicious—C: Prudent; showing sound judgement; as, a judicious solution. French judicioux, from Latin judicium, "judgement."
- (8) nefarious—B: Wicked; villainous; as, a nefarious crime. Latin nefarius.
- (9) bilious—A: Irritable; as, a bilious disposition. Latin bilis, "bile."
- (10) irreverent—D: Disrespectful to a sacred or venerable thing or person; lacking awe; as, an irreverent attitude. Latin irreverens.

- (11) acrid—B: Bitterly pungent; with cutting, burning taste or smell; as, acrid comments; the acrid odour of ammonia. Latin acer, "sharp."
- (12) rabid—D: Raging; violent; fanatical; as, a rabid hockey fan. Latin rabidus.
- (13) adulation—B: Excessive admiration; servile flattery. "The dictator thrived on adulation." From Latin adulari, "to fawn, flatter."
- (14) sedulous—C: Diligent; persistent and persevering; assiduous; as, a sedulous researcher. Latin sedulus.
- (15) mawkish—D: Sickly sentimental; insipid; as, a mawkish story. Middle English mawk, "maggot."
- (16) lionize—B: To glorify; treat as a person of great interest or importance; as, to *lionize* a visitor.
- (17) invidious—C: Arousing resentment or ill will or envy; injurious; repugnant; as, an invidious remark. Latin invidiosus, "envious."
- (18) coerce—A: To compel; restrain by force, law, authority or fear; as, to coerce a witness. Latin coercere, "to confine."
- (19) lissom—C: Supple; lithe; nimble; bending easily or gracefully; as, a lissom ballet dancer. Old English lithe.
- (20) consummate—A: Complete in every detail; perfect; of the highest excellence; as, a consummate storyteller. Latin consummatus, "perfected."

Vocabulary Ratings

20-19 correct	ex	cellent
18-16 correct		good
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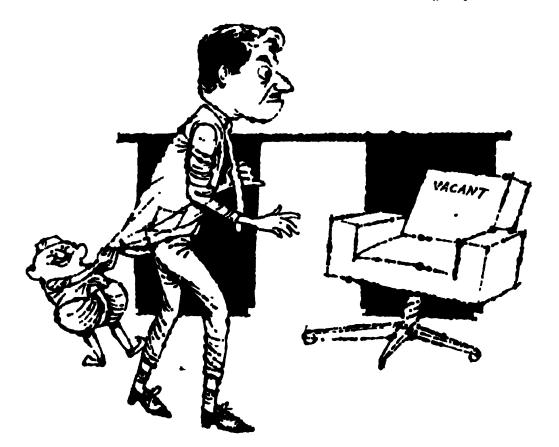
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Points to Ponder

Every great scientific truth goes through three stages. First, people say it conflicts with the Bible. Next, they say it has been discovered before. Lastly, they say they have always believed it.

—Louis Agassiz

No MATTER what your age or job in life, you are more mature if you have found a "cause" in which to invest your time and money for some social good. Through it you can achieve an outstanding characteristic of emotional maturity—the ability to find satisfaction in giving. —Dr. William Menninger

Women are women and men are men and vive la différence! But for me there is no greater bore than a 100-per-cent male or female. Confronted by a massive two-fisted, barrelchested he-man, or a fluttering itsybitsy, all-tendril female, I run from their irksome company. The men and women I prize are a happy blend of

male and female characteristics. A man who is masculine with a definite-ly female streak of perception, intuition and tenderness is a whole man; he is an interesting man, a gay companion, a complete lover. A woman who possesses a sufficient strain of masculinity to make her thoughtful, decisive, worldly in the best meaning of the word; fair; self-reliant; companionable—this is a whole woman.

The feminine in the man is the sugar in the whisky. The masculine in the woman is the yeast in the bread. Without these ingredients the result is flat, without tang or flavour.

-Edna Ferber, A Kind of Magic (Gollancz, London)

THE worst thing about the miracle of modern communications is the Pavlovian pressure it places upon everyone to communicate whenever a bell rings. When the telephone rings it must be answered, no matter whom or what it interrupts. The time may be near when refusal to answer the phone is no longer a legitimate exercise of freedom from communication, but a punishable misdemeanour, like disturbing the peace. It is already hard for many people to remember a time when they were not constantly accessible.

-Russell Baker in No Cause for Panic

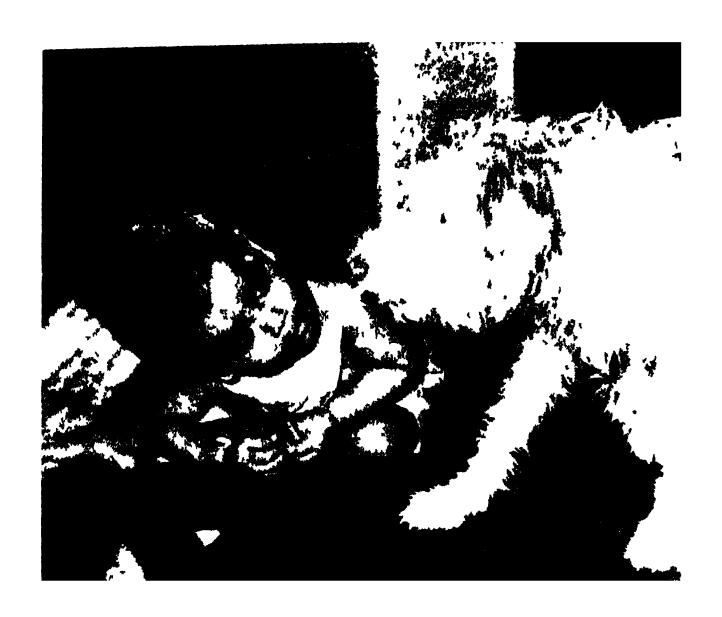
LENIN, the father of Russian communism, wrote in 1917:

Germany will militarize herself out of evistence, England will expand herself out of existence, and America will spend herself out of existence.

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No man with four aces asks for a new-deal.

—The Irish Digest



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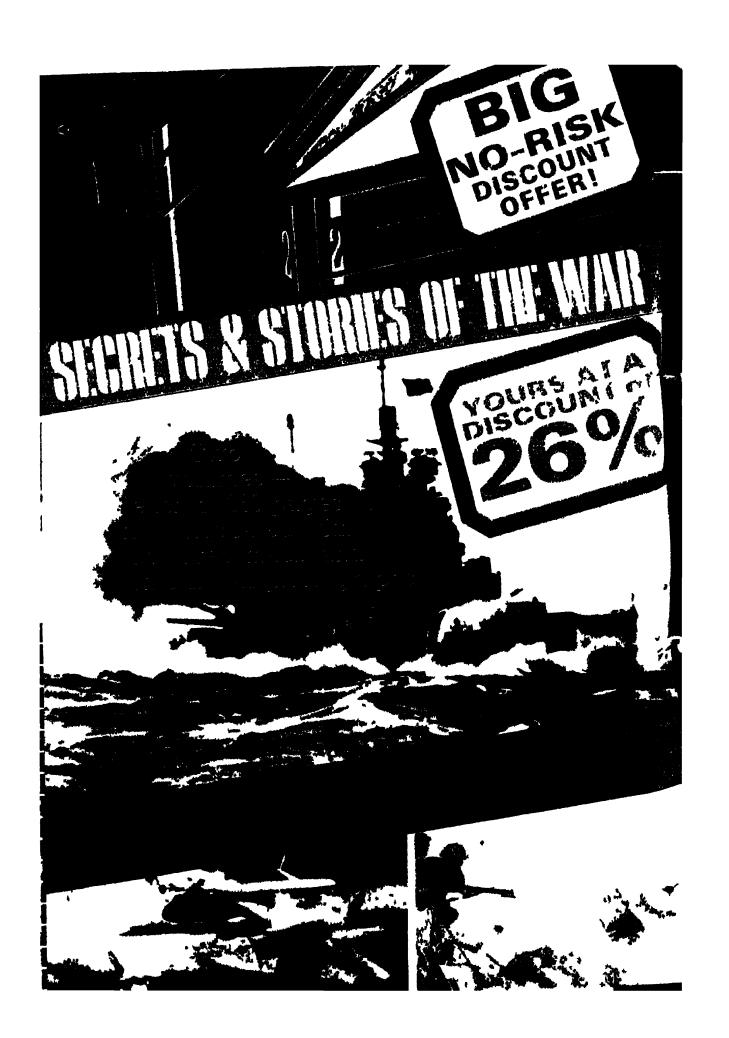
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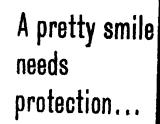


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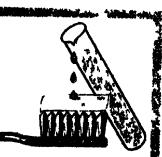


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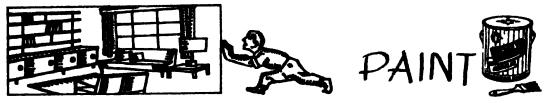




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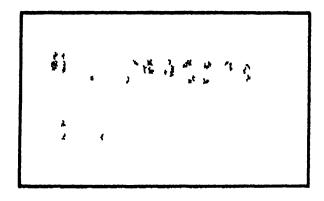
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THE problem at our small university is apathy, and a committee was formed to investigate it. One week after its first meeting, the chairman reported to the administration "Gentlemen, the committee on apathy has no report. Of the 14 representatives expected, only four turned up!"

_D J S

NEARING the end of the long trail to a medical degree, a student wrote home: "The closer I am to the practice of medicine, the more I realize how little I actually know, and the thought scares me. In fact, 95 per cent of my fellow students feel the same way, and the rest are going to be psychiatrists."

-T G

In a remedial speech clinic at a university in California, it was decided that one way to help stutterers overcome their reticence was to send them to a shop in quest of an item not usually stocked there. They were instructed, then, to ask where it might be found and how to get there.

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supply the whole college. "I don't know why a bookshop should be expected to sell them," admitted the puzzled assistant. "But we've never disappointed our customers, and we're not going to start now.

Then he added, "But what baffles me, though, is why everybody who plays ping pong stutters"—F I

When our daughter discovered that she would need a bicycle to navigate the extensive campus of her college, we dug out an ancient model and sent it to her. Then we heard nothing but complaints The seat had fallen off, a pedal was missing, another flat tyre ad infinitum After much deliberation, we decided that we had made a mis take in sending the old bicyle, so we posted her a cheque to buy a new one Back came the cheque and a note with it "I wouldn't dream of giving up my old bike -I ve met all my boyfriends that way. Mis J W McDonild

Being struck by a wordy muse, a friend of mine concluded her paper for a Shakespeare course with the statement "Pusillanimity was, to the end, his downfall When the paper was returned, her professor had added "As obfuscation is thine"

--Kim Parker

A PROFESSOR I once knew had an effective way of dispelling the uneasiness that prevails when a teacher confirmts his class for the first time. For five minutes at the opening session he would silently appraise us. At last, he would clear his throat and say, "Well, you've looked me over and I ve looked you over—and I can hardly stop myself from laughing either."—C. D.

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Reader's Digest

Corruption: the Squeeze on Enterprise

Dishonesty and bribery, for years an accepted Eastern tradition, are now being seen simply as bad business

(nation eating). In Chinese, it is known as tan wu (greedy impurity). To the Pakistanis, it is ooper ki amdani (income from above). Every Oriental language has its phrase for corruption—and in every tongue the words are unpleasantly familiar. Many Asian nations are making notable progress, but the greatest obstacle remains the furtive hand in the till and the specialist in "squeeze."

Philippines President Ferdinand Marcos, whose islands have more than their share of corruption, is convinced that "we must change a whole way of life. We must do it or fail to survive." Dishonesty is a part of the Asian ambience, from the ramshackle capital of lazy little Laos to the expense-account nightclubs of prosperous Japan. Even China's rigid communist disciplinarians have failed to suppress the shady officials who do a brisk business in exit permits, and the government is constantly renewing its anti-corruption campaign. As for North Vietnam, Hanoi recently headlined a complaint that party members were indulging in "dubious financial situations" and "incorrect borrowing."

The money-making technique has infinite varieties. In the Philippines, "commuters"—businessmen who shuttle between Manila and Hong Kong—bribe customs officials to let them return loaded with wristwatches, diamonds or electronic equipment. In Indonesia, soldiers wander into shops to demand goods for nothing.

In Thailand, a businessman bidding on a government contract might end his visit to a government official by letting a well-filled wallet slip to the floor and exclaiming, "Why, you've dropped your wallet with 50,000 bahts | about Rs. 18,000 | in it!" One foreign contractor who did this was dumbfounded when the Thai official calmly replied, "Oh, no! I dropped my wallet with 150,000 bahts in it."

Worldwide Vice. The evil of corruption, to be sure, is not peculiarly Oriental. Asians could cite the practices of Sicily's Mafia France's tax collectors. Yet there is a difference. In Asia (and to a lesser extent in Africa, Latin America and the Middle East), it is habitual, and even traditional, a normal prerogative of power. In fact, "corruption" is really only a Western word. The stern ethical injunctions against wrongdoing embedded in the Judeo-Christian tradition are nowhere to be found in the concepts of Asian religions. "Be not concerned with right and wrong," said Seng Ts'an, the sixth century Buddhist patriarch. "The conflict between the two is a sickness of the mind."

To the Asians, what has counted most is not duty to nation but duty

to family and friend. Said Lin Yutang: "The minister who robs the nation to feed the family, either for the present or for the next three or four generations, is only trying to be a 'good' man of the family."

Family loyalty is the binding force in Asian society. In the Philippines, for example, nepotism is a way of life. And beyond blood ties there is the *compadre* system. A parent selects as prominent a friend as he can find to serve as godfather for his child. Ideally, such a person will lend influential aid to the child.

Also, in the Philippines, today's generation was taught to steal from those in authority as a matter of patriotic duty in the chaotic wartime years of Japanese occupation—and the habit has lingered on.

At a busy Manila road junction, as each passenger-laden taxi passes by, a hand shoots out and deftly deposits something in the policeman's cupped hand. "Corruption?" blurts an astonished taxi driver. "He needs it for his family. And if I didn't give him 50 centavos once in a while, he wouldn't let me park near here waiting for passengers. He gets something. I get something. How can you call that corruption?"

In South Vietnam, an equally permissive atmosphere has been bolstered by war and galloping inflation. The resort town of Dalat is dotted with elaborate villas occupied by generals whose modest salaries are obviously being supplemented from other sources. The squeeze runs on down into the lower echelons.

One high government official pulls out a document detailing the history of a pig's journey between a Delta farm and a Saigon slaughter-house. The farmer gets 6,800 piastres (about Rs. 420) and the truck transport is another 400 piastres. But on the 50-mile journey the pig has to pass through seven National Police checkpoints (established to guard against Vietcong smuggling of war supplies), and each checker exacts a little something—enough to increase the pig's delivered price by Rs. 90.

Padding payrolls is a favourite device of profiteers. A pacification official in Gia Dinh province, for example, was caught collecting the pay for a 59-man Revolutionary Development group which, in fact, had 42 members.

To the Thais, it is all a matter of degree. "There is a difference between corruption and privilege," explains a prominent teacher. "It becomes corruption when one gets greedy and takes too much."

When Premier Sarit Thanarat was alive, no one was particularly concerned about the obvious financial benefits he was enjoying. His wife got more than her share of special favours in her silk business; hordes of relatives controlled 15 companies that had special government concessions. Only after Sarit's death was it discovered that he had

siphoned some Rs. 26.75 crores of public funds into his own pocket, partly to support no fewer than 100 "minor wives" (concubines). No one denied his talent in government; he had simply paid himself too much. A somewhat embarrassed government appointed a special committee to probe the estate and, typically, its report was never published.

For all that, the Asian tendency to take corruption for granted is now being recognized as a debilitating mistake. Recently, even Thailand's revered King Bhumibol Adulyadej told a student group, "I am at a dead end to offer a solution to the corruption problem. If we solved it by executing people, Thailand would be left with few people."

Other Asian countries share the same growing anxiety. Once it was almost patriotic to steal from a colonial government, but that excuse is gone. Now, by bribery and corruption, former colonial subjects are harming only themselves.

Drastic Measures. Not long ago, the Malaysian Government proclaimed an "Honesty Month" to instil a sense of duty among civil servants. In Japan, in 1966, the "Black Mist" scandals, involving several cabinet ministers, stirred up such a public outcry that Premier Eisaku Sato felt it necessary to promise to "regain the confidence of the people" with "rigid investigations."

In South Vietnam, last July,

READER'S DIGEST

Chief of State General Nguyen Van Thieu signed a decree specifying the death penalty for any military or government employee caught taking bribes, abusing his office or stealing public funds. And he and Premier Nguyen Cao Ky pledged an all-out attack on corruption. But even critics of the government concede that corruption is a problem almost beyond politics. "It is the system," one official sighs. "It goes back to the mandarins. It will take a long, long time to clean up."

For all the efforts of Asian leaders, Asian corruption will linger for some time to come. To end it, progress is needed on every front—social, economic, political. Education is an imperative, for a well-informed electorate will hold to

closer account the officials of a democratic government. Opposition parties must be encouraged, so that voters will have a meaningful alternative to an administration corrupted by long years of uncontested rule. Better communications will bring the fire of a crusading press to distant villages, and the ire of distant villages to bear on the people in power. Increased contacts with the rest of the world should help.

This process has already begun. Asians are acquiring a taste for the material advantages of Western life and developing a respect for the benefits of free enterprise. And, along with this taste and this respect, they are beginning to realize that the old ways are simply not good business.

Eclipsed!

H. G. Wells tells of a father and his small son spending a day on the beach. Enjoying his boy's obvious hero worship, the father pointed to the sun setting over the horizon, and said omnipotently, "Going, going, gone." Wide-eyed with wonder, the lad clapped his hands excitedly: "Do it again, Daddy, do it again."

Seed-Plot

While planting coreopsis seeds last spring, I noticed on the back of the packet a guarantee of complete satisfaction. Some weeks later I wrote to the company expressing my disappointment because the seeds had failed to germinate. I mentioned that zinnia and aster seeds from another firm had been planted in my garden on the same day and were now growing.

Within a few days I received a refund of the purchase price as well as two new packets of seed and a courteous letter giving suggestions for replanting. It concluded: "We believe the trouble was that our seeds were so embarrassed to be found in the same bed with the seeds of another company that they just wouldn't show their faces."

—E. M. R.

Although birth-control pills are widely accepted as the most effective contraceptive yet, investigations of possible dangers are still under way. This authoritative survey, conducted by a group of leading U.S. obstetricians and gynaecologists, puts the benefits and the risks in perspective

How Safe is the Pill?

By Alice Lake

HE EASE and effectiveness of birth-control pills have revolutionized contraception. But, at the same time, the pill has created an unprecedented dilemma for doctors and patients. In the history of medicine, no other drug has ever been so widely prescribed for a purpose not directly related to the treatment or prevention of disease. And, after seven years of general use, there is still no clear-cut verdict on its safety.

Recently, nearly 7,000 Fellows of The American College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists have answered a detailed questionnaire on the pill, prepared by their own professional society. The general conclusions of the survey are reassuring: 95 per cent of the specialists

prescribe it for their patients; 87 per cent prescribe it more frequently than any other family-planning method. A scant one per cent-76 physicians—consider it too hazardous to prescribe for contraception.

"The survey reveals an overwhelming acceptance of the pill by the College," says Dr. John Lyle, chairman of the College's Commiton Public Education. "It indicates that the risks must be very small."

Nevertheless, responses to the questionnaire indicate that ACOG Fellows do not consider the pill a harmless drug to be dispensed casually. They screen their patients carefully, and watch them for the physical and emotional symptoms that the pill's ovulation-suppressing

hormones induce in some women. In particular, they keep watch for the following physical hazards.

• Cancer. Of all the dangers that have been suggested, the possibility that the pill might cause cancer worries women most. So far, the fear appears to be groundless. Reporting on their seven years of experience, 99 per cent of the ACOG Fellows said they thought that the pill did not cause breast or pelvic cancer, the two forms that might conceivably be triggered by the hormones in the drug.

One reservation must be kept in mind: cancer often develops slowly, and may be undetectable for a decade or more. Until large groups of women have remained on the pill for many more years, cancer as a potential complication cannot be ruled out completely.

• Blood clots are the life-threatening risk currently being debated most seriously in medical circles. Phlebitis in a deep leg vein may cause the formation of a blood clot, or thrombus, which may slip loose and move to the lung, where it may become a pulmonary embolism, a potential killer. The incidence of phlebitis increases at two particular times: during pregnancy, and especially during the six weeks following delivery.

Contraceptive pills are known to mimic many of the symptoms of pregnancy. Do they, like pregnancy, sometimes cause the blood to clot too casily, threatening the patient with pulmonary embolism?

No positive evidence was available until last May, when the British Medical Journal published a study by the British Medical Research Council. It stated flatly: "There can be no reasonable doubt that some types of thrombo-embolic disorder are associated with the use of oral contraceptives." The pill, the report said, doubles a woman's chances of developing thrombo-embolism; but, they added significantly, being pregnant quadruples her chances.

Further underlining the smallness of the risk, 79 per cent of the ACOG physicians said they did not believe that the cases of phlebitis they saw were caused by the use of oral contraceptives.

- Migraine attacks—throbbing, one-sided headaches, usually accompanied by severe nausea—result when an artery in or near the brain narrows and then expands. Slightly more than one-third of the doctors said that the pill may cause migraine in some women. A scattering of doctors indicated that occasional patients developed severe enough headaches to make them give up the pill.
- Jaundice is another worrying condition that has been associated with oral contraceptives. This liver derangement, which gives a yellow cast to the skin, is also a rare complication of pregnancy. Researchers have found that about one in 10,000 women taking the pill develops

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jaundice. Stopping the drug, however, causes the condition to subside without leaving permanent liver

damage.

• Fibroid tumours of the uterus are very likely to be influenced by the use of oral contraceptives. These benign growths occur in some women in their thirties and afflict many in their forties. Usually they are symptomless, and shrink at the time of the menopause. When fibroids grow large, however, they can cause bleeding and require hysterectomy, the removal of the uterus. No one claims that the pill causes fibroids; but more than half of the specialists surveyed by ACOG are convinced that the drug quickens their growth. This enlargement is usually reversible; if a woman stops taking the pill, her fibroids are likely to shrink.

 Evidence that infertility—often only temporary—occasionally follows use of the pill is one of the significant findings of the ACOG questionnaire. Thirteen per cent of the specialists reported that none of their patients had trouble conceiving once they stopped taking the oral contraceptive. But 84 per cent said that some patients were unable to become pregnant when they wanted to. Almost half reported that the difficulty occurred rarely; nearly a third said that it happened occasionally; only four per cent described it as frequent.

In most women, the reproductive apparatus starts working shortly

after pill-taking is suspended—although the first menstrual period may be delayed for a few weeks. Research studies have shown that three-quarters of the women who want to have babies become pregnant within three cycles after stopping the pill, and 90 per cent conceive within a year. But an occasional woman does not become pregnant or even resume menstruation for months or years afterwards.

Because they are concerned about amenorrhoea (lack of menstruation), 44 per cent of the ACOG Fellows ask a patient to stop taking the pill temporarily after four years or less of its use. One in four takes his patients off the drug within two years. Once the doctor is satisfied that his patient is again menstruating normally, he puts her back on

the pill.

These effects—from phlebitis to infertility—are the rare physical hazards for which a specialist is alert whenever he decides to give a woman oral contraceptives. For her part, the patient is likely to be more concerned about the pill's discomforts. Most of these, similar to the early symptoms of pregnancy, appear within the first weeks and disappear after a few months, as a woman's body adjusts to the high hormone levels produced by the drug.

• Emotional problems, the ACOG questionnaire indicates, are more common than was hitherto thought. Two out of five doctors

attributed "personality change" in some patients to the oral contraceptive. A few commented that the change was for the better; most apparently thought it was for the worse. Asked to rate the most frequent reasons for stopping the pill, 41 per cent of the ACOG members ranked depression among the first five.

- Weight gain is the side effect of the pill that apparently troubles patients most. Studies vary in assessing its prevalence. Some say that about 15 per cent of women add a little extra weight, others put the percentage as high as 50. More women stop taking the pill because of dismay over becoming heavier than for any other reason, according to the ACOG questionnaire. (One factor in weight gain is retention of fluid in the tissues, a side effect that occurs almost immediately in about 30 per cent of women and then usually disappears in months.)
- Another side effect that gynaecologists attribute to oral contraceptives is a brownish pigmentation of the facial skin—the development of large brown spots, like giant freckles. It is called *chloasma*. Seventy-two per cent of the ACOG Fellows reported patients with this symptom. But, said one patient, "I'd rather be blotchy than pregnant."
- Some women find the pill not worth its temporary physical discomforts. One in five ACOG specialists reported that nausea was the

major reason their patients stopped taking the pill; it ranked second only to weight gain as a cause for discontinuance. Bleeding between periods ranked third. Women find this occasional spotting annoying, and some of them—taught to regard it as a cancer symptom—become frightened.

Although the oral contraceptives are nearly 100 per cent effective in preventing pregnancy, the ACOG questionnaire confirms what many doctors had suspected: the older, combined-hormone type is slightly more pregnancy-proof than the newer sequentials. This fact alone should not persuade patients to drop the sequential drugs, however. Some doctors maintain that they are less likely to produce such side effects as bleeding between periods and fluid retention.

Most important, some of the doctors who are concerned over the occasional failure of women to resume menstruation after stopping oral contraceptives believe that this complication occurs less frequently with the sequentials.

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In any case, specialists agree that not all women should take the pill. Among those who should be cautious are:

• Women who have had problems with abnormal blood clotting or vein inflammation. More than three out of four ACOG Fellows said that they did not prescribe the pill for a patient with a history of phlebitis; some will not prescribe the drug for a woman with severe varicose veins.

- Women who have previously developed cancer. Eight out of ten ACOG specialists do not give the drug to a woman with a history of breast cancer; almost one in three avoids its use if cancer has been diagnosed in another part of the body. If there is cancer in a patient's family, many doctors are cautious.
- Women who suffer from conditions that are intensified by retention of fluid in the tissues—such as heart disease, asthma and epilepsy. However, an obstetrician may decide that the pill is safer for some of these women than the risk of pregnancy.
- Women with diseased livers. Of the specialists questioned, about half believe that these patients should stay away from the pill, because the liver breaks down oestrogen, a major component of the pill. If the liver is functioning below par, excessive amounts of the hormone may circulate through the blood-stream and produce unhealthful effects.
- Women who have experienced such symptoms during pregnancy as jaundice, severe itching, brownish facial spots or deep depression. The pill may cause these symptoms to recur.
- Women who are potential diabetics. Patients belong in this

category if they have previously delivered unusually large babies; if they have had abnormal results in blood-sugar tests; or if close members of their family have diabetes. But women who already have diabetes may be allowed to take the pill. The slight risk with the drug can be preferable to the hazards of pregnancy for such women.

- Women who get migraine headaches, especially if the headaches worsen on the pill or develop for the first time. A doctor, not the patient, should decide whether the symptoms are, in fact, migraine.
- Women of possibly limited fertility who want eventually to have a baby. Doctors are concerned that taking or the pill may reduce their chances—if only by postponing pregnancy past the time when it can best be achieved.

For healthy women who pass the necessary physical tests and surmount the initial side effects, the pill is the most aesthetically pleasing method of birth control available today. A certain amount of vigilance for complications is a small price to pay for its simplicity and sureness. The almost unanimous prescription of birth-control pills by Fellows of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists stands as heartening evidence that the hazards are slight and largely preventable by skilled supervision.

PLENTY of people miss their share of happiness, not because they never found it, but because they didn't stop to enjoy it.

—William Feather

ANDREA DORIA Challenges the Treasure Divers

By Fred Dickenson

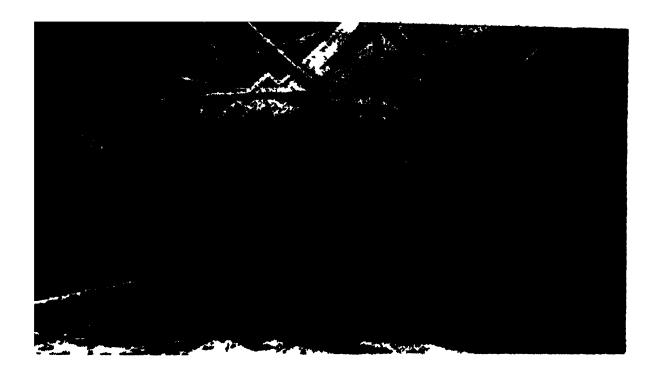
Can this luxury liner be raised, after a decade at the bottom of the Atlantic? Can the valuables aboard her be recovered? The idea still haunts many salvage experts

SHE LIES on her starboard side, still graceful in death, the white of her superstructure tinted ghostly green in the light which filters down through layers of plankton and 225 feet of water. Great schools of fish circle slowly about her bridge or follow the sweeping lines of the dark hull to where letters on her bow spell out Andrea Doria.

Occasionally the fish start at sudden sounds—eerie creakings from the hold, the clanging of debris against a bulkhead as water rushes in and out of portholes.

For 11 years, this stricken queen of the Italian Line has slumbered at the bottom of the Atlantic, 45 miles south-east of Nantucket Island off the Massachusetts coast. Periodically, ambitious plans to salvage her or the treasures within her have been announced, only to be abandoned in the face of the many technical or legal problems involved.

That problems should arise is typical of *Doria's* stormy history. Built in Genoa for Rs. 21.75 crores and fitted out for another Rs. 1.5 crores, she went into service in 1952 as one of the most luxurious liners afloat. Her public rooms were decorated in fine woods, silks and tapestries. Italy's leading painters, sculptors and woodcarvers combined to make her a "floating gallery of modern Italian art," including a life-size bronze statue of Andrea Doria, a distinguished sixteenth century Genoese admiral. She was, of



course, "unsinkable," with 11 watertight compartments that would "keep her afloat in any emergency."

But trouble always plagued her. On her maiden voyage, a giant wave rolled her over 28 degrees, sending passengers and furniture crashing. Many people were injured.

On the night of July 25, 1956, she was moving through fog-shrouded waters towards New York with 1,134 passengers, in the treacherous area off Nantucket known as the "cross-roads of the Atlantic." At 11.20 a few "last night out" parties were still in progress; many people had gone to bed.

Suddenly, out of the fog loomed the 11,000-ton Swedish ship Stockholm. Though helmsmen of both ships spun wheels frantically, Stockholm's prow sliced into Doria's starboard side. Within minutes, the unsinkable Doria was

listing heavily. At 10.09 the next morning, she slipped beneath the waves, taking 54 lives.

She had barely settled on the bottom before controversy broke out. Sunk in international waters, was she a prize of the sea? What items of value were still aboard, and how much were they worth if they could be salvaged?

Within a few days of *Doria's* sinking, divers went down to photograph her. The 29,083-ton ship, 697 feet long and 90 feet in beam, lay on her side in 225 feet of water. Because she rests on a slant, some sections of the superstructure were only 135 feet below the surface. Temptingly near.

Reports of the wealth aboard her grew. There was said to be at least Rs. 75 lakhs in cash, jewels and negotiable bonds "in the safe." There was a rumour (false) about a "secret consignment" of Rs. 22.5 crores in

gold bullion. There were, in fact, 1,200 place settings of fine china, a shipment of industrial diamonds, Rs. 1.88 lakhs worth of vermouth, five tons of provolone cheese in "water-tight compartments." The hull, it was estimated, would fetch up to Rs. 2.25 crores as scrap if the shipcould not be returned to service.

A total of Rs. 87 crores in claims was filed. These were finally settled for Rs. 4.35 crores. A Genoa-based syndicate of insurance underwriters paid the Italian Line some Rs. 12.38 crores for hull and contents. "The insurers now own *Doria* and everything aboard her in perpetuity," says an authority on admiralty law. "But if someone else were to raise her, the question of a salvor's award would have to be negotiated with those underwriters."

Schemes for raising the ship proliferated. One entrepreneur wanted to raise the ship, dock her, and charge admission. Another planned to cut up the superstructure into three million pairs of souvenir cuff links. All wanted the insurers to finance their salvage and split the money realized. The underwriters stated that they would sell only the inventory and rights, for a "substantial sum," to a salvor with a sound plan and sound financing.

Andrea Doria had been on the bottom two years when an American industrialist announced plans to raise her by slipping four-inch cables under her. These would be fastened to heavily ballasted ore



barges, "which will be pumped out, rising in the water and raising Doria a few feet. The ships will all move towards land until Doria again touches bottom. Then the cables will be shortened and the process repeated." Excitement ran high—until the syndicate said that no acceptable financial offer had been received.

Engineers scoff at suggestions that openings could be sealed and water forced out as air is pumped in. The number of hatches, portholes and other openings—and the 70-foot gash from Stockholm—rule out this method. One salvor proposed to fill the hull with air-laden ping-pong balls, then learnt that the pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch at that depth would flatten them.

In the summer of 1964, two Maryland men, Robert Solomon, a builder, and H. Glenn Garvin, an estate agent, mounted a Rs. 22.5 lakhs salvage effort. They converted an old U.S. Coast Guard cutter and recruited a 20-man team, including nine naval divers. They hoped to do a major salvage job at the ship's

lowest point, and thus attract further backing.

But at the Doria site, 30-knot winds whipped up ten-foot swells. Time and money slipped away. When the weather calmed, sharks appeared, but the divers managed to make a number of descents.

They brought up Doria's radar set and a 1,000-watt floodlight. The original bulb still worked. They found the statue of Admiral Doria in the main salon, at a depth of 215 feet, and blasted two holes, each five by eight feet, through outer and inner bulkheads to remove it. After eight days of herculean labour, the statue was hauled aboard the salvage ship to the cheers of the crew.

Today the statue stands in the patio of a Florida motel owned by Garvin. "Nobody offered us a nickel for it," Garvin says. "Nobody offered us any further backing. It was a lot of money to spend for a statue, but we'd probably do the same thing again tomorrow."

Why didn't the divers blow open "the safe," with its cash, bonds and jewels, instead? Investigation revealed that, while there are a number of safes on the ship, passengers left their valuables in row upon row of small safe-deposit boxes. The question would be: which boxes or , mains tantalizingly near, with whatrows of boxes to blow open? It costs over Rs. 2,250 a dive per man, and

he has only 15 minutes to work on the bottom.

"You could lose an awful lot of money blowing the wrong boxes," says Solomon. "And the value you recovered would become a matter of negotiation."

Despite their Pyrrhic victory, Solomon is optimistic concerning eventual salvage of Doria—possibly with large rubber bags which could be introduced into the hold and rooms and then inflated, or with one of the new foam plastics. Foam can be manufactured within a sunken ship by introducing two chemicals and a catalyst through separate hoses. The substance hardens almost immediately, displacing the much heavier water, until gradually the ship should rise.

Solomon's optimism that *Doria* can be refloated receives support from at least one U.S. salvage company, According to a spokesman: "Though never before has a vessel of such size been raised intact from such a great depth, no one here would label it 'impossible.' In marine salvage, the question is not whether a particular mission can be carried out, but whether it is economically feasible to undertake."

Meanwhile, Andrea Doria reever riches she holds guarded by the jealous waves.

LOOK OUT of the window from the breakfast table and you see the bird after the worm, the cat after the bird and the dog after the cat. It gives you a little better understanding of the morning's news.

A Farmer Fights Global Poverty

By Allen Rankin

Declaring a personal war on want, David Brooks shows the poor and hungry of the world how private enterprise can help them to help themselves



foot, 66-year-old farmer named David William Brooks speaks on how to beat hunger and deprivation, ministers of agriculture the world over listen with respect. So do U.S. Presidents: he has been a valued adviser to the last four. For Brooks has built a handful of destitute farmers into the biggest co-operative in the Southern United States, a flourishing empire that has liberated hundreds of communities from their dependence on one crop, cotton.

Misleadingly called Cotton Producers Association (CPA), this diversified agricultural business has 7,000 employees to serve its 150,000 members, grossed 245 million dol-

lars for them in 1966.

The Cotton Producers Association owns and operates more than 60 major installations—processing plants, warehouses, research laboratories, stores—and its new headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia, is one of the most beautiful buildings in the city. It runs both the biggest fertilizer operation and the biggest mutual-insurance company in the state of Georgia.

Its remarkable sales force (led in times of crisis by Brooks himself, rushing unannounced into the offices of potential buyers anywhere) may hawk 100 tons of frozen chicken drumsticks to Japan or, ducking behind the Iron Curtain,

market 400,000 bushels of maize in Poland. Operations have become so efficient that, despite rising tariffs in some of the 30 countries with which Brooks now does business, CPA can still sell these nations chicken and other products more cheaply than can local producers.

It's all a far cry from 1925, when farmer's son Brooks was a young agronomy instructor at the University of Georgia. At that time, the average farmer in America's southern states was poorer than most slum-dwellers of today. On exhausted, eroded land, with poor seed and fertilizer and worse marketing facilities, most cotton farmers made just enough profit from each harvest to guarantee a more dismal failure the next season.

"All you're producing is poverty!" teacher Brooks chided his students and their fathers. "And that's all you'll deserve until you get smarter. The only way you can get a higher standard of living," he hammered home, his blue eyes earnest, his voice beseeching, "is to earn it for yourself, by increasing your own individual productivity."

Then came the Depression, reducing Georgia's per-capita farm income to only 72 dollars a year, the price of cotton to five cents a pound. In the critical winter of 1933, some of Brooks' farmer friends pleaded with him, "Why don't you stop telling us what we ought to do, and come to help us do it?"

"They're right," Brooks said to

his wife, Ruth. "It's too late for talk-teaching. Do-teaching will be faster."

Turning down both the University of Georgia's offer of an associate professorship and a chance to go into an assuredly profitable business for himself, he joined five struggling farmers to form CPA.

The fledgling co-operative's members heard Brooks outline wildly ambitious plans. "Small farmers like us have got to pool our resources, buy our own supplies, operate our own market outlets," he declared. To members who couldn't afford good shoes, such grandiose schemes seemed impossible, even crazy.

Persuasion. Yet Brooks talked a soft-hearted banker into lending the group 3,500 dollars to buy a fire-damaged cotton warehouse. He employed four cotton graders, and put out the word that local farmers would no longer be at the mercy of arbitrary buyers, that from CPA they would receive premium prices for quality cotton.

Incomes began to rise. Even so, many of the growing co-operative's members soon wished they'd never heard of their hard-driving manager. He insisted that they borrow all they could, even if it meant real sacrifice, to invest in the superior seeds, feeds and fertilizers that CPA began to develop and promote.

When some of the co-operative's directors rebelled at this "extravagance," Brooks quietly told them,

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"You engaged me as your doctor. Either take my medicine or stay ill. I told you these prescriptions would work; I didn't say they'd be easy to take."

Complaints subsided when oncedusty fields turned lush green, when cotton yields sprang up dramatically from half a bale to three bales an acre in some areas. Farmers who had been raising "just enough corn for the mule" learned to produce ten times that much.

Chicken was the most spectacular star of Brooks' programme. By the mid-1940's, government controls on cotton had left many farmers with such small farm land allotments that they could no longer eke out a living from cotton alone. The scientific raising of chicken, Brooks decided, would offer an ideal means of supplementing their income. Employing some of the best poultry experts and researchers in the country, he eventually set up completely integrated assembly lines for handling chickens from egg to market stage.

Today CPA runs one of the largest poultry combines in the world. This is how it works: CPA breeder-flock owners deliver eggs to the cooperative's eight hatcheries; the hatcheries supply CPA poultry-growers with day-old chicks; the growers furnish market-weight chickens, many thousands at a time, to the co-operative's four vast poultry-processing plants in Alabama, Florida, North Carolina and

Georgia. In 1966, these plants processed over 100 million chickens.

Near the little town of Boaz, Alabama, once a particularly depressed area, Brooks gave me a glimpse of one of the co-operative's model processing plants. Lines of chickens dangled from overhead conveyer belts, glided swiftly from killing rooms to scalding vats to plucking machines. On through files of human dressers and cutters they went, and finally into packages ready for freezing.

"They're coming off the line at the rate of 150 birds a minute," Brooks said proudly. "That means 140,000 a two-shift day. We use everything but the cackle. The feathers we grind up to make feather meal that goes back into our chicken feed. The viscera we process to make dog and cat food."

Development. Brooks keeps looking for—and finding—ways to raise incomes, cut food costs. At a new model cattle feed farm at Valdosta, Georgia, CPA researchers are trying to lower the price of steak by making cattle grow faster on less but better food. In only two years of experimenting, they are already making progress: they now get a pound of beef for six-and-a-half pounds of cattle feed—a 12 per cent improvement over the average feed-conversion ratio.

For floundering peanut farmers who joined CPA, Brooks and company worked another kind of miracle. At the co-operative's peanut research centre at Graceville, Florida, scientists learned to solve problems one at a time. Among their innovations: new varieties of chemically treated seeds which defy six kinds of growth-stunting fungi. Now CPA is America's largest peanut processor, and has played a major role in increasing American peanut yield from 969 pounds an acre in 1957 to 1,827 pounds an acre in 1967.

Brooks is also trying to promote fish-farming. "Nearly every farm in the South," he points out, "has a pond. What we want to do is turn these ponds into fish ponds. Through the use of more high-powered pond fertilizers and fish foods, fish crops can be harvested by the ton every few months. Then, while raising their own incomes substantially, part-time 'fish farmers' may provide another major

protein source to help feed the world."

These days, Brooks' most urgent business is his effort to help faminethreatened nations learn to feed themselves before it is too late. "Starvation anywhere is everyone's greatest enemy," says Brooks. "It's a threat to peace. If a country gets hungry enough, it will fight its neighbour for food." Every year, CPA plays host to more than 1,000 visitors from less-developed nations, some of them communist. No secrets are withheld. Everyone is not only allowed to study CPA's model farming machinery and methods, but urged to imitate them-and prosper.

"You can do it, of course," Brooks assures the visitors. "How do I know? Because once our farmers were nearly as badly off as yours are, and look at us now!"



Common Complaints

FATHER grumbling to his two children, as he reluctantly gets ready for an evening out: "Other kids make their mothers too tired to want to go out, but not you."

--Thomas Morrow

One bright young thing to another, about a smart social occasion: "I hear everybody was there from A to Z—except U and I!" —H. L.

HEARD in a café: "My boss won't let me make personal calls at the office, and my wife and daughter won't let me make them at home."

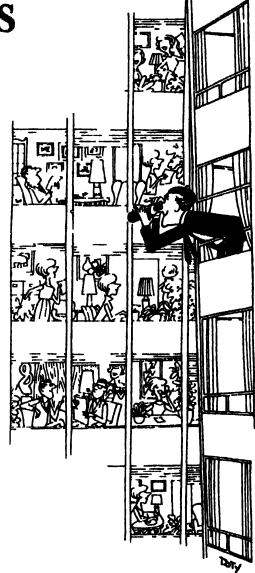
—н. G.

A Frenchman's Guide to the U.S.A. By Pierre Daninos

Author of "Major Thompson Lives in

going to the United States—once every five years or so—and not until my seventh visit did I discover, thanks to a Maine lobster, one of the essential truths about the American character. Perhaps the fault lay in my slowness to catch on, perhaps in the complexity of America. I lean to the first and regrettable hypothesis.

The cold Maine half-lobster which I had ordered in a New York seafood restaurant was crowned by a kind of Spanish gendarme's multicoloured hat made of slices of tomato, green salad, French dress ing (which is usually anything but French), onion rings, celery, radishes, olives, parsley and carrot. It was in attacking this festooned crustacean that I made the discovery which I must underline, even if my compatriots tear me apart: the lobster was delicious! The first thrust of my fork impelled me to strike a blow against a widespread French



belief that "Americans don't know how to eat."

Before undertaking this gigantic demolition job, may I remind you that I grew up in the shade of a forest of immutable principles. There was the supremacy of Swedish steel, the tenacity of the British, the small feet of Spanish women, the big feet of British ladies, the arrogance of the Prussians, the fabulous riches of maharajas, the purity

of Swiss air, the strength of the Turks. The Greeks were cheats, the English hypocrites, the Americans children.

Has this world disappeared? I don't believe so. For many Frenchmen, the American wakes up on the 52nd floor of the Empire State Building, munches his first piece of chewing gum before breakfast, has a terrific idea while shaving, races his fluid-drive car to the factory while traffic police pursue him through red lights and over level crossings, erupts into the inner sanctum of his boss, who, feet on desk, listens to his idea and gives him a 10,000-dollar bonus.

Despite the money, he wolfs down a drugstore lunch, returns home dog-tired to find his wife has flown to Reno for a divorce. He is ruined next day by a Wall Street crash but, always confident, he starts again as a factory worker, climbs all the rungs of the ladder of success and dies of a heart attack at 57.

Clinging Clichés. It is more difficult to eradicate a cliché of this kind than to raze a city from the globe. But let's try anyway.

Consider the cliché that American food is bad. I am not going to say that you can eat better in the U.S.A. than in France, for I do not wish to die at the hands of the 50 million illegitimate descendants of Brillat-Savarin who are the French. But the mistake the visiting Frenchman makes is to drag behind him like

a ghost his nostalgia for his petit bifteck-pommes frites or his good petite gibelotte de lapin. It would be better for him not to look for what he can find at home and, instead, fall back on the fat of the land: corn on the cob, cherrystone clams, corned beef, baked ham, oyster stew, clam chowder, avocado pears, milk-shakes, ice-cream.

Then there is the cliché that Americans are big children without any education. Wrong, or at least only as true as everywhere else. In what country do not men remain children all their lives, merely exchanging their electric trains for cars?

As for education, I do not hesitate to say that after long visits to American colleges and universities, theirs seems in many respects superior to ours. American methods, the climate of American colleges, the happiness Americans encounter there (and which they often pursue for the rest of their lives) are lacking in France.

The same can be said for the schools. At the Lycée Janson de Sailly, where I went, you had to remain seated without saying one word for an hour, in an overcrowded class of 50, while an old gentleman discoursed on the Battle of Austerlitz. At Roslyn High School on Long Island, a teacher who resembles Gregory Peck conducts a "discussion class" with 10 or 12 boys and girls at a round table—and the more argumentative the

pupils, the more satisfied the teacher. In France, we memorize dates and battle plans; Americans draw important conclusions from a century of social revolution.

Many Frenchmen will tell you that Americans lack taste, that they like only what is new. Of course, America does not have Versailles, Watteau or the Renaissance. Of course, it does not have Chartres or the Louvre. But what is more beautiful than New York at night seen from a skyscraper? Or Wall Street at dawn?

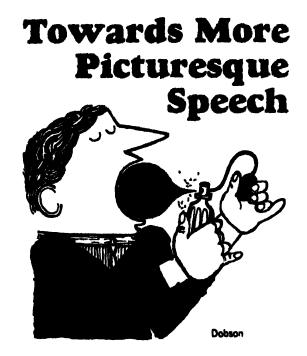
Several weeks ago, in my room on the 44th floor of the New York Hilton, I spent hours armed with binoculars, fascinated by the offices in the opposite building. From the rooms of the stenographers to those of the top executives (old prints, Regency desks, tropical plants), everything had been arranged to make work more agreeable. When her day is over the little secretary does not have the Tuileries Gardens in which to walk, or a pavement café in which to relax, but she has employers who concern themselves with her well-being while she is at work.

I had a talk recently with a young man, prosperous, teethed on Rousseau and Voltaire but versed in Mao Tse-tung and Hungarian films. "Your American civilization, I don't want it," he snapped, commenting on an article in *Le Figaro*

in which I had poked fun at the anti-Americanism of a country which gleefully Americanizes itself more each day. "I will never set foot in a drugstore!" But, my word! Who is forcing the French to flock to drugstores? Is it my fault or that of the Americans if our young people Americanize themselves to the point where they won't buy blue jeans unless they are Levi's?

Is American civilization menacing our "Latin genius"? Are American secret services powerful enough to oblige two of the most famous French singers, Jean-Philippe Smet and Claude Moine, to call themselves Johnny Hallyday and Eddie Mitchell? Do they have such diabolical powers of persuasion as to constrain our businessmen to name toilet water "After Shave," a brassière "O-Yes," and a slip "Exciting"?

O my dearly beloved country, champion of logic and good sense; gentle country, who yesterday embraced the tanks that delivered you, and today impels the last American soldiers to camouflage official signs of their presence; you who find it normal that your President orders the United States to withdraw unconditionally from Vietnam but thought it unforgivable that the White House should have implied the same thing during the Algerian war—I love you. But what a chameleon you are!



Sign Language. Over display of chocolates for Valentine's Day: "Get amour for your money" (S. F.) . . . On new grass: "Help keep lawn order" (Pipe Lines) . . . Over display of paperback books: "Pick-a-pocket" (Newark News) . . . In a chiropodist's window: "Why be two feet away from happiness?" (Bob Talbert) . . . On chemist's: "We Dispense with Accuracy" (B.B.) . . . In camera shop: "Think negative" (Kenneth Tweedle)

Hippie Heyday. Among the hippies, cleanliness is next to oddliness (M. S.) . . . These people are members of the "in" crowd—insignificant, insecure and insipid (Bob Barnes)

Deft Definitions. Antique: A piece of furniture on which the last payment has been made (Hugh Alten)... Expectant mother: Momsoon (G. F.)... Prayer book: Anti-missile missal (Jon Brouse)... Folk singer: Fellow who sings through his nose by ear

(Herb Caen)... Computerized romance: Blind data (R. E. Bennett)... Leopard: Dotted lion (Shelby Friedman)... Afterdinner speaker: Gust of honour (G. H.)... Dieting: Missing the bloat (R. N.)... Supermarket: Where you spend 30 minutes hunting for instant coffee (F. A.)

Word Pictures. She brailled through her handbag (V. S.) . . . A train unravelling along the river bank (T. H. R.) . . . Smart new home with that all a loan feeling (A. H.) . . . His heels sound as though they own the pavement (Coco Chanel) . . . Candle flames standing on tiptoe(M. C. D.) . . . A child lively as popping corn (L. G.)

Cracking the Quip. Sooner or later, a grandparent begins to wonder why babies are entrusted to young people (H. K.) . . . The man who thinks a pretty girl is like a melody is usually dancing to her tune (W. O. M.) The hardest thing about making money last is making it first (T.L.C M.) . . . When every bone in your body aches, you can thank the Lord that you're not a herring (Q. R)

Verse or Worse. There's no experience less rewarding than saying thanks in a voice recording (Suzanne Douglass)... I'm very chic, so I hate to grouse—but my skirt is shorter than my blouse (A. L. J.)... I must learn to be tactful instead of ecstatic: "It's just what I wanted" has been filling my attic (L. K. S.)... Whether men will make passes at girls who wear glasses, depends quite a bit on the shape of the chassis (S. D. B.)... Today's lamented modern ways will be tomorrow's "good old days" (L. S. McCandless)

some recipe going the rounds for a sure-fire short cut to paradise: alcohol, laughing gas, morning glory seeds, hard drugs. But I have always been cut off from the chemical routes to euphoria. Alcohol gives me heartburn, and I daren't try any of the more powerful agents. I know they would unhinge my mind for ever, or hustle me into an eternity of vomiting.

There must be thousands like me, pharmacologically underprivileged people who will never know the delights of chemical psychedelia—but all of us want a share of the transcendental cake, those disturbing and beautiful moments of heightened sensation we hear so much about. What hope is there for us?

Let me say for a start that I am not really interested in hallucinations. Nor do I want to see colours brighter than I already do. In fact, I can do without any of the optical displays. To judge from the reports, these retinal shows are as brilliantly monotonous as Op Art.

What I really want is simply a sharper sense of how odd it is to be here at all. Therefore I insist on

JONATHAN MILLER, 33, is a London-born theatrical director, television producer, writer and critic. He graduated as a doctor in 1959, but left medicine for the theatre in 1961 when he appeared, in London and later New York, in Beyond the Fringe, a satirical revue that created a new fashion in entertainment. Married to a doctor, he has three children.



I'M TAKING A TRIP-FOR FREE

By Jonathan Miller

You don't need drugs to heighten your sensibilities; all it takes is a little disciplined attention preserving the full power of my critical and intellectual faculties. Half the pleasure in any new experience lies in being able to describe and amplify it in words. But most of the reports brought back from drug trips have a gaudy mediocrity.

They are affirmative without being descriptive, and I am just not interested in an experience which slithers out of the bottom end of the mind, leaving nothing more than a vague sense of conviction behind.

There are said to be good substitutes for drugs. These usually take the form of violent assaults on the senses: flashing lights or unbearable noise.

Well, that won't do either. I resent the idea that I can be raped into higher sensitivity. Anyway, shows of this sort simply drum me into a state of mindless idiocy.

Only Alternative. That leaves one effective road to paradise: hard work. Not common hard work but the sort which takes everyday experience and, by paying careful attention to it and rubbing its tarnished surfaces, brings the whole thing up to a supernatural glow. As Chesterton says, it is only after seeing something for the thousandth time that one can suddenly see it again for the first.

Habit makes everything around us more or less invisible and thus seals us off from what the world has to offer. Most of the time that is as it should be, if we are to make the best of the few things we can set our minds to. We could never get on with life if we were pulled up short by everything that touches our senses, if we had to attend to the tickle of the clothes on our back or to every one of the million sounds we hear.

But every now and then, the mental insulation breaks down and the world floods in to overwhelm us with its raw, complicated foreignness. In these rare flashes familiar sights glow with unjustified novelty, and one feels the primeval oddness of simply being-in-the-world. These episodes last only a minute or two, but our spirit is renovated as it is brought face to face with the vast enormity of physical creation.

But one has to use all sorts of mental tricks to achieve this sense of treshly peeled newness. You have to get at a peculiar angle to the world before it will show its secret. The knack is rather like that of the gardener who improves his sense of colour by occasionally looking at the landscape upside down between his legs.

One method is to take a trip to a strange city. Any city will do: the place can be as dull as ditchwater, without a single tourist attraction. In fact, glamour of any sort would ge in the way of what I am describing.

The dizzying, ecstatic mystery of the experience comes from simply dislocating oneself from the familiar stream of life and arriving in a place which was there long before one arived, unaware of one's existence. No drug on earth can produce such a cataclysmic heightening of consciousness.

I first got the feeling one afternoon many years ago in Paris. As I stepped from the Gare du Nord into the golden sunlight of that Parisian five o'clock, I was overwhelmed at once, not by the Gallic charm of it all, but simply by the sense of civic otherness.

All around, people were scurrying, trailing an invisible history of Parisian encounters and incidents. I, on the other hand, stood on the steps of the station without a single fragment of Parisian past. I felt as conspicuous as I would were I wearing no clothes. Free from the weight of shared memory, I felt that the Parisian gravity just didn't apply to my body, and that if I took a single step, I would float off like a whiff of transparent gas.

somewhere New. Years later I realized how unnecessary it was to go abroad to get this feeling. Any city would do, so long as it was similar in size to my own. So long as it was big and black and busy. So long as it had rush-hour crowds hurrying to buses and subways, just as I would have been doing if I had been at home in London. The only feature it could *not* have was my previous presence in it. For against this plain back-cloth of civic similarity, one's lack of past and future stands out in brilliant contrast.

All this outshines drugs in achieving its effect by the unaided activity of the mind. There is no sharing the credit with chemicals and, since the intellect is intact, one's memory of the experience does not decay as normality returns. And, unlike drugs, the dosage works in reverse: with practice, you can get the same effects with smaller and smaller bits of travel, closer and closer to home. Now 1 can achieve these feelings simply by moving from one part of town to another at an unusual time of day, or by coming on familiar places from a new angle.

There is a weird railway line, for example, which runs around the back side of London, above ground and yet hidden from the streets by hoardings and factories. As you move out of the station, landmarks which seemed perfectly familiar stand out as if seen for the first time, and with the train's eccentric course they take up positions couldn't possibly occupy according to the rules of common sense. And for some unaccountable reason, this backstage railway land is bathed in a sulphurous nineteenth century light, so that nothing seems quite rcal.

You can sometimes experience an equally startling alteration in consciousness on a hot, silent summer afternoon in the country. Three o'clock seems to go on for ever, and the heat-stunned stillness is like the edge of doomsday. The trees stand

ankle deep in their own shadow, birdsong stops, the insect machin cry switches off. The whole of creation sweats with expectation. There is no knowing what the scene is about to deliver. In one sense, that is irrelevant. Expectation is all; fulfilment can only be an anti-climax. Drugs would simply blur the experience or reproduce it in a chaotic form, so that its sacred precision would be lost.

What I want is some device to keep me constantly in touch with the bizarre "thereness" of the world. Fortunately, the world itself comes

up with stimuli which jolt the mind in this direction. There is nothing like a sudden wind, for example, to switch the mind into high gear. Or a sousing, catastrophic downpour of rain. Or a snowstorm, when the whole city seems suddenly to have been seriously burned, then ban daged and consigned to a darkened invalid silence.

The point is that the world is a miraculous chrysalis which cracks open under the heat of attention. One doesn't need the assistance of drugs to bring on the transformation—attention is enough.

Think of a Number

More than a thousand years ago the following signs were introduced by a Moroccan genius whose work was the first to be called algebra. According to Mrs. Abdelkri Boujibar, director of the Museum of Morocco,

VS 3429 1890

this genius conceived the figures o to 9 which we know today as Arabic numerals, and he shaped them so that each contained an appropriate number of angles. His figure 1 contains one angle, his 2 two angles, his 3 three angles, and so on. Zero, signifying nothing, had no angles. —C. M.

Hoodwinsed

A SCHOOL teacher received the following note explaining the morning's absence of a pupil: "Please excuse Billy's absence this morning. The rest of the children are all ill, and in administering medicine and taking care of their needs, it was II o'clock before I discovered one healthy child, who should have been at school."

—R. W. K.

WHICH GIRLS MAKE THE BEST WIVESP

A light-hearted look at the modern method of marriage training

By Joan Paulson

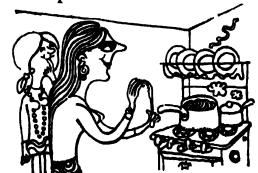
schools and anxious mothers instructed young ladies in the domestic arts and chores. But nowadays the only remaining bulwark against domestic ignorance is the custom of unmarried young ladies sharing flats with their girl friends.

When I left school, I couldn't do anything more mechanical than dial a telephone number. After sharing with 15 girl friends, from one to five at a time, during five years of college training and two of a "career," I can now, if necessary, bake a loaf of bread, mend a fuse, bait a mousetrap, cook 43 different dishes starring minced meat, and look on almost all quirks of behaviour with equanimity. And if, after marriage, I discover that my husband has no more trying habits than snoring, strewing his clothes on the floor and eating biscuits in bed, I'll consider him a miracle.

Take cooking. Unlike new husbands, flat-mates have no qualms about judging a dish to be a disaster. However, as long as they don't have to cook it themselves, they're

not going to demand just what Mother used to make, so they're tremendously good sports if you want to try your hand at shish kebab or ratutouille. And if your soufflé emerges with a drunken lean, it's less embarrassing among flat-mates. After all, who burned the bacon last week?

Flat-mates are also a fruitful source of culinary tips that you won't find in cookery books. One of my very first flat-mates taught me how to test if spaghetti is done. You throw a piece at the wall. If it sticks,



it is; if it doesn't, it will probably fall behind the stove where nobody will ever see it.

Even my mother didn't know this technique. When I casually demonstrated it at home one day, she was speechless.

As in marriage, money is probably

WHICH GIRLS MAKE THE BEST WIVES?

the most common bone of contention among flat-mates. Luckily, community living teaches you the basic tenets of economy.

One of my girl friends, Madeleine, earned 75 dollars a week, and on that she managed to support herself completely and save 100 dollars a month. Since Madeleine was as economical with words as with money, her statements came out sounding like axioms. I have a collection of several hundred of Madeleine's Laws, such as: "The Only Reason a Sandwich Has Two Slices of Bread Is to Keep the Filling From Falling Out When You Take It to Work; At Home You Need Only One Slice of Bread Per Sandwich." Madeleine also believed that dried milk is not only cheaper than fresh milk but tastes better. Since Madeleine was never wrong, we drank the stuff for three years.

Perhaps the greatest value of sharing a flat is that it provides what a professor of mine used to call a Cross-Cultural Experience. I remember every one of my 15 sharers with varying degrees of affection. There was Kathleen, whose grandmother had founded a religious sect



that included yoga. And Matty, who played harpsichord music at top volume on her record player during every waking minute. And Bobbie, who created metal sculpture with a blow-lamp in her room.

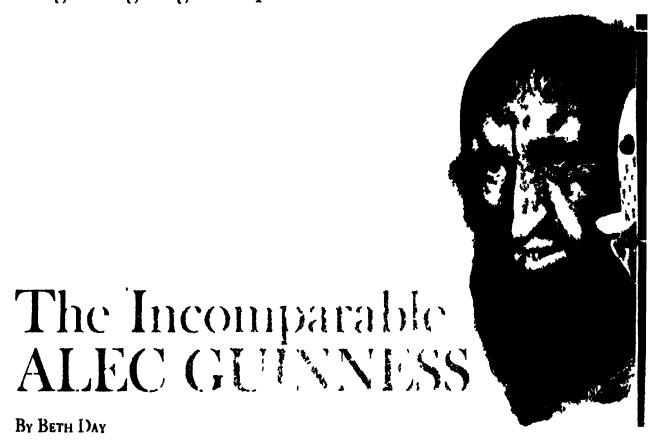
Then there was Pru, who was younger than the rest of us and quite naive. Except for her underwear. She favoured red-fringed, black lace or leopard skin, on the theory that they don't get grey like white does. Every Saturday, Pru would go to the launderette to wash her underthings. Lovingly, she would pull each piece separately out



of the drier and fold it. By the time she had finished she was surrounded by an admiring throng of male onlookers. They would follow her home and litter our front steps until we dispersed them.

Flat-mates are so understanding. Who else would ring up your current passion and pose as a television survey just to find out what he's doing? Or lend you her new blouse or a special date before she'd even worn it herself? Or tell you that you look just like Audrey Hepburn, only fatter? But that's what flat-mates are for. That, and preparing a girl for marriage.

One of the world's greatest actors, he goes to agonizing lengths to perfect each new role



Six TIMES the muscular policeman picked up his slightly-built opponent and hurled him against the concrete wall. Six times the victim, white-faced and shaking, staggered to his feet.

"I still don't think I've got it right; let's try again," said Sir Alec Guinness—who had refused to have the wall padded to break his impact. "I wasn't keen on doing it again," he explained afterwards, "but I didn't want it to look phoney."

Guinness was making his most recent film, *The Comedians*. The man-handling scene is not vital,

and Guinness is perhaps the only major actor who would take such pains to get it exactly to his liking. Even his co-stars, the highly professional Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor, watched astonished at the agonizing display of conscientiousness.

The incident is typical of the thoroughness with which 53-year-old Guinness has prepared every role in the career that has made him one of Britain's—and the world's—greatest actors.

An accomplished Shakespearean actor long before he created, in films, his sly, comic little men in



happy revolt against society, Guinness is that rare phenomenon: a performer equally renowned as comedian, character and dramatic actor. Since the last war he has appeared in 24 plays and 31 films, demonstrating by his versatility a special talent for breathing life into any kind of character.

Mention Guinness's name to filmgoers and they will recall the gay seadog of *The Captain's Paradise*, with a wife in each port, or his astonishing array of eight characters in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, an acting triumph of which American critic John Mason Brown wrote,

"He is an all-star cast in his own person." Above all, filmgoers recall Guinness as the Oscar-winning colonel in *The Bridge on the River Kwai*.

Yet today Guinness confesses that he refused three times to play this, perhaps his greatest, role. He says, "I couldn't believe in the colonel at all. He was too blinkered for my appreciation, absolutely incapable of seeing anything out of the corner of his eye. I was finally persuaded by producer Sam Spiegel to do the film."

With characteristic modesty he adds, "It was really Sam Spiegel

who got me through. And he didn't really want me for the part."

Following his success in Kwai, Guinness was besieged with other "dotty colonel" parts and finally accepted another military role in the film Tunes of Glory. But he deftly turned the tables on efforts to stereotype his acting. Audiences and critics were astonished by the way he converted his quiet, soft-spoken self into an up-from-the-ranks, roaring red-haired Scots extrovert—utterly removed from the inhibited and tortured colonel in Kwai.

Looking back on Tunes of Glory, Guinness says, "No one could be less like my true self than Jock." It is a measure of his greatness that he can achieve such a triumph in a character entirely alien to his own nature.

Grit. The fact that Guinness has given us such an array of characters owes much to his quiet persistence. After his initial film success as the young dandy, Herbert Pocket, in Dickens' Great Expectations, Guinness asked director David Lean for the character role of Fagin in Oliver Twist. Lean could not see his "young dandy" in the part. So Guinness went to work with the painter's palette he uses for make-up. Later, in a concoction of putty nose, flowing beard and a sly, beggarly expression, he persuaded Lean to visit him in his theatre dressing-room.

"There was no point arguing," Lean said. "He was Fagin." Highly intelligent and an acute observer of life, Guinness is as complex as any personality he has created—combining shyness and self-assurance, friendliness and reserve, simplicity and sophistication. It is this complex quality which he projects into his characters. "We are all many-sided," he says. "I try to convey that in what I play."

While making The Lavender Hill Mob, for example, he felt that the character of the Boss, as scripted, was "too perfect." A perfect person, Guinness points out, is not only unsympathetic, he's a bore. So in playing the Boss, Guinness added his own touch of human frailty to make the part more appealing.

He gave the Boss "something he could not do—the frustrating inability to pronounce the letter r." It made all the difference.

Some of his touches are almost subliminal, scarcely recorded by the conscious eye. It may be a curious way of holding a cigar, or of putting on spectacles. It may be a nervous tic of tweaking a moustache in moments of stress. Often volumes are told about a character by the way he walks. "For me, once I've got the walk right, the rest falls in place," Guinness says.

The major he plays in *The Comedians* is described as flat-footed by author Graham Greene. "I had to ask myself, 'How in fact does a flat-footed person walk?'" says Guinness. He practised until he

felt he had mastered the gait.

On stage or film set, Guinness actually listens to what other actors are saying and reacts to their words with his face and body, rather than merely awaiting his cues. In a production of *Hamlet*, the actor playing Rosencrantz delivered a line with such stinging invective that Guinness, as the melancholy Prince, obeying impulse if not the script, slapped Rosencrantz so hard he nearly fell into the orchestra pit. Afterwards Guinness apologized profusely. "I'm so sorry! But you were so insolent I felt I had to!"

Dame Edith Evans, who worked with Guinness in the days when she was a leading actress and he an unknown young actor. has recalled the high standards of perfection he always set himself. "Alec gives the very best of himself to every role," she said. "No matter how small the part, he always painted a full portrait rather than a sketch." For the dance sequence in The Captain's Paradise, for example, he mastered an abandoned samba worthy of a professional dancer—although it lasted less than a minute on the screen.

Like all actors, Guinness has had his reverses. The 1966 Royal Court Theatre production of *Macbeth* in which he appeared with Simone Signoret was mauled by the critics. "Luckily I never read the critics until the production is over," he says, unperturbed. "I learned long ago that whatever they say, pleasant

or nasty, makes me self-conscious." Of the Royal Court Macbeth he says, "I did it as an exercise—at £30 a week—because I felt that the work I had been doing recently did not demand enough of me."

Unremarkable. Offstage, stocky and neatly dressed, he could be the bank clerk he has so successfully portrayed, or an insurance salesman. His long, full-featured face has a wary blankness. His pale blue eyes are non-committal, lying in wait for pain or laughter. At a charity performance Princess Margaret overlooked a "little man hunched in a corner," discovered later it was the star she had come to see.

Guinness's early efforts in the theatre met with monotonous discouragement. Born to parents who separated before he was a year old, he spent a lonely childhood shuttling from boarding house to boarding house with his mother until he was old enough to be sent to school. Too shy to make quick friendships, indifferent at lessons and sports, the boy discovered in the theatre his one escape from a pervading loneliness. "I had to succeed. There was simply nothing else for me to do."

In London, when he first studied under a drama coach, he was kindly offered his money back after a dozen lessons, on the theory that he would never succeed. But even as a youth his quality of thoroughness showed itself. Given the small role of a messenger who had to rush, breathless, onstage, he ran six times round the school block so that he could make his entrance panting heavily.

The first time he auditioned at the Old Vic for the part of a soldier, the director told him scornfully, "You've no business in the theatre. I want soldiers here. You'll never make a soldier." It was for the role of a soldier, Guinness likes to recall, that he later won his Oscar.

Down at Heel. Guinness's only job outside the theatre, apart from service as an officer in the Royal Navy during the war, was as an advertising copywriter. Although writing came easily (he has written three of his own scripts), his heart wasn't in the job. Out of work, he lived in a London attic, wore casual shirts to save laundry bills, dined on baked beans and jam sandwiches. He says, "I used to walk the streets in bare feet—in summer, anyway-to save my shoes, which were already in holes."

Haunting the streets and theatres was an invaluable apprenticeship. He studied people, watching how they paused at shop windows or crossed streets, his mind becoming a stockpile of human appearance and behaviour. Working with this raw material from life, Guinness discovered that his own medium stature provided a good base from which he could appear taller or shorter. His pale, plain face furnished a clean canvas on which he

could etch in character, a stroke at a time. The shyness that plagued him was, in a way, to become his greatest gift. For instead of showing off his personality, as do actors blessed with extraordinary good looks and commanding stage presence, Guinness was willing to lose his own identity in the character he portrayed.

Fortunately, Guinness's unobtrusive talents-caught a discerning eye before he starved. Actor-director John Gielgud (now a fellow theatrical knight) saw "that thin, gangling youngster" perform at a drama school presentation, and promised him work the next time he cast a production. In the interim, Guinness once showed up in Gielgud's dressing-room looking so undernourished that Gielgud offered him £20. With a poor man's fierce pride, Guinness refused. ("That was silly," smiles an older, better-fed Guinness.) In 1934 Gielgud cast Guinness to play the pretentious, affected young courtier, Osric, in *Hamlet*. A striking success in the part, Guinness has never since been out of a job.

Each succeeding role demonstrates the diversity of his genius. In *Hotel Paradiso* he played a little mouse of a man whose attempts to engineer an amorous affair with his neighbour (Gina Lollobrigida) end in a night of comic disaster. A role of such farce would be easy to overplay. But that is not the Guinness technique. He says, "With this

kind of comedy you must never give the impression you are not taking it all seriously. One wink out of place and the whole effect is lost. You have to be *seriously* funny."

Shortly before, in a part that could hardly be in greater contrast, he played Marcus Aurelius in the film, The Fall of the Roman Empire. "A ludicrous piece of casting," even his friends told him. "But I enjoyed making it," he recalls, "if only because of Sophia Loren. For some reason she was nervous on meeting me for the first time. But I told her that during the war at Anzio"—as a sub-licutenant in the RNVR Guinness commanded a landing-craft—"we used to hand out chocolate to children at a small quayside just north of Naples. Sophia said, 'I know--I was one of those children.' After that, we got on famously."

Between parts, Guinness enjoys pottering in his garden, reading, seeing friends. ("I boast that I have

never lost a friend.") He and his wife Merula, a former actress, live unostentatiously in a five-bedroom house near Petersfield in Hampshire (with one cat, two dogs, two Shetland ponies, a horse and "a teenage parrot"), and have a flat in Knightsbridge, London. Guinness has no full-time secretary, no personal publicity agent. Now, with his passion for the quiet life and fishing, he is negotiating for a house on a remote Scottish island. Lady Guinness does her own cooking, even for their occasional small dinner-parties. Their 27-year-old son, Matthew, is also an actor, and made his first professional appearance in 1965 in a provincial repertory company.

Alec Guinness, knighted in 1959, remains above all a human person. "When I talk to young actors," he says, "I infuriate them by saying that more important than being a good actor is the attempt to be a real person."

Bold Stroke

ONE DAY in a cricket match between the village and a team assembled by the local peer, his lordship's butler was pressed into service as umpire.

When his lordship batted, he was called for a short single by his partner, and failed to make his ground before the wicket was broken. There was a triumphant appeal from the village side, and all eyes turned to the butler. Faced with an appalling decision, he declared with tremendous dignity:

"His Lordship is not in." —Brian Johnstone in Stumped for a Tale (Paul, London)

In the lonely log-cabins of the backwoods, young undergraduates bring learning to miners and labourers

Canada's College of the Wilds

By LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

Canadian bush, five men not long removed from their native Italy strain for understanding as a university student tries to unravel for them the subtleties of the English language.

"This," the student-teacher announces, pointing, "is an eye."

Umberto has a try at it: "Thiss—iss—a—eye."

"An eye," the young man says, and explains about words starting with vowels.

"Thiss—iss—an—eye," Umberto enunciates triumphantly, and his classmates break into applause.

The young teacher grins. "At times like that," he will later say, "it doesn't matter that you ache from nine hours' hard work with a pick. You're doing what you came for."

What he came for was to bring a spark of civilization to this wilderness encampment; to be a language teacher, recreation leader, librarian and social worker; to teach a crew



of miners whatever they most want to learn. That night, after the English class, he'll help one with a letter, another with his cirizenship papers. It may be midnight before he gets to bed, but the 6 a.m. whistle will get him up for a day's hard labour alongside his students.

There are 100 classrooms more or less like this right across Canada. Some are in railway goods wagons, others in tents and disused log-cabins. Sometimes there is only one student and, instead of grappling with the three R's, he may be learning algebra or geology.

This much, though, all the classes have in common: they are a good day's journey from the nearest town; the teacher shares the life of his students—pay, bunks, meals and faded work shirt—and he serves an institution that may be one of our time's most telling experiments in adult education, Frontier College.

Actually, Frontier College is not a college at all. Its headquarters is a three-storey brick building on a quiet Toronto street. It grants no degrees. Its curriculum leans heavily on basic reading, writing and arithmetic. Its salary scale for teachers must compare with the lowest ever offered to an educator anywhere, yet it regularly receives three applications for every available post. To camps without a teacher it sends books and magazines—250,000 a year. With certain exceptions, all instruction, reading matter and

counsel are free to thousands of Canada's bush workers, and have been since 1901.

But the young labourer-teachers who spend from four to six months in the wilds are the real backbone of Frontier College. They are recruited from universities in Canada, and a few in the United States, for summer work. Bright youngsters between jobs or who have had to leave school for financial reasons are sought to staff the College's 25 winter camps. Sometimes a bush worker who is an especially apt pupil is brought to Toronto, given the intensive Frontier College training course, and sent back as a labourer-teacher. Because an L-T must be ready to accept the toughest job and the lowest pay, top physical standards are important.

Tough Ideals. "Sign on as a labourer-teacher with Frontier College," the late Principal Edmund Bradwin used to trumpet at candidates, "and I promise you all the hard work, low pay and black flies you can stomach—plus a chance to help your fellow man."

"The lads tend to screen themselves," says Eric Robinson, who became principal on Bradwin's death in 1954. "If a boy's first quesion is, 'How much will I earn?' he'd probably be happier elsewhere."

Still the applications pour in. Bob Behrens was a third-year undergraduate at an Ohio University when he volunteered to work for a winter at a gold mine on the desolate north shore of Lake Superior. "I knew a couple of fellows who were just kids when they went up into the bush," he explains. "When they came back, they were men."

Decision. In the eeriness at the bottom of a 2,000-foot mine shaft, in the isolation of a dark night in a log-cabin, there may be after-thoughts. But there are few resignations. Bill Bartolotta, who became Frontier College's volunteer supervisor in the Ontario area, tells of the desperation that overcame him on the railway gang that was his first assignment: "My bones ached, the men ignored me and I was homesick. I wrote to Dr. Bradwin to tell him I wanted to give up."

All that night, young Bartolotta lay on his bunk and thought about the letter. He says: "I began to think: after all, I'll be back at college by September, but these immigrants face a year or more in this God-forsaken place before they have enough money to send for their families."

In the morning, the undergradu ate-turned-man tore up the letter and threw himself into a supreme effort to understand his gang. His classes grew. The men took to calling him *Il Professore*. They entrusted him with their savings—more than Rs. 37,500. Bill Bartolotta now regards that summer as the most valuable of his life.

Once on a railway gang in northern Ontario, an autocratic new

foreman sacked an L-T named Roy King because he resented his popularity with Italian labourers. King, now a priest, quickly sent a cable to Frontier College in Toronto, 250 miles away. The message was relayed to Principal Robinson, who had just arrived in near-by Sudbury, and he drove into the camp less than an hour after King's dismissal. "Well," said an assistant foreman, "what kept you so long?" The foreman was so impressed that he promptly re-engaged the teacherand joined his class. But every L-T can't count on such help.

"We're behind you," Principal Robinson tells his young L-Ts off into the unknown, "but remember that we're 1,000 miles behind you." The meaning is plain: a man's instinct is still his most vital re source, and the teacher, too, must be ready to learn. Once an innocent L-T, who attempted polite conversation during his first meal in camp, was hooted into silence and bitterly hurt—until an older hand explained the simple logic of the men: mealtime is for eating, and a man who talks can only be trying to distract his neighbour from the meat platter so that he can get more for himself.

Not. all such unforeseen events are happily resolved. An easily offended instructor on one railway gang wrote a long, abusive letter to the company president about what he construed to be his men's miserable lot. The result was the removal of the instructor and a reinforcement of the Frontier College rule that "if it isn't education, recreational or social, leave it to the union!" Today, after years of hostility and even longer years of indifference, management and unions have discovered that a Frontier College man in camp means a better camp, better men.

Every Frontier College teacher has his own treasured version of an ultimate in rewards. One learned that he had made the grade when one of his students brought him a stout tree limb. "Here," said the 40-year-old pupil to the 20-year-old teacher, "if we stupid, you hit us good with this!" Another remembers being shaken awake in the dead of night. "Teacher!" one of his maths students was crying out. "I got it—about the decimals! I understand it!"

Frontier College is a vibrant memorial to the two remarkable men who created it, Edmund Bradwin and Alfred Fitzpatrick, In 1896, Fitzpatrick was a shy, 24-yearold clergyman fresh from Queen's University in Ontario. His high collar and fragile spectacles must have seemed incongruous in the rough northern logging camps of his self-imposed exile. There were some 3,000 frontier camps in those days, and the 150,000 men who were pushing back the wilderness with railway track, axe and pick lived a primitive life. "I saw a uniformity of barrenness," Fitzpatrick wrote,

"where men merely worked, ate and slept, and occasionally vented their frustrations in a drunken brawl."

With the meagre collection of coins from his Sunday preaching and the sums he wheedled from logging and railway head offices, Fitzpatrick set out to bring the rudiments of a better life to the bush. He carried magazines and books from camp to camp. He taught backwoodsmen to read and immigrants to speak English. But most of all he was there, this odd little man who seemed to care, as no one else did, whether a bush worker lived or died.

Rewarded. Fitzpatrick's zeal drew others to his side. One was a rawboned giant of a man who walked 16 miles from a railway siding to a lumber camp near Georgian Bay in Ontario and asked for an axe. Ed Bradwin had been denied admission to the University of Toronto, and his reaction had been to banish himself to the bush. For twenty years, he would trudge from one camp to the next offering counsel and cheer to miners, fishermen, railwaymen and road gangs.

Bradwin shared Fitzpatrick's deep feelings about the frontier's 'abourers; both saw good citizens going to waste. But, apart from this single view of a distant goal, the two were as different as men could be. Fitzpatrick was a restless soul, a brilliant innovator. Bradwin was patient and plodding, living out his

beliefs in adult education. With his own hands, Bradwin built 112 primitive schoolhouses in as many camps between 1903 and 1925. He became a legend in the bush. He earned his bachelor's and master's degree from Queen's University—without once setting foot inside its doors. To combat the ideas of camp agitators, he studied Marxist theories. (Frontier College has been called the greatest deterrent to communism in Canada's camps.)

He came back to civilization in 1925 to be the school's principal. In time he received an honorary Doctor of Laws degree from the University of Toronto, the college that, years before, wouldn't have him.

To the end of their days, no one could convince either Bradwin or Fitzpatrick that the job they'd chosen for their life's work was anything but the most rewarding. Government grants, Bradwin's shrewd investments and a freer flow of contributions from industry and individuals have finally erased the red ink from Frontier College's ledgers. And though the annual budget is still small, every rupee does yeoman work. How does one calculate the total enlightenment brought by 4,500 L-Ts of the past 67 years to 360,500 men? The school's primary mission remains

the education of labourers—but what about the self-ennoblement of the young instructors?

Almost to a man, they have gone on to make a mark in life. One was a Yale undergraduate named Spock who, many years ago, was set to work as a shoveller on a railway track gang. Spock told a classmate, Anson Stokes, about his experiences, and the next year Stokes signed on as an L-T carpenter's helper. Dr. Benjamin Spock is now perhaps the world's best-known paediatrician, and the Right Reverend Anson Phelps Stokes became Bishop of Massachusetts.

One young L-T, Jack Bickell, became a leading Canadian financier. Another, Sherwood Lett, went on to be chief justice of British Columbia. Escott Reid, a former Canadian diplomat, attributes to his months in the bush the lasting conviction that a man may be infinitely more than he seems. "There are unskilled workmen," he says, "whose capacity for decency and attainment match that of the best-educated men I know."

"Give them your hands, your head and your heart," Edmund Bradwin used to tell his young L-Ts bound for the bush. And as long as Frontier College continues, there will be light in the deepest mine and the darkest forest.

HAPPY is the man who can laugh at himself. He will never cease to be amused.

Habib Bourguiba

Love in a Nutshell





people don't give enough thought to it. A man will spend months of research before deciding which car to buy, but he'll select the mother of his children without even kicking the tyres, so to speak. A woman will marry someone she's known for two weeks—because she happens to like his after-shave lotion.

I think a person should at least find out the name, age and cereal preference of the person with whom he'll be eating breakfast during the next 50 years.

What people need on this subject is advice, and I'm just the one who

can give it. There is no problem so simple that it doesn't confuse me, too. So let's have your questions one at a time.

Q. How can I be sure of marrying the right man?

A. You can't. Marrying a man is like having your hair cut. You won't know whether or not it suits you until it's too late to change your mind.

Q. Isn't it terrible the way some people marry perfect strangers?

1. There's nothing wrong with marrying perfect strangers. It's imperfect strangers that cause such nasty shocks.

Q. Do you think a girl should

settle for less than her ideal man?

A. Look at it this way: If you did find an ideal man, would he marry you?

Q. My boyfriend says he fell in love with me at first sight, but he can't say why. Can you?

A. Not exactly, but I suppose it's the same as his reason for ordering the businessman's lunch. It just happened to appeal to him.

Q. If two people enjoy doing the same things, isn't that a good foun-

dation for marriage?

- A. Doing what things? Dancing together? Walking barefoot in the rain? Sharing a passion for pizza? None of these activities will occupy much of your time once you're married. Now if you can paint a garage together, or work out a budget in perfect unison . . .
- Q. But don't you think it's important to marry someone with whom you have interests in common?
- A. Not especially. Once you're married, you'll have plenty of interests in common—the bank statement, the morning paper, the leftover Sunday roast, the joint income-tax return.
 - Q. Where does love fit in?
 - A. Everywhere. Anywhere. It is

the quintessential ingredient that makes marriage work. But what is it? It's more difficult to isolate than the virus that causes the common cold.

- Q. Don't you think it's romantic to be a young man's first love?
- A. Yes, but it's a lot better to be his last love.
- Q. But if he marries you, can't you take that for granted?
- A. Not really. I'd say the best thing is to treat marriage as an unbreakable record. Trust that it's as durable as it was guaranteed to be, but don't drop it on the floor to make sure.
- Q. I don't think money is important if two people love each other. Do you agree?
- A. Yes and no. Money isn't important as long as you have enough of it. As to what is enough, that's difficult to say. Another woman's model kitchen can make you feel very poor.
- Q. What, in your opinion, is an ideal marriage?
- A. In a nutshell, an ideal marriage is one in which two people love, cherish and manage to put up with each other—through all the crises, annoyances and complications caused by their marriage.

Losing Battle

WHILE shopping in a large department store, I noticed a little boy standing by my side. Inevitably, over the loudspeaker came the announcement: "A small boy named Donald has been lost. He is seven years old. Will Donald please come to the information desk?" The boy beside me snorted. "Dammit," he said, "I'm lost again."

—A. M. Felton

New medical knowledge has stirred much controversy over many traditional emergency measures. Here are the most modern and authoritative techniques

Bring Your First Aid Up to Date

By Don Everitt

Or use ointment on burns, or a tourniquet to stop severe bleeding? In a case of snake-bite, would you try to suck out the venom? Would you rush an accident victim to hospital at all costs? If you would do any of these things, your first aid is out of date.

But this need not surprise you. In recent years many once-popular treatments have been changed radically, or replaced, in the light of new medical knowledge. Here are nine procedures, still widely used but medically out of favour, followed by the new techniques that everyone should know.

Old. When burned, cover the skin with ointment or a paste of baking powder.

New. Never use ointments, greases or baking powder. Doctors

must always scrape them off, which delays treatment and can be excruciatingly painful to the patient. Unsterile grease or paste can contribute to infection, and neither hastens healing. Dr. Maurice Bloch, lately of the McIndoe Burns Centre at East Grinstead, England, and other authorities recommend only one first-aid treatment: cooling by cold water.

Cold water dramatically relieves pain and promotes healing. It is a method of treatment that has received popular medical approval only recently, though some tradesmen, such as foundrymen, have always soothed accidental burns in a tank of cold water. In a classic case reported from Iceland—where for generations lay folk have cured burns with ice-cold water—a girl of two scalded her arm. The limb was

immediately thrust into a half-filled bucket of cold water. The burn below the water level healed almost perfectly; the uncooled part above her elbow healed slowly and remains badly scarred.

For all burns, remove any heatretaining garments, then submerge the affected skin in cold water. Pour the water over burns that cannot be immersed. And the quicker you act, the better the results.

"Cold water relieves pain, limits the injury, reduces fluid loss and lessens the need for skin grafting," says Dr. Bloch. Always continue the treatment until the pain goes or, in more serious cases, skilled medical aid arrives.

Old. If a person is bitten by a poisonous snake, cut an X through each fang mark and suck out the venom.

New. "Calm and reassure the patient," says a St. John Ambulance spokesman. "More snake-bite victims die from shock produced by fright than from the venom."

Immobilize the bitten limb, if necessary by splinting it. Wash and cool the wound with soap and water to reduce the spread of venom. If a

bandage is used, make sure it is not tight enough to obstruct the arteries and that it is not left on too long. Don't rub, cut or suck the bite. You may aggravate it. Take the patient quickly to a doctor. (If possible, the dead snake should also be taken.)

The importance of speedy, correct treatment was shown when a five-year-old boy was treated for an ankle injury after he said he had trapped his leg in a door. Next day, when the whole limb became painfully swollen, he confessed that he had been playing with a snake. He became painfully ill, and delirium and pneumonia ensued before hospital doctors cured him.

Old. To stop serious bleeding, apply a tourniquet or constrictive bandage. Never touch the wound with your hand or unsterile material.

New. Thanks to antibiotics, the day that you dared not touch a wound for fear of infection has passed. Simply put the cleanest possible cloth or—if none is available—your bare fingers or hand over the wound, and press hard. Pressure for up to 15 minutes will squeeze the



blood vessels against tissue, muscles or bone and will stop the flow. Don't remove the cloth if it becomes saturated. Just add another.

When a 14-year-old English girl fell off her bicycle, the handlebars punctured her groin and caused severe bleeding. None of the bystanders knew what to do until a housewife, who gave first-aid lectures in her spare time, came on the scene. She merely pressed a clean handkerchief pad into the wound. A hospital doctor said later: "Had the child bled for another five minutes, she would have died."

As for the tourniquet—or the constrictive bandage often used as an alternative—a St. John Ambulance medical spokesman says: "If incorrectly applied, it can increase bleeding by obstructing the veins but not the arteries. Even if properly used, it may cause the death of a limb. Bleeding can generally be stopped by the safe, simple method of direct pressure."

Old. To kill germs in a wound,

apply an antiseptic.

New. Don't use antiseptics; wash the wound with running water and the surrounding skin with gauze soaked in soap and water. Antiseptics may destroy tissue around the wound, retarding healing, and may seal in dirt and germs.

Dr. A. Ward Gardner, co-author with Dr. Peter J. Roylance of New Essential First Aid, gives this advice: "Wipe the dirt outwards and away from the wound, starting at

the edges. Time is well spent on cleansing. Wounds free of dead tissue and foreign matter heal quickly and resist infection. To make sure that other members of your family are not tempted to use any antiseptics, ointments, lotions, iodine, germicides and so on, throw them away!"

Old. Keep an accident victim, or anyone in a state of shock, warm with blankets and hot-water bottles.

New. Overheating such a patient is bad. When a person loses blood, his body shuts down circulation through the skin to ensure supplies to the vital organs—brain, heart, lungs.

The skin goes pale and cold, and the patient may actually shiver. To give him more than one blanket may upset this self-protective mechanism and kill him, for heat causes the surface blood vessels to expand and claim more of the blood supply, allowing less for the body's essential needs.

Old. Rub frostbite with snow; thaw a frozen limb very slowly in cold water.

New. Rubbing frostbite with snow can rupture skin cells, may lead to infection, gangrene, and even amputation. Gentle treatment 's so important that in hospitals the frozen part is often suspended or packed in soft, absorbent material so that it cannot even touch the bed sheets.

For superficial frostbite, cover an

affected area on the face with warm hands until the colour returns. If the victim has frost-nipped fingers, put them under his clothing in his armpit—or in someone else's armpit. Alternatively, you can cup the hands over the area and blow warm breath on it.

In more serious cases of frostbite, treatment consists of rapid re-warming in a bath of water at 108–112 degrees Fahrenheit (42–44 degrees Centigrade). But most important, in serious cases, is to get medical aid quickly.

Old. Hold a drowning victim head downwards to drain the water from the air passages and lungs. Clear the mouth of obstructions such as weed and false teeth, before starting artificial respiration.

New. "We now realize," says a St. John Ambulance expert, "that not a second must be wasted if resuscitation is to succeed. A lifesaver bringing a casualty ashore must begin mouth-to-mouth or mouth-to-nose resuscitation at the earliest possible moment."

Britain's Royal Life Saving Society expects its more highly qualified members to give artificial

respiration while swimming with the casualty.

Old. If a newborn child does not cry or show signs of breathing, hold him up by his feet and smack his bottom.

New. The first-aider should on no account handle the baby roughly or smack him. Hold him carefully head downwards, feet up, and gently wipe away any fluid from his mouth and nose.

If, after two minutes, he does not breathe, hold his head well back and ventilate his lungs with mouthto-mouth resuscitation, blowing very gently. Send for the doctor or midwife immediately.

Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation is also important in cases of electrical shock, suffocation or choking. In all first-aid treatment, it is vital to attend to the patient's breathing before attempting to deal with injuries.

Old. Get an accident or heartattack victim to hospital with all possible speed. Every minute saved will help.

New. Restrain the urge for precipitate action. Moving an injured person hastily can be disastrous if



he has suffered spinal damage: it can also increase bleeding or cause fatal shock. Unless the victim is exposed to greater dangers, such as fire, give him first aid where he lies and wait for doctors or ambulancemen to move him.

You rarely need to worry about rushing a person to hospital if you can give him adequate care on the spot. Indeed, a high-speed, weaving drive through traffic often aggravates pain and shock.

In the case of a man smitten with

a heart attack, the real killers are frequently anxiety and pain. Both constrict his blood vessels and give his heart even more work at its most critical period. Confident, kindly handling and reassurance will do much to allay anxiety and pain.

Says a St. John Ambulance surgeon: "Let's hope there'll soon be an end to the dramas of ambulancemen forsaking immediate, essential first aid in order to get the patient to hospital at unnecessary speed."

Cartoon Quips

Boss to employee: "Sam, under our bonus profit-sharing plan, you owe the company Rs. 2,520."

—M. M.

Husband to wife, after church service: "I wish you wouldn't nudge me during the sermon, Clara. I know my faults without your adding exclamation marks!"

—N.E.A.

Office worker, examining his pay cheque: "Well, I see the government's got another rise."

- D. G.

PRESIDENT NASSER on being informed that new Russian tanks have arrived: "I hope this time the instructions are in Arabic." --J. R.

STOUT woman to friend: "I only weigh myself on days when everything goes wrong, because those days are ruined anyway."

—F. F.

LITTLE boy to friend about baby brother: "He has some teeth, but his words haven't come in yet."

—B. K.

SECRETARY to irate visitor: "What did you wish to punch him in reference to?"

—Hagglund

Woman, accompanied by husband and six children, to marriage counsellor: "Our marriage would have broken up if it weren't for the children. Ross won't take them, and neither will I."

—Lichty

As Catholics and Protestants, after centuries of dissension, begin using the same translation of the Bible, the ecumenical movement takes a big step forward

One Bible for All Christians

By JAMES DANIEL

tants and Catholics have been reading and worshipping from different Bibles. This divisive practice has fostered the secret suspicion that either the Protestant or the Catholic Bible was "doctored" to support particular beliefs. But today, for the first time since the Reformation, the churches are beginning to use the same translation of the Bible. This is the famous Revised Standard Version, the twentieth-century revision of the classic King James Bible, first published in 1611.

Catholic and Protestant Bible differences have previously run deep, but they are based chiefly on two issues: what books the Bible should contain, and how the Bible should be interpreted—whether by the individual Christian prayerfully exercising his own intelligence or by the church as the sole authority. To understand the issues, it is necessary to examine how the Bible began, how the churches lost their Biblical bond at the Reformation, and what forces are now impelling them once again towards Bible unity.

What we think of as one book is actually a library of Jewish and Christian writings spanning a thousand years, from about 900 B.C., when the early Israelites began setting down their orally transmitted traditions, to the completion of the New Testament around A.D. 100.

Long before Jesus, the Jewish Scriptures had been translated into various ancient Near Eastern languages, most importantly Jesus' familiar speech, Aramaic (a group of Semitic dialects closely related to Hebrew), and the Koine form of Greek, a second language for all peoples of the Near East. These versions developed differently from the official Hebrew text preserved at the Temple in Jerusalem.

When the Christianized Jews

fanned out from Palestine to found the church, their Bible was the Greek version of the Old Testament. As they gradually added the letters of the Apostles, the words and deeds of Christ (the Gospels) and the "Acts" of the missionary Apostles, the two-testament Christian Bible that we know today came into being.

Other Works. All this time, numerous other Jewish and Christian writings circulated throughout the churches. Preoccupied with problems of survival and warring sects, the church did not give serious attention to the authoritativeness of the whole body of Scriptures until A.D. 382. In that year, Pope Damasus asked the foremost scholar of his time, Eusebius Sophronius Hieronymus—known today as St. Jerome—to start work on a new Latin version of the Old and New Testaments.

In earlier times, Jews and probably Christians had kept in one part of their synagogue or church those scrolls which everybody agreed were perfect copies of inspired writing. In another part of the building were scrolls called Apocrypha (or "hidden" writings)—copies which were dirty or torn, or contained known copying errors, about whose authenticity there was some question. Which writings were displayed and which were kept concealed varied from place to place.

Jerome's assignment came as the climax of a momentous change in

"publishing." Gradually the contents of numerous scrolls had been copied on two sheets of vellum. Because it was possible to write on both sides, more and more individual books of the Bible could be put together between the same covers. Thus, the modern book was born—and with it the need for an agreed-upon table of contents for the Bible.

Jerome apparently decided on a table of contents for the New Testament by taking over, without any change, a list of 27 books which had just been proposed by St. Athanasius, the Bishop of Alexandria.

The Old Testament presented more difficulty. When Jerome compared the Christians' Greek Old Testament with the Hebrew text preserved by the rabbis in Jerusalem, he discovered that some seven or eight books—such as Sirach, Baruch, Tobit and Judith, and interpolations in such other familiar books as Daniel and Esther—appeared in the Greek or other translations, but not in the official Hebrew text.

Jerome solved his problem by designating as "Apocryphal" the Jewish writings that he wished to preserve but which were not regarded by the Jews of his time as an anthentic part of the Bible. These "hidden books," Jerome said, ought not to be used by Christians to establish any doctrines, but they were still worth reading for information. Jerome's translation was approved

by church councils, and for a thousand years his Latin Bible was the authorized Bible of Christianity.

But at the Reformation, the Apocryphal books got a bad reputation among Protestants because, among other reasons, Catholic apologists for such practices as saying Masses for the dead and invoking the aid of the saints cited Apocryphal "proof texts" to justify these customs. Recalling that Jerome had said that the Apocryphal books should not be used to establish doctrine, the Protestants put them into a separate section of the Bible. Eventually, commercial Bible publishers dropped them from most copies sold to Protestant laymen.

In recent years, arguments over the Apocrypha have largely died out. Protestant Biblical scholars have come to regard the Apocryphal works as valuable records of the "between-the-Testaments" period, when Judaism was giving birth to Christianity. Catholics no longer insist that the Apocryphal books must always appear within the Old Testament. They do so appear in the "Catholic edition" of the RSV, published by Thomas Nelson and Sons, London. But they are printed at the end of the Oxford Annotated Bible with the Apocrypha, RSV, now also approved by the Catholic Church.

The truce thus reached between Protestants and Catholics over the make-up of the Bible now extends to the other divisive issue—how the Bible should be used and interpreted. In recent years, the Catholic Church has overcome its reluctance to allow the laity to study the Bible; it now sponsors Bible-study classes and individual Bible reading.

The first version of the Scriptures printed in English was translated by William Tyndale and published in 1526. Before Tyndale, a hand-lettered Bible, whether in Latin or English, had cost more than an ordinary man's house and lands. But printing enabled many more people to own a complete Bible or at least a copy of the Gospels; and the eager acceptance of Tyndale's translation vitally affected the history of the English-speaking world.

Under the impact of the contrast that it offered between the elaborateness of late-medieval Christianity and the simplicity of the Apostolic age, England entered upon a period of prolonged religious dissension. During the next century no fewer than five revisions of Tyndale's translation appeared.

New Version. As translation succeeded translation, each church faction sought to make the Bible support its doctrine. The ultimate product of the golden age of English Bible translation was the King James Version, deliberately designed as an ecumenical Bible. Not only did it select the most felicitous phrases and the deepest insights from all the preceding Protestant versions, but it also made use of the Rheims English Catholic New

Testament translation published in 1582.

No new Bible is ever accepted overnight by all churches. But within 75 years the King James Version gradually supplanted all other English translations—except with Roman Catholics, who clung to their Rheims Douai version. More than any other book, the King James Version of the Bible set the standard for the English language.

But even great works of art require periodic restoration. During the late nineteenth century Protestant scholars became concerned that the King James Version was showing signs of ageing. Some of its words were archaic, and in hundreds of instances the discovery of manuscripts enabled scholars to say with more precision what the original authors of the Bible had intended to convey. Their research led, by the end of the century, to the publication of the English Revised Version of the Bible.

Then, in 1928, the International Council of Religious Education—a forerunner of the World Council of Churches—assigned a Standard Bible Committee the task of completely revising the King James Version.

The committee's problem was whether to attempt a colloquial translation or to update the basic King James text. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, various

"experts" had rephrased the Bible into "contemporary English," which soon seemed affected and quaint. The committee elected to keep the "timeless English" of the basic King James Version and to strive as well to preserve its ecumenical, consensus character. This proved a farsighted decision.

In 1954, members of the Standard Bible Committee came to London for a meeting requested by scholars of the Catholic Biblical Association of Great Britain. Would it be possible, the latter asked, to put out a Catholic edition of the RSV Bible? Permission was granted, and the resultant English edition was approved for Catholics.

The final step in achieving a common Bible for English-speaking Christians came swiftly thereafter. Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston brushed aside the last Catholic objections and gave his approval to the regular edition of the Oxford Annotated Bible with the Apocrypha, RSV, as published by the Oxford University Press in 1965. Future printings of this Bible will note in the editors' commentaries a handful of places where Catholic and Protestant interpretations diverge, but there will be no change in the RSV text or footnotes.

Bringing separated brothers together in the reading of God's Word may be the biggest step yet in the march towards ecumenicalism.

The Shah Who Leads a Revolution

By Paul Friggens



When Iran's leader crowned himself and his Empress, his action symbolized the climax of twenty-five years' courageous endeavour to catch up with the twentieth century

T is not a source of pride to rule a poor people," Iran's Mohammad Reza Shah Pahlavi has said often in the 26 years of his reign; and, indeed, he vowed never to be crowned king so long as his nation remained hungry and illiterate. But now, proud of his country's progress, His Imperial Majesty, the Shahanshah, has finally mounted Iran's dazzling Peacock Throne. On October 26th, his 48th birthday, the greying monarch put on the glittering, 10.400-carat Pahlavi crown. Then he placed a crown on Empress Farah's head—the first time in the Iranian Empire's 2,500year history a woman has actually been crowned.

The whole country celebrated the long-delayed coronation. And

a mammoth celebration it was bound to be, for this 2,500-year-old land, founded by Cyrus the Great, has begun to reap the fruits of a royal revolution. "My country must catch up with the twentieth century," the Shah told me recently. "I am confident that Iran, in just one generation, can attain a standard of living equal to Europe's."

Dressed in a conservative blue suit and seated in a small tapestried study in his Niavaran Palace overlooking the capital, Tehran, the reflective, soft-spoken Shah outlined his pace-setting reforms and philosophy of government. He has a passion for modernization. "We Iranians draw on the whole world for the ideas best adapted to our new society," he said. "Independent nationalism, we call it."

Economic Boom. Iran, roughly the size of Western Europe, is a mountainous, high-plateau country of 25 million people, almost wholly Moslem. Oil and agriculture support its economy, but Iran is also expanding industrially.

Not far from the ruined city of Persepolis, where Darius I and Xerxes I ruled the vast Persian empire, a modern petro-chemical complex is being born; and during the next five years, romantic Isfahan, city of stately mosques and minarets, will become the hub of a long-dreamed-of Iranian steel industry. In 1966, Iran's industrial growth shot up 17 per cent. Its gross national product is about Rs. 4,875

crores and now growing by some nine per cent a year—one of the highest growth rates in the world.

During my first visit to Tehran four years ago, shepherds trailed their sheep through the city, but today bumper-to-bumper traffic fills the broad streets of the cosmopolitan capital. ("One of the ordeals of Westernization," the Shah says.) New hotels, blocks of flats and offices soar up side by side with glinting blue mosques, Westernstyle schools and supermarkets. In bustling bazaars, air conditioners and television sets are sell-outs.

Dramatic change is coming also to Iran's ancient countryside. The vast Khuzistan in south-west Iran, once a desert, is now a productive breadbasket. Here the Pahlavi dam, one of the world's highest, is beginning to transform agriculture and standards of living on 300,000 acres. Tractors dot the fertile fields. In the villages, farmers proudly exhibit their one-room school, then the community bath-house. A few villages are getting electricity, and those farmers without it have discovered the wonders of world news and entertainment via transistor radios, which they hook over the horns of their oxen while they plough.

Happily for the country, an area of 100,000 square miles in south-west Iran is overflowing with oil—possibly the world's greatest reserves, currently yielding over Rs. 562-5 crores a year through a

consortium of British, American, Dutch and French companies.

From the beginning of his tenure, Mohammad Reza Shah has shown zeal for social reform. Appalled at the ignorance, neglect and grinding poverty of Iran's 16 million tenant farmers (average income, then, about Rs. 300 a year), he began giving away in 1950 his own vast crown lands—about 1,000 villages and three million acres—and ordered them sold at low cost and on small instalments to tenants working the land.

Firm Action. The Shah had hoped by his example to induce "ruling families" to follow with land reforms. But the power élite of absentee land-owners and merchants, who lived in extravagant idleness in Tehran and abroad, managed to hold up his crusade for several years. At length, the Shah forced a confrontation, "Change your ways or there will be a revolution," he warned. "And I will lead it."

The angry Shah meant business. Dissolving the landlord-dominated parliament, which had repeatedly stymied his efforts, he took his case before the people, and on January 26, 1963, promulgated a whole series of basic reforms—"Revolution from the top," he calls it.

These include land reform, universal suffrage and wholesale revision of election laws, nationalization of forests, profit-sharing in industry and plans to combat illiteracy. The Shah's programme was 78

overwhelmingly adopted in a national referendum.

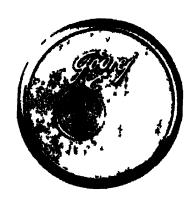
Land reform, of course, was the most urgent, for some 16 million peasants were huddled in the 54,000 mud-walled, isolated villages of Iran, without decent diet, schools, sanitation or doctors. Of these medieval-style villages, powerful landlords owned some 10,000 and the best land. With the Shah's stunning victory, multi-village landlordism was ended once and for all.

Now, five years later, 17,000 great farms and holdings of big landlords and small, in 52,818 villages, have been distributed among 2.3 million farm families, or nearly 11.5 million people. Tens of thousands bought their land, while thousands more chose 30-year leases. While it is still too early to appraise the success of the Shah's land reform, already there are encouraging signs and, psychologically, the change has been electric.

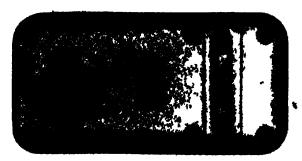
At the moment the Shah is moving into the final and boldest phase of his land reform: corporate agriculture which would lump all of one village's land together to be farmed as a large-scale unit. As the Shah envisages the plan, small farmers will be given company shares in return for their land, and the consolidated unit will be run like an industry.

In another of his major reforms, the Shah is bringing education to the primitive Iranian villages through the army. Take handsome, black-eyed recruit Modir Rousta,

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whom I visited in the Elburz Mountains. Like every other able Iranian lad of 20, Modir was drafted for compulsory army service and, following four months' special training, was required to spend 18 months teaching in a village elementary school.

These soldier-teachers set up school as best they can—in a mosque, tent, under a convenient tree. Modir was lucky, for grateful villagers pitched in to help build a two-room brick school. Here he teaches 31 children by day and a score of adults by night, drilling them in the 32-letter Farsi alphabet, simple reading, arithmetic and

hygiene.

After school hours the soldier-teachers spend their time cultivating farm demonstration plots, helping to build a bridge, a new road, a community bath-house and latrines. Since its launching in 1963 the Literacy Corps has dispatched 34,000 of these young recruits to Iran's remotest villages, where they have reached about 1.7 million children and 400,000 adults. Equally encouraging, some 13,000 soldiers have chosen to remain in teaching, and Iran has built more schools than during the previous 50 years.

The Shah's third major reform concerns one of the most revolutionary bills in Iran's history: a proposal to liberalize family and divorce laws. Traditionally a Moslem man could divorce his wife simply by repeating three times, "I divorce you . . ." But now militant women's organizations have won greater legal protection, such as specific grounds for divorce, property settlement and custody of children. The reform also prohibits a man from bringing home a second wife unless the first consents.

With this and the equal-suffrage reform, Iran's women are seeing exciting changes. Says Mrs. Effat Samiian, a leader in the 10,000-member National Iranian Women's Organization, "We used to wear black chadors to hide our faces, but today we have six women in parliament, more and more are being accepted in business and the professions, and they receive equal pay for equal work—something many Western countries have not yet achieved."

Trade Links. In its dash to catch up with the twentieth century, Iran is developing a practical, hard-headed business policy. The government deals boldly with both East and West.

Last year the Shah negotiated a Rs. 405 crores, five-year trade pact in which the Soviets promised to build a giant steel mill and machine-tool complex for Iran. In exchange, Iran was to deliver to Russia 20,000 million cubic metres of waste gas over a Rs. 225 crores, 750-mile trans-Iranian pipeline.

At the same time, Iran agreed to a mammoth undertaking in which a large U.S. chemical company is teaming up with Iran to build a Rs. 127-5 crores petro-chemical plant that will be one of the world's biggest and a major source of fertilizer production, not only for Iran but for other nations of Asia and Africa. Thus, the Shah is making investment flow, a tremendous achievement for an Asian government.

Iran these days is an amazing oneman show—the Shah. Pictures of him and his attractive 29-year-old third wife, Farah (he separated from his first two for failure to produce a male heir), appear in every public place. The Iranian Press, privately-run but still not free to criticize or oppose the administration, perpetuates the father image of the Shah—the Tehran Journal calls his reign "enlightened absolutism" —and both major political parties obeisantly support him. (The communist-led Tudeh party is banned.) While the Shah is introducing Iran to more democratic institutions, he still runs a tight, one-man government.

Despite two extremely close assassination attempts, the Shah travels

freely in his country and is apparently widely popular, even revered. He appears to be a monarch genuinely devoted to his people's welfare. "The hardest-working man in Iran," Iranians say of their Shah.

Indeed, he sets himself a hard pace. An early riser, he reads Iranian and foreign newspapers, scans official mail and messages, then plunges into a strenuous 15-hour day of appointments. He is a world traveller, a sharp observer, and extremely well informed. He speaks fluent French and English, is a voracious reader and the author of two books, Mission to My Country and White Revolution, which chronicle the progress of his country.

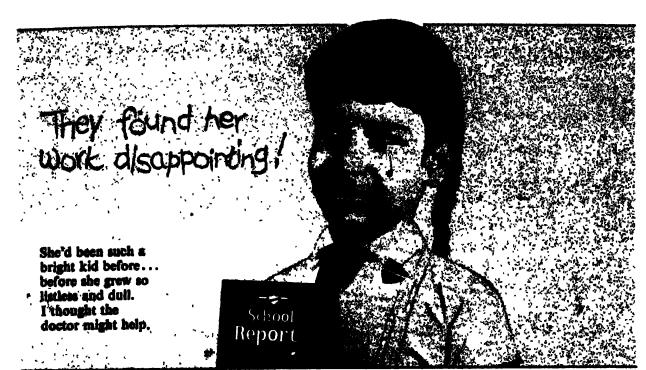
An avid sportsman, the trim, athletic Shah keeps fit with tennis, polo, soccer and bowling. He is an ardent sports-car fan and likes nothing better than to pilot a supersonic jet. He has a Crown Prince now, a second son and two daughters.

Altogether good form for a king determined that his country catches up with the twentieth century.

Hush Money

Many friends are amazed that, after smoking heavily for 20 years, I gave it up completely, and this was discussed frequently in my father's presence. Eventually he said "Bob, when you were a boy, I offered you Rs. 1,000 if you wouldn't smoke, but you started smoking. Then I offered you Rs. 1,000 if you'd stop but you kept on. Now that you have stopped, I'll give you Rs. 1,000 if you'll stop talking about it!"

—Robert C. Vinson





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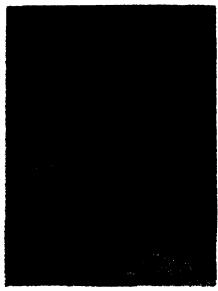
Horlicks is excellent for growing children. They use up energy so fast that often their normal diet does not provide enough nourishment to replace it. Horlicks provides just what they need—that extra nourishment which is quickly converted into energy. This is because it is made from the finest natural foods which are converted by a special process into a form that the body assimilates very easily. Doctors recommend Horlicks for children because it helps them to grow sturdy and strong. It helps to meet the demands of a growing young body and to supply extra energy for study and for play. Your child needs Horlicks.

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New studies reveal how mental stress can affect you physically. Knowing the causes can be part of the cure

DOES EMOTIONAL TENSION MAKE YOU ILL?

By Patricia and Ron Deutsch

or two months I've had these spells," Frances Wilson told the heart specialist. "I get short of breath. My heart beats like a hammer and unevenly. I'm dizzy and I tremble. My chest hurts. Twice I've fainted. My doctor says that my blood pressure and electrocardiogram are abnormal."

"Was there any upset in your routine before the spells began?" the

specialist asked.

"My husband was transferred abroad," said Frances. "I stayed behind to let the children finish the school year. Since he left, I haven't slept well. Do you think fatigue caused my heart trouble?"

"I suspect we'll find that you don't have heart trouble at all," said the specialist, "and that your illness is caused by emotion"

is caused by emotion."

Although the doctor was proved right, Frances was not imagining her ailments. Nor was she mentally ill in the usual sense of the phrase. Emotional stress can produce real illness—true changes in the body chemistry and structure of quite normal people. And this phenomenon is amazingly common. At a recent conference, specialists agreed that psychogenic (emotion-caused) disorders account for perhaps two out of three visits to the doctor.

Physicians have long known that

the mind could make the body ill. But they did not know how to differentiate between physically caused illness and that caused by emotional stress. Today, answers to this problem are beginning to appear. And many doctors are using this new information as regularly as they employ their stethoscopes.

Frances Wilson's case illustrates one of the easiest means of recognizing such ills: identifying characteristic "clusters" of physical symptoms which often point to emotional causes.

Since her spells resembled a common cluster called "neurocirculatory asthenia," the heart specialist tried a simple test. For two minutes he made her breathe deeply and rapidly. She grew dizzy. Her heart pounded. She gasped that she was having an attack.

When she had rested, the doctor explained: "Those were some of the physical signs of great anxiety. Rapid deep breathing produces many such signs in any person. When we are afraid or angry, a part of the brain called the hypothalamus prepares the body for action. The heart speeds up to rush blood to our muscles. We breathe hard to fill the blood with oxygen. Hormones are released to bring the nervous system to a pitch of alarmed readiness. Sometimes our conscious mind, seeing no reason to be angry or afraid, may hide our awareness of anxiety. Yet all the while the hypothalamus continues the alarm.

Frances Wilson's emotional alarm had evidently been triggered off by the temporary separation from her husband. "I feel upset if anyone close leaves me," she admitted to the doctor. "When I was a child, my parents went away on holiday and were both killed in an accident. When Jim left—the first time in our marriage he's been away more than overnight—I felt real panic. I pulled myself together, but I suppose the fear was still there." Frances was given tranquillizers and saw the doctor three times to talk over her fears. The symptoms vanished in two weeks.

Reflex Actions. The mind evokes certain automatic responses from the body. Think about food and you salivate. Words or thoughts can prepare sexual organs for function, cause a blush or goose-flesh. But more serious effects can be wrought by emotion. Take the case of Ruth Chadwick.

Four times Ruth had conceived a child but miscarried. On her fifth pregnancy, the obstetrician asked Ruth how she felt about mother-hood. He learned that, though she wanted a child, girlhood tales of the rigours of labour had terrified her. He decided to let Ruth talk about her fears at 'each pre-natal visit. With no other treatment, Ruth delivered a healthy full-term baby.

Why? Researchers say that a woman fearful of pregnancy might, after weeks or months of carrying a baby, produce special hormones of a type normally produced only at the end of pregnancy. They cause contractions, dilate the opening of the cervix, and bring about birth. Indeed, many women like Ruth Chadwick, who habitually miscarry, may need only a little skilled advice to carry a child to a normal birth.

How can thought work such changes? There is a pathway between the hypothalamus, the brain segment that controls primitive reactions to anger, fear, hunger and sex, and the pituitary gland.

This Discovery. mysterious gland, the size of a sugar cube, located at the base of the brain, was known to secrete a growth hormone. But research has uncovered a number of other hormones it produces. The front lobe alone was found to create chemicals that trigger the making of sex hormones and govern the thyroid, which in turn controls the body's metabolism. It yields yet another chemical that regulates adrenal secretion.

The middle and back lobes of the pituitary affect the kidneys, contractions of the uterus, and blood

pressure.

"We have had only a superficial look at this gland," says one researcher, "but we now know oneway in which emotion can be translated into bodily changes."

With such clues to very real mechanisms, many doctors have begun to look for signs of emotional stress in patients as a matter of routine. Written tests have been designed to seek out the factors most commonly found among people whose ailments have been caused by emotion.

One such patient was Jean Becker, whose low back pain had grown steadily worse for a year, with no apparent cause. The symptoms seemed to suggest a ruptured spinal disc, which sometimes cannot be seen on X-ray. Her doctor gave her a 20question test.. After analysing her answers, he asked, "Have you been depressed lately?"

"Ever since a year ago, when my father died," she said. "Mother died when I was small, and Dad brought me up alone. Although my husband and children give me plenty of family life, without Dad all the joy seems to have gone out of things.'

The doctor gave her anti-depression pills and told her to come in for a chat every few days. Within a week Jean's back pain had disappeared. Moreover, the talks revealed that she felt her children had little need of her and that her husband was too occupied with his business to give her much attention. Only her father had seemed to depend on her.

When the situation was explained to Jean's husband and children, they quickly gave her the assurance of love she needed, and the pills could be stopped. Had the back pain persisted once Jean's depression was gone, the doctor would have felt it more likely that the cause was pure-

ly physical.

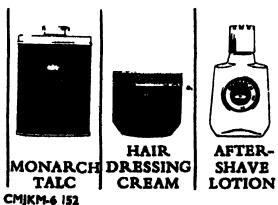
One test devised by doctors seeks

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Helene Curtis

out unexplained fatigue, lack of sex interest, loss of weight, constipation, hopelessness, feelings of usclessness, difficulty in making decisions and restlessness. We all have these feelings at times, but the key to this test is whether a number of such factors are present much of the time.

Sleep disturbance is one of the prime clues: the person with a psychogenic disorder is likely to wake early in the morning or during the night and have a chronic

feeling of fatigue.

Sudden changes in life are often found to precede illness. In one study of patients with a wide range of ailments, three out of four were found to have recently suffered some major loss—loved ones, jobs, homes. Even apparently pleasant changes, such as a holiday abroad, can cause trouble. The tourist who complains about foreign food or water would probably be wiser to blame the tension of being in a strange place. Moreover, susceptibility to minor illnesses may be caused by small emotional stresses.

Are doctors other than psychiatrists really able to handle such emotional problems? Numerous experiences show that they are. Most doctors cannot devote an hour to talk with a patient as psychiatrists do. But so long a time has been found unnecessary in treating most patients with psychogenic illness. They need, primarily, reassurance that their ills can be dealt with.

As doctors learn to incorporate the new knowledge of psychogenic illness into their work, some of the responsibility, as always, must rest with the patient. He should make an effort to protect himself when he knows that stress has made him vulnerable. He can help the doctor by telling him when emotional upheaval has preceded or accompanied an illness. He should be completely frank about his angers and fears, his frustrations and losses.

The heroic view that "everything is fine" may be good manners with a friend, but it is poor judgement when it is your doctor who wants to know.

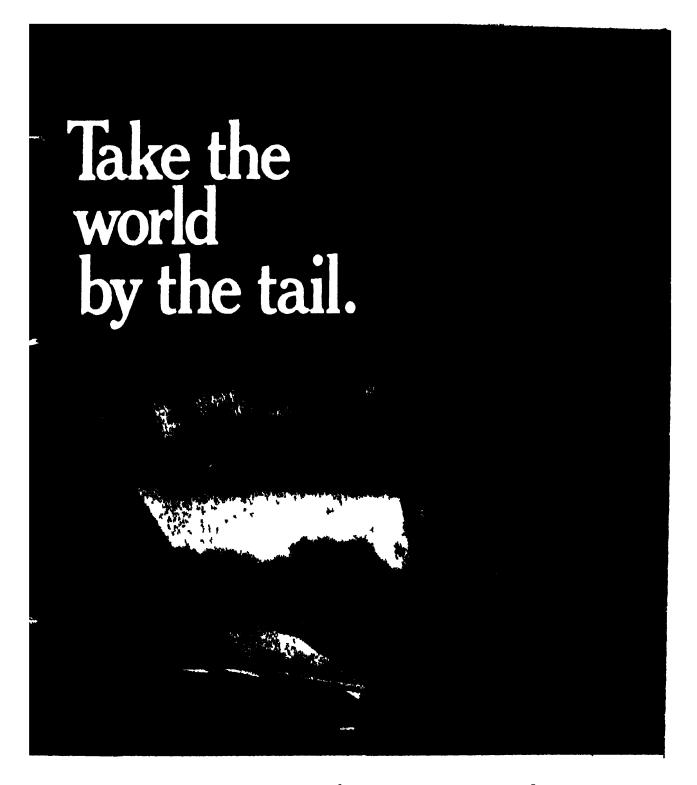


Catastrophe

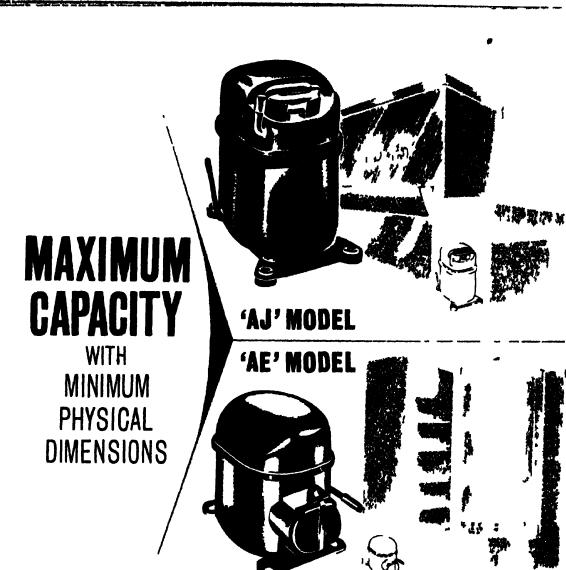
An income-tax inspector received a return from a woman over 65 claiming seven children as dependants. He noticed that the previous year she had claimed only two children. The woman was duly asked to explain.

"The cat had kittens," she said. The inspector replied that kittens might cost money but they can't be claimed as dependants.

"Young man, you must be mistaken," she said. "I've been claiming the parents for years."



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"Bennet's Cottage on the Tamar, near Launceston" by Samuel Prout (1783-1852)

Song of the Streams

By HENRY VAN DYKE

A paean of praise for little rivers

ship, there is nothing outside the animal kingdom comparable to a little river. It has a life, a character, a voice of its own, and it is full of good fellowship. It can talk in various tones, loud or low, and of many subjects, grave and gay.

Under favourable circumstances it will even sing

I will admit that a very good case can be made in favour of the sea or the mountains But, after all, love of the sea is a disquieting passion, lacking in comfort and mutual confidence. The sea is too big for loving and too uncertain. It will not fit into our thoughts. The mountain is voiceless and imperturbable; its very loftiness sometimes makes us more lonely.

Trees seem to come closer to our life. They are often rooted in our richest feelings; our sweetest memories, like birds, build nests in their branches. But when I invite a friend with me or wander alone to indulge the luxury of unlaborious thought, my feet turn not to a tree, but to the banks of a stream. It is there that I would choose to make love, and to revive old friendships, to play with the children, to escape from vain, selfish desires, and to cleanse my mind from all the false and foolish things that mar the joy of living.

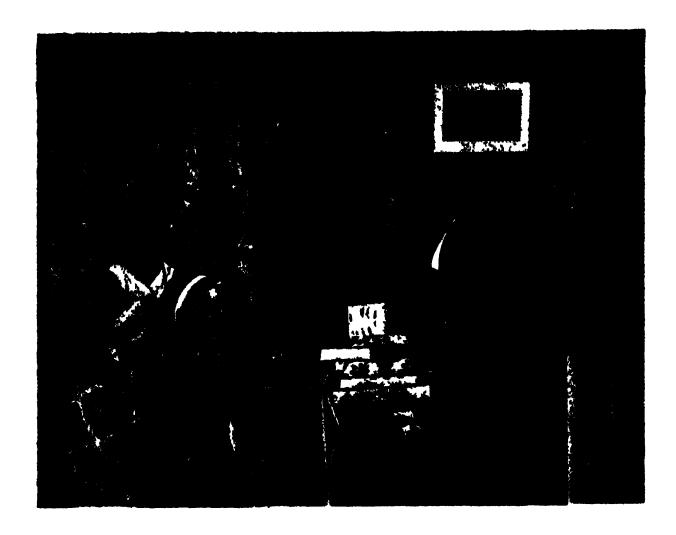
The life of a little river, like that of a human being, consists in the union of soul and body, the water and the banks. They belong together. The stream moulds and makes the shore, hollowing out a bay here, building a point there; luring the little bushes close to its side, and bending the tall slim trees over its current. The shore guides and controls the stream; now bending it in a hundred sinuous curves, and now speeding it straight as a wild bee on its homeward flight. Here it hides the water in a deep cleft overhung with branches, there spreads it out like a mirror to reflect the sky.

Every stream that flows has something worthy to be loved. But those that we love most are the ones we have known best. It is with them as it is with people: the greatest are not always the most agreeable. You can imagine much better company for a walking trip than Napoleon Bonaparte. I am all for the little rivers.

And if an open fire is the eye of a room, then surely a little river may be called the mouth, the most expressive feature, of a landscape. It animates and enlivens the whole scene. Even a railway journey becomes tolerable when the track follows the course of a running stream. Here is a white cascade, foaming in silent pantomime as the train clatters past; and there is a long, still pool with the cows standing kneedeep in the water and swinging their tails in calm indifference to the world.

Little rivers seem to have the indefinable quality that belongs to certain people—they excite interestby their very presence and way of doing things. The most fascinating part of a city or town is that through which the water flows. Idlers always choose a bridge for their place of meditation and, failing that, you will find them sitting on the bank, with their feet hanging over the water.

But the real way to know a little river is not to glance at it here or there in the course of a hasty journey, nor to become acquainted with it after it has been partly spoilt by too close contact with the works of man. You must go to its native



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haunts; and you must follow its meanderings wherever they may lead you.

It is essential that you are glad to be led; you must take the little river for guide, philosopher and friend. It can show you, better than any other teacher, how nature works her enchantments with colour and music. As evening draws near, and the air is full of filmy insects out for their last dance, the voice of the little river becomes louder and more distinct. In this mystical hour you will hear the most entrancing of bird songs. Sometimes, you will see the singer as he pours his whole heart into a long liquid chant.

The very best thing of Charles Darwin's that I know is this bit from a letter to his wife: "At last I fell asleep on the grass, and awoke with a chorus of birds singing around me, and squirrels running up the tree, and some woodpeckers laughing; and it was as pleasant and rural a scene as ever I saw; and I did not care one penny how any of the

birds or beasts had been formed."

It is not required of every man and woman to be or to do something great; most of us must content ourselves with taking small parts in the chorus. Even those who have greatness thrust upon them will do well to lay the burden down now and then, and congratulate themselves that they are not altogether answerable for the conduct of the universe.

We can take ourselves and the world too scriously. Half of the un rest of modern society comes from the vain idea that every man is bound to be a critic of life, and to let no day pass without finding some fault with the general order of things, or projecting some plan for its improvement. And the other half comes from the greedy notion that a man's life consists in the things that he possesses, and that it is somehow more respectable and pious to be always at work making a larger living than it is to lie on your back beside the still waters and thank God that you are alive.

Heading for Extinction

A U.S. VEHICLE survey has revealed that, in 1940, each car on the road contained an average of 3.2 persons. In 1950, occupancy had declined to 2.1 persons per car. By 1960, the average was down to 1.4 persons. At this rate, by 1980 every third car going by will have nobody in it.

—T.S.

Told that future machines will operate almost without man's help, Kenneth Maidment, vice-chancellor of New Zealand's Auckland University, remarked: "I can visualize in the future a great hall filled with all sorts of electronic equipment and a solitary biped standing in the middle. If you ask what he is called, the answer could be MAN—Meaningless Archaic Nonentity."

—The Railway Clerk



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Our Preposterous Friend, CHARLES DICKENS

By George Dangerfield

the English Victorian scene like a mob in action. He fought social evils with two of the most powerful weapons in the world—laughter and sentimentality.

He visited jails and orphan asylums and protested against their abominable conditions. He nerved himself to attend a public execution, and with a letter to *The Times* started a campaign which eventually ended hanging as a public spectacle. He even founded a

home for prostitutes which bore the picturesque name of Urania Cottage, where the fallen woman could be transformed into the virtuous wife of the unsuspecting colonial farmer—all by cultivating a garden and learning a few simple lessons.

Poor Dickens! The atmosphere at Urania wasn't always what it should have been; the place was often broken up in drunken brawls. But it held out for some 30 years.

No doubt he was over-exuberant,

like most of his characters, and over-dressed like almost all his prose. When he sat for his portrait the artist protested against his robin's-egg-blue overcoat with the scarlet cuffs. "I like colours," Dickens said simply. He was naturally theatrical and never excused himself for anything he did.

Foolhardy. Once he took malicious pleasure in ducking a young lady into the sea. She was a coy teaser who led him into a flirtation which had no point. A flirtation in those days led to the altar, or it led nowhere—and Dickens was married. But she goaded him too far, and on a moonless night he held her in the rising tide until her best silk dress was ruined.

He was laughing and she whimpered with rage and fear. "Don't struggle, poor little bird," he declaimed, "you are powerless in the claws of such a kite as I. Dress! Talk not to me of dress. Am I not immolating a brand-new pair of patent-leathers still unpaid for? In this hour of abandonment to the voice of destiny, shall we be held back by the puerilities of silken raiment? Shall leather stop the bolt of Fate?"

There is also the story of Maria Beadnell. Dickens first met her when he was 17 and she was a dark little beauty of 18, known among her friends as the "Pocket Venus." Her father, a bank manager, did not approve of the many visits from a young reporter with a talent and no perceptible future. And eventually, Maria herself jilted him and married a steady, dullish fellow with a small income. Dickens never forgot her, and never ceased to love her; she was the origin of Dora Spenlow in *David Copperfield*.

Twenty-two years passed. Then one day Dickens received a letter from Maria, confessing openly that she had always loved him.

Dickens's own marriage had not turned out too well, and the very sight of Maria's handwriting made him tremble all over. A meeting was arranged, and Heaven knows what bright mixture of Maria and Dora he expected; what he found was a dumpy, dingy little woman with a taste for gin. So Dora Spenlow of David Copperfield became Flora Finching of Little Dorrit, the cruellest piece of character writing that Dickens ever did. For 20 years he had built up the image of an ideal woman, only to murder her in cold print.

The older he grew, the more he thought of himself as a public institution—which he was. After his wife had presented him with ten children, Dickens left her because she got on his nerves—a challenge to Victorian convention. He published a bombastic explanation in the big newspapers, and in *Household Words*, his own magazine.

Afterwards, when he was seen in the company of actresses whom he innocently adored, as he adored everything connected with the whispers. But he had the kind of personality which instinctively woos danger, and from whom danger furtively retreats. Queen Victoria, that touchstone of middle-class respectability, not only gave him an audience, but presented him with a copy of her *Journal* in which she inscribed, "From one of the humblest of authors to one of the greatest." He had survived a scandal not only with arrogance but with distinction.

His books were read by tens of thousands. Long queues shivered outside the various halls where he was to speak. When he visited America, one queue in Brooklyn lit bonfires and lay out on mattresses all night, risking frostbite and pneumonia for the privilege of paying three dollars to see what was, after all, the most stupendous one-man show in history.

In his public readings, Dickens would stand in front of purple velvet curtains behind a table covered with matching plush. Gas lamps cast startling shadows, illuminating and silhouetting. Thus focused, his eyebrows, eyes and mouth shuttled about in his face like a Disney cartoon.

His voice was capable of every tone and inflexion. He could be Sarah Gamp, Sam Weller, Scrooge; and when the voice of Tiny Tim came pure and artless from above his beard, nobody thought it incongruous. His audience groaned, sobbed, and howled with laughter. He was a colossal success, and it killed him...

He died, as he had always promised himself, in harness. On June 8, 1870, he had been at his desk all day, writing Edwin Drood. The writing of this book had put far too much strain on him, but he did not want to disappoint his beloved public. That evening, sitting at dinner, he suddenly collapsed, and "died of popularity," on June 9.

He was buried in London's Westminster Abbey with the reverence of his public and the approval of his queen. The nineteenth century could offer no more.

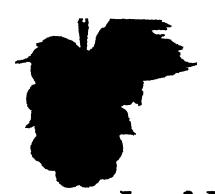
Dickens liked a good laugh, a good cry, an honest rage, and a fit of the horrors; and he liked to give these things to other people. His novels came out in monthly numbers, and from month to month he was besieged with letters, imploring him to keep some character alive, or even to change his plot. A dour Scottish lawyer burst into tears at the death of Little Nell; a gentleman who had been given two weeks to live thanked God that the next umber of *Pickwick Papers* would be out in ten days.

This was a public, and this was a man!

WE TRY to think twice about big decisions. And then we think a third time, to break the tie.

—C.T.





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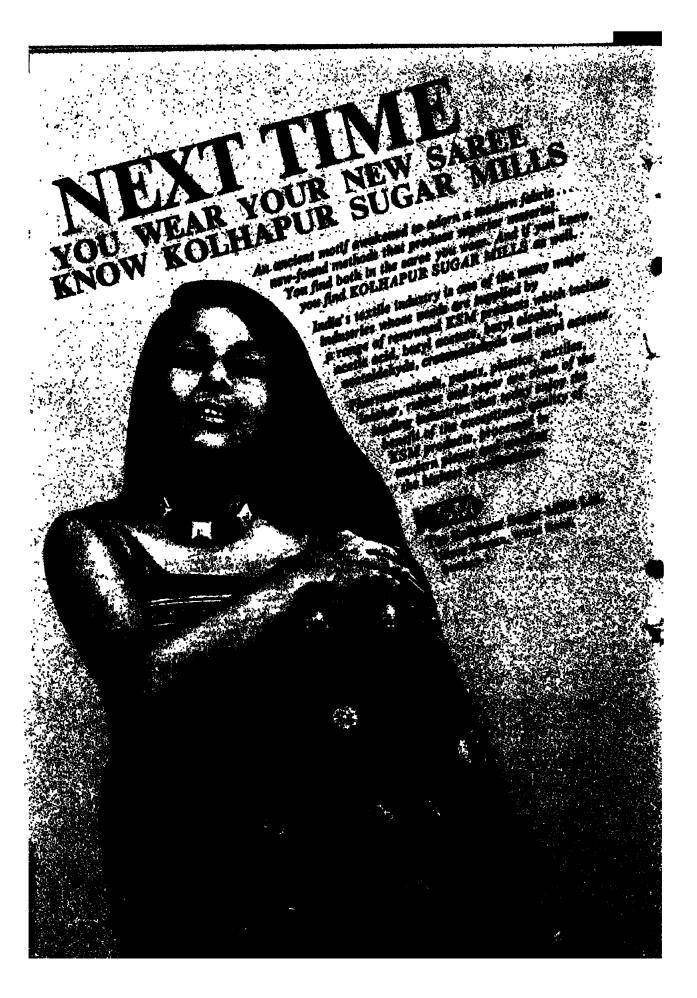
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WE HAD been discussing saints, naming our favourites among them "Which saint would you like best to be?" we asked our daughter, expecting the usual platitudes about the viva cious Teresa or the modest Clare.

"Oh," she said firmly, "I'd choose to be a martyr." We evidently gaped unbelievingly—but she had her reasons ready. "You see," she explained, "you only have to be a martyr once."

-Phyllus McGinley

BIDDING for various objects was proceeding furiously, when the auctioneer suddenly announced, "A gentleman in this room has lost a wallet containing Rs. 10,000. If it is returned, he will pay a reward of Rs. 2,000."

There was a moment's silence, and then from the back of the room came the cry: "Two thousand five hundred."

—M. S

A young couple bought a budgerigar which would only say, "Let's have a kiss." The local clergyman suggested that they put his bird, which always said, "Let us pray," in the same cage with the delinquent bird so that the latter might learn the more uplifting phrase.

When the two were put together, the couple's bird said, as usual, "Let's have a kiss." Whereupon the preacher's bird said, "My prayers have been answered!"

—L & N

Some small girls were taken to visit a Science Museum. When they came to an exhibit showing the stages of development of the human embryo, they stood in awe before the first display.

Then a bright young miss dashed down to the final one, ran back and announced, "It's a boy!" —M H C

Here is an "All Purpose Political Speech for Any Audience' Its opening paragraph

"These are perilous times We stand at the cross roads of decision, the frontier of destiny. Years ago this was not as true as it proved to be later on. Today there is an increase of 23 per cent in the national index alone. Mental illness accounts for an appal ling three per cent. The rest goes in tax.'

My WIFE had been elected treasurer of her club. Knowing that she had never kept financial records before, I wondered how she was getting on. She asked for no advice, and I asked no questions, but one day I sneaked a look at her books. Two columns of figures were neatly headed INCOME and OUTGOING, while a third, at the bottom of the page, was labelled OUTCOME.

—G. E G

In its programme of consumer research, the management of a department store asked one of its salesmen to describe the average man's reaction when he looks in the mirror and sees himself in one of their suits.

"It's a funny thing," said the salesman. "A customer comes in and I help him into a new jacket, adjust the shoulders and pull down the



sleeves. Then I take him to a threeway mirror, and all he says is, 'Gosh, I need a haircut!" -S.P.D.

A FELLOW tells us his wife worried so much about growing old that she turned blonde overnight. -Earl Wilson

CARTOONIST Rollin Kirby was telling Humphrey Bogart and me about his infallible talent for saying the wrong thing at the wrong time. He had just returned from a holiday in Bermuda, where a friend had taken him to a large luncheon.

At his end of the table, Kirby heard someone mention the American consul, and he said, "To me, being an American consul in a place like this is a confession of failure—like being a ship's surgeon."

His friend nudged him, nodding his head towards the man who sat at the other end of the table, and whispered,

"Our host is the American consul." I said, "Rollin, you certainly can put your foot in it."

"Yes, Rollin," Bogart agreed. "My father was a ship's surgeon."

--Howard Lindsay

When I accompanied my husband on a business trip abroad, he kept a daily list of our expenses. One night as we prepared for bed in our hotel room, we heard the soft strumming of a guitar. Stepping out on the balcony, we saw a young strolling musician. My husband tossed several coins down to the boy, and we stood there entranced by the sweet-sad strains of love songs.

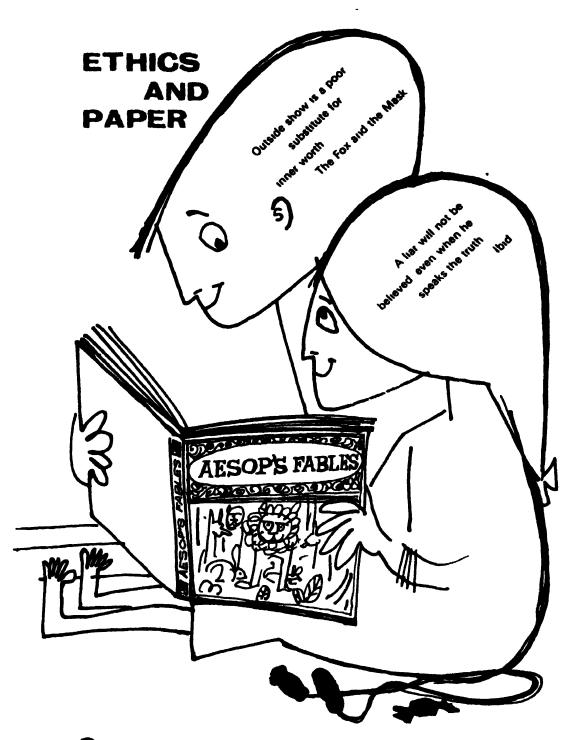
But the romantic mood passed abruptly when my husband took our expense book out of his pocket and scribbled: "Serenade: Re. 1." -M.B.C.

Members at Weight Watchers' meetings get up and recite their individual problems and how they are solving them. One woman stood up at a meeting recently and said, "I'm down from 18 stone to 13, and guess what my friends call me—Twiggy!"

THE LOCAL reporter was interviewing two old farmers. His final question to them was: "What would you do if you were to inherit a million dollars tomorrow?"

The first man said that he would stop working at once, fish, take life easy and live off the income from his windfall.

The second scratched his head, thought for a while and answered, "I suppose I'd just keep on farming until it was all gone."



Children through their childhood studies learn to differentiate between good and bad. The more they study the more they learn. In every sphere of life thirst for knowledge is ever on the increase. It is through the medium of paper that knowledge is communicated to all



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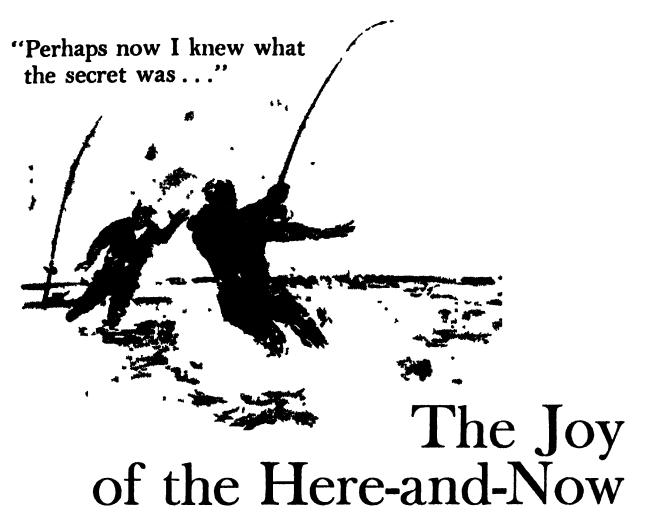
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By Arthur Gordon

ber, to the sense of despondency and depression that had been troubling me for several days. There were no great crises facing me, just minor worries. The post seemed to consist of nothing but bills. I had done some work that wasn't much good. I had agreed to attempt a job that I didn't like: I was afraid of it, really. In my bleak and self-pitying mood, I felt trapped. If I looked ahead, there was the spectre of failure. If I looked back,

there was the shadow of disappointment. And where else was there to look?

For an hour or so I tried to work, but it was no good. Outside my window, the sea rolled green and gold. When the tide turned, the surf would begin to hammer on the outer bars, a mile or so offshore. Out there, I knew, was temporary escape. So, saying nothing to anyone, I left the house. And on the path leading down to the boat I met my friend, or, rather, my acquaintance the

rabbi. We didn't know each other well. Nearing 70, he was a distinguished Jewish scholar, recently retired. He had a wonderful face, clean-shaven and strong, and an aura of great dignity and composure. He glanced at my two long surf rods—I always carry a spare—and then at the skiff riding just off-shore. "Fishing? Alone?"

I nodded, and said jokingly, "Want to come?" And waited for the polite refusal.

He looked at me thoughtfully. "Do you want company?"

I stared at him, taken aback. I was not at all sure that I wanted to share my flight with anyone. And I was quite sure that the rabbi knew as much about surf fishing as I knew about the Talmud. Still, I had asked him. "It's chancy fishing," I said. "Wet and rough. Good fish or none. But if you'd like to try it——"

"That's very kind of you," he said. "May I have ten minutes to change my clothes?"

"Take your time. I've got to catch some bait."

After I had caught three mullet, I sat on the gunwale, trying not to regret my invitation. I didn't see, really, how an elderly rabbi could be happy on a wave-haunted sandbar so far from shore.

Around me everything was as familiar as my skin: the jade water, the greener marshes, the fierce sun, the gentle sky. The little boat was just a curved piece of fibre-glass, but she knew how to play tag with the

sea. The rods were shabby and seastained, but the reels were oiled and bright. The engine was shedding its paint, but I knew its moods down to the last sullen hiccup. These were my toys, and ordinarily when things went wrong I could merge myself with them and be comforted. But today, somehow, I took them for granted.

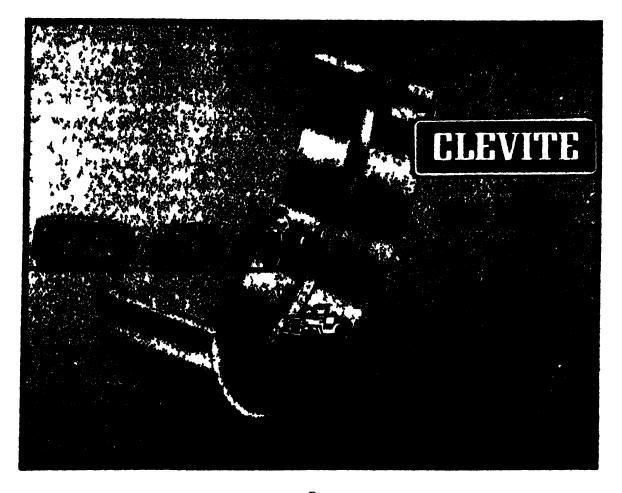
The rabbi came back, eager as a boy. The engine whined; the wake flared out behind. At the mouth of the inlet we took the first big roller at an angle, jumped the trough, and landed on the second with a spine-shivering crash. The explosion of spray was higher than our heads. The rabbi's eyes were as bright as the sun dazzle around us. The roar of the engine filled my ears, but I could read his lips. "Marvellous!" he was saying to himself. "Marvellous!"

Drop Anchor. The bar was a ribbon of sand perhaps 50 yards wide. At high tide it disappeared altogether, and already the sea gnawed at its eastern edge like a wolf at a bone. Here in the white water, sometimes, the big bass swam.

The anchor sank its iron teeth into the sand. Ahead, the sea stretched away, unfettered. Beyond the breakers, pelicans were fishing, each final plunge as sharp and streamlined as an arrowhead.

When we left the boat, the rabbi looked down in wonder at the sculptured sand patterns beneath his feet. "The footprints of the sea," he

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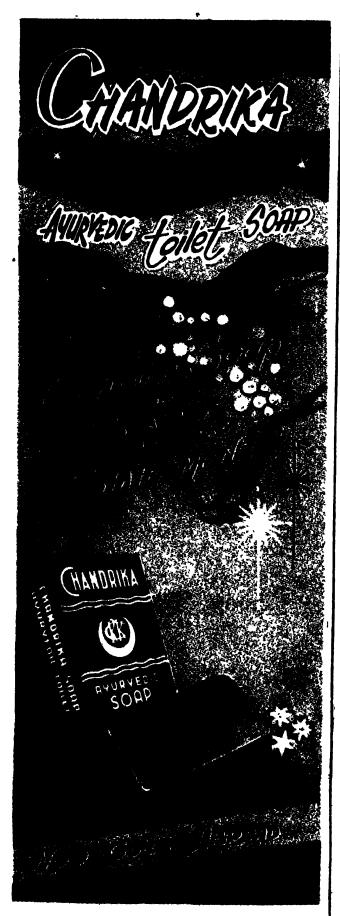


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said. He held up a shell with delight. "Look! It still has the sunrise in it!"

I had passed such shells a thousand times. Now, suddenly, looking at the flushed opalescence, I felt an easing of tension, a lessening of loneliness.

We came to the leaping surf. As I baited the hooks, I gave a short lecture on the mysteries of bait casting, the art of letting the rod do the work, the importance of maintaining thumb pressure on the reel to avoid the horrors of a backlash. The rabbi listened patiently, a teacher taught. "I'll make the first cast for you," I said. "Then you're on your own. If a fish strikes, back up slowly, wear him down, and slide him out on the beach. The drag is set so that he shouldn't be able to break the line. But keep the pressure on him."

I handed over the rod, moved away, made my own cast. Silence, then, except for wind-hum and wave-slap, foam-hiss and bird-cry. I found myself thinking about the rabbi, groping for the essence of the man. There was something different about him, something so simple yet so profound that I couldn't quite grasp it. Out of the corner of my eye I could see him, braced against the buffeting of the waves, face turned skyward to watch a gull. He had let his rod-tip drop until it was almost in the water. All wrong, but there was no use shouting at him over the surf.

Time passed. The rabbi managed

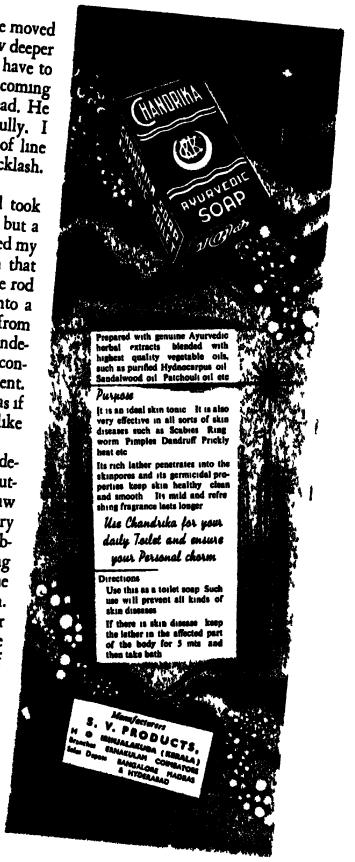
a timid cast or two. The tide moved in; wash and backwash grew deeper around us. Soon we would have to go. Then I saw the rabbi coming towards me, shaking his head. He held out his rod sorrowfully. I looked at the tangled mass of line on his reel—a stupendous backlash. "Can you fix it?" he asked.

I handed him my rod and took his. It was hopeless. Nothing but a sharp knife could fix it I opened my mouth to tell him so, and in that instant the world changed. The rod in the rabbi's hands curved into a quivering bow. Line streaked from the reel. On the rabbi's face, indescribably blended, were shock, consternation, incredulity, amazement. When a big bass strikes, it's not as if a fish has taken your line. It's like the ocean seizing it.

Determination. I jumped sideways, stopping myself from shouting advice. Sixty yards away I saw the fish break water with an angry flash of a great bronze tail. The rabbi was holding on grimly, backing towards the beach. Suddenly, the fish turned and ran straight at him.

When the sea is holding your knees in a tight embrace, and you're leaning back against 20 pounds of pull, and that pressure is suddenly removed, the result is predictable. The rabbi fell over backwards. The sea rolled over him. For a moment he was utterly and completely gone. No rod. No rabbi. Nothing.

Before I could move to help, he rose, dripping, from the foam. He



groped frantically in the depths. I knew that if the fish had taken up the slack, the rod would be gone. But he found it, raised it aloft. The reel moaned a metallic protest. The fish was still on; the line hissed through the water like a scythe.

The rabbi, turning to face his adversary, kept moving resolutely backwards. But he was moving away from the beach, deeper and deeper out into the ocean. I had to flounder out and turn him back.

Then there was nothing to do but wait and hope that hook and leader would hold, that man would outlast fish. Twice more I saw 40 inches of frenzied copper swirl beneath the surface, and each time I yelled and clapped my hands like a child, because the haze was gone from my mind and heart, and I saw it all as the rabbi was seeing it: new and wonderful and splendid and true.

The great bass came in at last on the shoulder of a wave, head down, still full of fight. In his excitement, the rabbi dropped his rod-tip until it was pointing straight at the fish. I gave a strangled cry of warning—too late. The massive tail slammed against the sand as the bass reversed himself. With a twang like a broken harpstring, the leader snapped. Spray flashed like diamonds. He was gone.

I stood, hollow with disappointment. The rabbi came up beside

me. He was soaked, bedraggled, trembling, but there was no defeat in his eyes. He looked at me and smiled. "Marvellous!" he said hoarsely. "Marvellous!" He rested one hand on my shoulder, and I felt how tired he was. "Come on," I said gently. "Let's go home."

Like a dream it all faded, sun and salt, sand and sky. On the shore my friend turned and made a little formal bow. "Thank you," he said. "Thank you for one of the great

mornings of my life."

"Thank you," I murmured. I' watched him go up the path through the dunes, and echoes of his phrases came back to me—footprints of the sea—the shell with sunrise in it. There was a kind of secret joy in them, and I thought that perhaps now I knew what the secret was. This man didn't regret the past or flinch from the future. He lived in the present, the actual quivering moment of existence, the only point where true contact with reality is possible.

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow . . ."

I picked up the backlashed reel. With my knife I cut away the snarls. There was still plenty of line left. I put the boat in order. Then I went back, back to the demanding hours, back to the love and work and friends and family waiting for me in the marvellous here-and-now.

Herepity is what makes the mother and father of teenagers wonder a little about each other.

—G. F. C.

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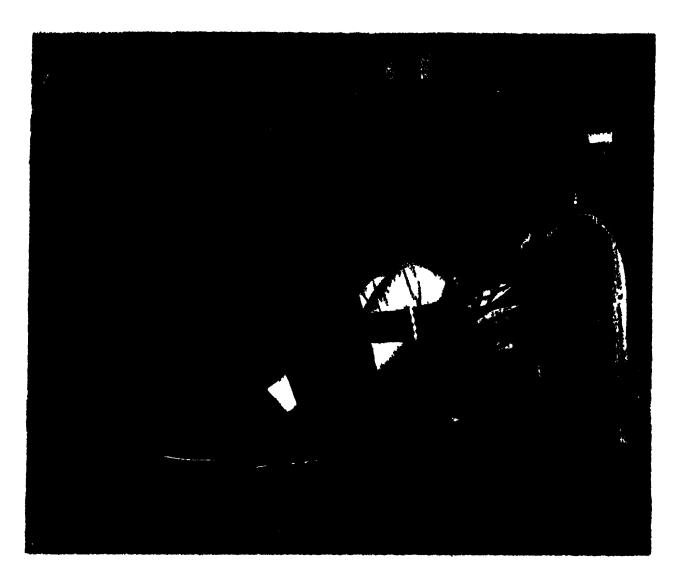
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The harbour of fabled Pago

SAMOA: South Sea Paradise Regained

The efforts of one remarkable man have transformed these Pacific islands from a slum into a showplace



NLY SEVEN years ago, the small cluster of islands composing Eastern Samoa was a disgrace to the United States. Nestling deep in the South Seas, this tiniest, most forgotten of U.S. territories slumbered in tattered neglect. The handsome people, of pure Polynesian blood, had long since grown spiritless, and each year, hundreds of Eastern Samoa's more ambitious youths left the islands to seek education and employment elsewhere.

But today, this former South Seas slum is the showplace of the Pacific. Young expatriates are flooding back to participate in the islands' bursting new life and prosperity. Other

By CLARENCE HALL

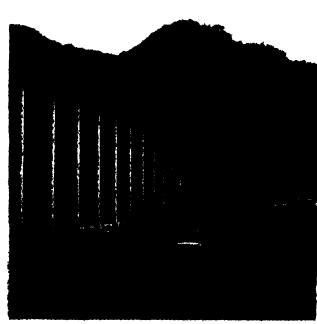
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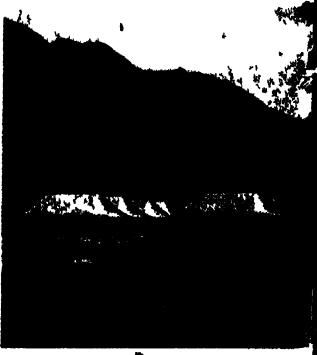
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Women of Tau island, one of the Manua group The handsome new hotel on the beach









New accommodation for the teachers One of the new secondary schools



Governor Rex Lee



Samoan youngsters parade past Lee Civic Auditorium during the South Pacific Conference

islanders come to stare enviously at Eastern Samoa's new schools and roads. Teachers come to observe Samoa's exciting experiment—the first anywhere—in almost total teaching by television. And with its capital, Pago Pago, now the main stop on the direct route from Hawaii to Australia and New Zealand, tourists by the hundreds are tumbling off the jets at Oceania's finest airport, to savour life in an idyllic South Seas setting.

What brought about this magical metamorphosis? Two factors, mainly: the threat of a diplomatic disas-

ter, and a remarkable man.

The threat arose early in 1961 with the realization that, in July of the coming year, Eastern Samoa was to be host for the triennial meeting of the South Pacific Conference. More than 200 delegates would be coming from other Pacific territories. Worldwide radio and press coverage would contrast America's vaunted concern for the world's underprivileged with the shabby neglect of her own.

Troubleshooter. Appalled at the prospect, President Kennedy rushed to Congress a request for an emergency grant of 465,000 dollars. He then told the Department of the Interior to get a new governor out there to smarten the place up. The Department picked a seasoned

troubleshooter: Rex Lee.

Lee arrived in Pago Pago four days before his inauguration as governor and spent the time poking around the islands—"a melancholy vista if I ever saw one." Government buildings were rott! mite-infested and peeling. Roa, were rutted paths leading nowhe." Raw sewage was piped into Pagel Pago's spectacular harbour, which was ringed by open latrines. Somoans suffered from unchecked disease and malnutrition. Agriculture had gone downhill, and heavy imports of even the barest necessities lifted the cost of living to

industry of any consequence was

small tuna-canning tactory.

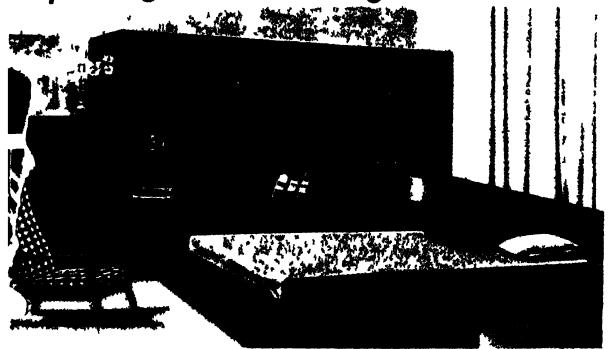
Most shocking were what passed for village schools—mainly sagging little grass-roofed shacks, crammed with children. The Samoan teachers had the equivalent of no more than five or six years' schooling themselves. And the only secondary school could accommodate fewer than a third of the pupils who

wanted to enter.

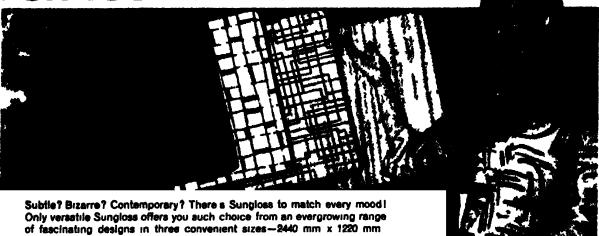
A man of lesser fibre might have given up. Not Rex Lee. In three weeks he returned to Washington, full of ideas and zest. From Congress he won a down payment on the 9.5 million dollars requested for the first year's budget. Then he went to Hawaii, where he obtained a promise of immediate help from the U.S. Navy, and enlisted an architect to design an auditorium for the forthcoming South Pacific Conference.

Back in Samoa, Rex Lee called the island chiefs together, pointed to the

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SAMOA: SOUTH SEA PARADISE REGAINED

boatloads of men and equipment arriving from Hawaii. "Now you're going to get some of the things you've yearned for—first of all, a road," he said. The chiefs quickly recruited 900 workers, and some joined in themselves as road-gang foremen.

With Lee everywhere at once, checking, prodding, approving, Pago Pago's appearance quickly changed. The waterfront was swept

new power plant—and 20,000 immensely proud Samoans.

But Rex Lee was not satisfied. "Simply to fix this place up for the SPC meeting and then abandon it," he had concluded, "would be worse than nothing." Now he plunged into his plan to make Samoa independent of outside support. Education, as he saw it, must be his main objective. Reforming the primitive education system by gradual steps



clear of latrines. Villages were tidied up and planted with flowers. Some 5,500 gallons of paint were brought in, and Samoans painted everything in sight.

Ready by the time the SPC delegates arrived were: the jet airport with its 9,000-foot runway; 15 miles of 20-foot-wide macadam roads leading to the beauty spots of the island of Tutuila; 29 new teachers' housing units with modern plumbing; three new buildings for Samoa's secondary school; the handsome new civic auditorium; a

would take decades. It needed "an explosive upgrading." But what kind?

The idea came to Lee in a flash. The answer lay in television—not as a supplemental aid but as the core of teaching. It was a revolutionary idea for Samoa, which had no television at all. But once the high cost of setting it up was met, television education would be comparatively inexpensive, for a small group of top-quality instructors could reach a maximum number of students.

Impressed but sceptical, Congress

granted Lee 40,000 dollars to look into the idea. A study team from the U.S. National Association of Educational Broadcasters (NAEB) reported after on-the-spot examination that Educational Television (ETV) was indeed "the best potential tool for the task." Congress then approved a grant of 1.5 million dollars for a three-channel system.

The NAEB began rounding up and training engineers, technicians and ETV teachers from all over the United States. In early 1963, contracts were placed for equipment and for the erection of a 226-foot transmitter on top of 1,700-foot Mount Alava across the bay from Pago Pago.

When reaching the transmitter site proved a problem, engineers swung a 5,100-foot cable across the harbour—estimating that the aerial tramway would pay for itself as a tourist ride. It provides a spectacular view as far as Western Samoa, 77

miles away.

The Samoans erected 22 permanent schools. And with the opening of the 1964 school year, television station KZVK beamed its first elementary lessons to the new schools.

After three years, Samoa's experiment in television teaching has been outstandingly successful. Tests show that young Samoans are not only learning twice as fast as before, but are retaining their knowledge much longer.

At night, the schools become community centres, packed to

standing-room-only with older Samoans eagerly imbibing lessons in farming, home care, sanitation, the principles of government and democracy. News broadcasts in both Samoan and English are featured nightly, as are travelogues showing how other people live and solve their problems.

Eastern Samoa's Educational Television system has been studied by international agencies and technicians from many countries. Its implications for underdeveloped areas everywhere are significant, since the broadcasts could just as well go to 2,500 schools simultaneously as to Samoa's 25—and for only a modest additional cost. With the encouragement of Governor Lee, methods of adapting television teaching to their own needs have been studied by other areas. KZVK telecasts come in loud and clear in neighbouring Western Samoa.

Tourist Boom. Other accomplishments have been scarcely less imposing. Business and employment have picked up noticeably. With the islands' exotic beauty, attractive people and the finest jet airport in the South Seas, tourism was made to order for Samoa. Five years ago, Lee helped island leaders to form the Samoan Development Corporation. "If anyone is to profit from Samoa's tourist attractions," he said, "it will be Samoans." Today, the fine new Polynesian-style hotel is 100 per cent Samoan-owned. All shops and services — Polyflesian handicrafts,



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car rentals, fishing boats—will eventually be run by Samoans trained by an international hotel-management concern.

Most Samoan farms had produced only scant crops of basic foods before Lee came. But one of his first acts was to rejuvenate the government's weed-grown experimental farms. Experts showed the islanders how to step up the quantity and variety of their products. Free transplants of seedlings were provided, farm machinery was hired out, insecticides and fertilizers were sold at cost price. Suitable strains of poultry and pigs were brought in.

The result: Samoa's average production per acre has almost doubled since 1961. Over-all, food prices are at an all-time low. Many farmers now own machinery, bought on hire purchase. And today in Samoa's traditional open-air, grass-roofed shacks stand hundreds of large white refrigerators.

Another of Lee's early acts was to launch engineering studies for a comprehensive sewage-disposal system for the Pago Pago bay area; and then to begin a long-term programme aimed at providing sanitary facilities in each village, including laundry and showers.

With the help of imported specialists, a control programme has

sharply reduced the incidence of pulmonary troubles, filariasis, intestinal parasites, anaemia and other diseases. Malnutrition in the young, due to faulty diet and alarmingly fatal to infants, was attacked through a school-lunch scheme and home-demonstration programmes.

Lee also wangled from Congress a three-million-dollar grant to build a badly needed new hospital. A number of scholarships have now been established for Samoans in U.S. schools of medicine, to supply top medical talent for the future.

Since his objective was to make Samoans self-sufficient politically as well as economically, Lee boldly surrendered many of his powers, laying in the lap of the legislature the responsibility for enacting and enforcing its own laws. Lee now estimates that Eastern Samoa should be self-sufficient by 1975.

But will all this development mean the loss of Samoa's charm, the abandonment of its appealing culture? Not at all, says Lee. "All we do is aimed at keeping Samoa Samoan."

The island chiefs unanimously agree. As High Chief Le'iato says: "If we lose any of our old ways, it will be because we choose to, not because changes are being forced upon us."

Phonetics

I MISSED an important long-distance phone call the other morning because my wife, still in bed while I was shaving, failed to get up to answer the phone. She said it sounded like a wrong number.

—H. C.



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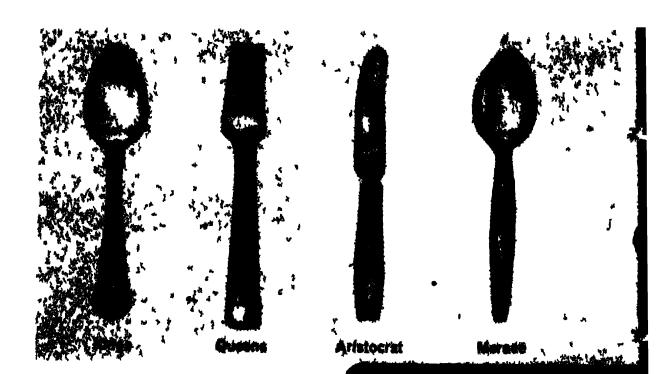
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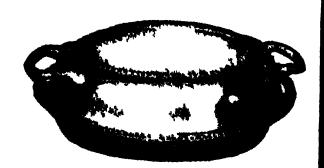
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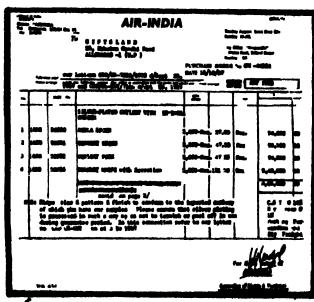


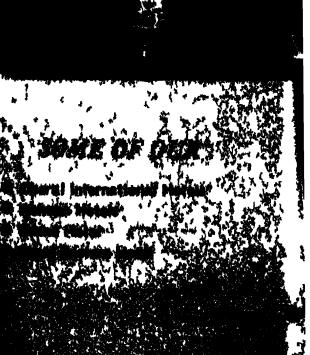
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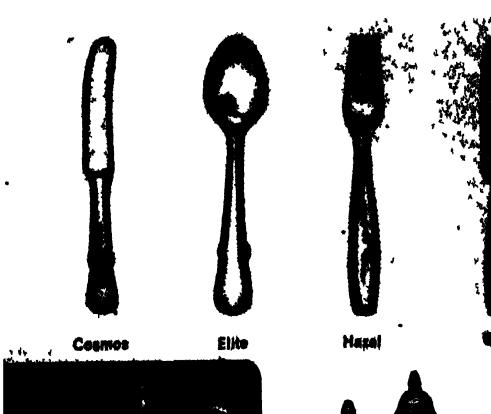


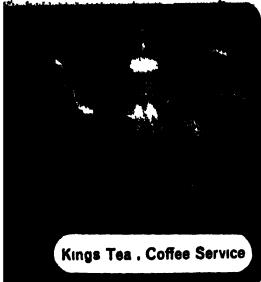


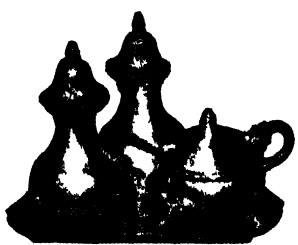
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The Negro's Bright Badge of Courage

Side by side in the same life-and-death struggle, American coloured and white troops have found a unity as yet unknown at home

EEP IN the heart of the Vietnam jungle, a lone U.S. helicopter flapped furiously down on an abandoned track. Even before it hit the ground, its six passengers in black and green striped jungle dress—their faces streaked with camouflage paintwere out and running, fading swiftly into the perennial twilight of 80-foot trees, impenetrable bamboo thickets, and tangles of thorn and vines. This was a long-range reconnaissance patrol, sent to seek out and destroy two Vietcong regiments. Within moments the team was itself in imminent danger of destruction.

Skilled in all the tricks of jungle warfare, the patrol soon realized that they had landed in the middle of a group of Vietcong and were being hunted. Staff Sergeant Clide Brown halted his men and listened closely.

Then above the high-pitched hum of the insects, he heard the snap of two fingers and the click of a rifle bolt not 30 yards away. "We're getting out of here," he

whispered. "They're just behind

Linked like circus elephants by their "escape ropes," each weighed down with half a hundredweight of equipment, rifle muzzles still covered to keep out mud and dirt, the scouts took advantage of distant artillery salvos to mask their footfalls.

As the jungle dusk deepened, Brown, in the lead, groped through the blackness, with the map in mind, counting his steps. At last he moved his men soundlessly into a defensive position behind a tangle of fallen trees—each man flat on his back, head to the centre of the circle, his black-stocked M-16 rifle ready.

The passing of the night was measured in careful inhalations, silent exhalations, and the clack of bamboo signal, sticks used by Vietcong patrols that passed within 50 feet of them. At dawn the team moved back to hunt out the Vietcong base camp.

Only after Brown had spotted the concentration of Vietcong soldiers did his team withdraw. As enemy sniper bullets showered around and between them, the scouts blasted back with fragmentation grenades and bursts of automatic fire that tore the undergrowth into shreds. Brown set off smoky yellow signal grenades to bring in the helicopters and, while hovering gunships lashed out with rockets and .50calibre bullets, the patrol pulled out, mission accomplished.

Sergeant Brown, 24, is a Negro; in 16 sorties he has not lost anyone in his five-man team, none of whom is a Negro. His cool professionalism emphasizes a major lesson of Vietnam-a hopeful and creative development in a dirty, hard-fought war.

For the first time in America's military history, its Negro fighting men are fully integrated in combat, fruitfully employed in positions of leadership, and fiercely proud of their performance. They are winning--indeed have won-a badge of courage that their nation must for ever honour. That badge proclaims a truth that Americans had not learnt about themselves before Vietnam: colour has no place in war; merit is the only measure of the man.

Friend or Foe. The Negro is both savage in combat and gentle in his regard for the Vietnamese. He can clean out a bunker load of the enemy with a knife and two hand grenades, or offer cigarettes to a captured Vietcong and then squat beside him trying to communicate in halting Vietnamese. He fights for the dignity of the Negro, to shatter the stereotypes of racial inferiority, to win the respect of noncommissioned officers and officers of whatever colour.

Even though 70 per cent of all American Negroes are rejected by draft boards because of ill health or lack of education, those who make the grade for military service

are well-disciplined, willing, determined competitors, many of whom volunteer for dangerous duty both for the higher pay and for the extra status it gives them.

Many of the best are former civilrights demonstrators, men who marched on cafeterias and on Washington itself to win equal

rights for their race.

"With all its inadequacies and imperfections," says a Negro infantry officer, "the United States still offers more individual rights than any other country. It's still worth

dying for."

Negro officers in key technical and diplomatic posts include Major Beauregard Brown, who supervises combat logistics in the headquarters of General William Westmoreland, U.S. Commander in Vietnam, and Lieutenant-Commander Wendall Johnson of the Navy, one of Saigon's key contacts for Thai, Nationalist Chinese and other Allied co-operation with American forces. They also include two other unrelated Johnsons: Major Clifton. Johnson, chemical-warfare expert, and Special Forces Captain Wallace Johnson, who leads a Vietnamese pacification programme.

There are Negro women such as Lieutenant Dorothy Harris, a slender, dark-eyed nurse who spends much of her time treating disease and malnutrition among Vietnamese civilians. They often touch her brown skin and cry, "Same! Same!" She plans to extend her tour of

duty by six months this year.

More numerous are the front-line warriors, commissioned and enlisted alike. Lieutenant-Colonel James Frank Hamlet is a tough battalion commander of the First Air Cavalry Division. The men who fly Hamlet's 75 helicopters respect him for going on even the most dangerous missions and for talking

forthrightly to his officers.

Air Force Major James Boddie, a much-decorated Phantom fighter-bomber pilot, flew 153 missions during his first seven months in Vietnam. Boddie can lay bombs or napalm within 30 yards of his own troops and take as much ground fire as the Vietcong can give. Yet he is able to say of U.S. anti-war demonstrators: "I'm here to protect their right to dissent."

Popular Character. Few Negro soldiers are better known than Sergeant Lonnie Galley Samuel, who leads a "Blue Team" of an Air Cavalry battalion. His job: to draw enemy fire from a helicopter, then land in the hope of provoking a major battle (Samuel has provoked a batch in the past year). Asked why he does not apply for a commission, Sam, at 41, laughs: "I can't do that. I'd be the oldest lieutenant in the Army."

Foremost among the Negro combat heroes are two who have won the Medal of Honour, America's highest military decoration for gallantry. Private Milton Olive received his award posthumously for

throwing himself on a grenade and saving the lives of four other members of his squad during a fierce fire fight near Phu Cuong in 1965.

The only living Negro winner of the Medal of Honour is Lawrence Joel. On a fiery slope near Bien Hoa in November 1965, Joel met the Vietcong. As his platoon was devoured by enemy cross-fire, and he himself took two bullets in the legs, Joel hobbled and crept through the holocaust to patch ripped chests, plug bottles of plasma into dangling arms, give mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to corpses and wounded alike, give morphine injections to mangled men.

He allowed himself only one injection for his own wounds, for fear that he might dull his mind and hamper his work. At dawn, the job done, Joel remembers looking at himself: hands encrusted with blood up to the wrists, legs thick with dropsy and dirty bandages. He lay under a tree and cried for the first time since he was a boy.

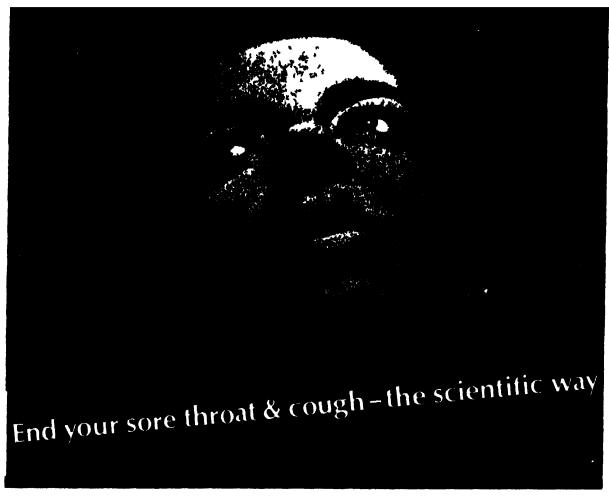
Strong Opinion. In May 1966, Joel and his wife were the guests of President Johnson at a White House military reception. Joel responded firmly when reporters pressed him about the morality of the war: "Most of the men who have been to Vietnam feel this war is right."

Naval Lieutenant Friedel Greene, a radar tracker on an aircraft carrier, remarks, "Over here they just look to see if you do your job." That hopeful sentiment reflects a concern with full citizenship that goes far beyond the desperate banalities of Negro dissidents in the United States.

The whirlwind of civil-rights protest, for example, never touched Sergeant Clide Brown. In his starched khaki uniform and cocky tan beret, he is a five-foot seveninch, 12-stone pillar of dignity. Great-grandson of a slave, he grew up in a sawmill town in the pine woods of Alabama. Schoolfriends still recall how, when Clide was 12, he converted a cap pistol into a home-made gun and shot a deer, then dived into a river to wrestle with it and bring it out and into the family larder. Clide had no desire to spend his life in the pine woods, notching pine trees to collect the gum for turpentine.

As soon as he graduated from Brewton's all-black Booker T. Washington High School, he joined his father in the construction trade. Having promised his mother that he would not enlist, Clide was secretly happy to be drafted in 1961.

A tour of duty in West Germany as a paratrooper convinced him that the Army was his life. Back in the Stat's, Clide taught judo at an Army school. After passing stiff tests in map reading, marksmanship and "maturity," Brown was picked as a patrol leader in November 1966. When not on patrol, he reads, listens to pop records or chats



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with his friend, Sergeant Arthur Silsby, a New Yorker, who happens to be white. As for Vietnam, Brown is casual. "You stay alert, you stay

alive," he says.

Like most soldiers, Brown is basically apolitical; yet as a Negro he is a member of America's most politically active minority. How does he justify the contradiction? "I don't know whether I would march if I became a civilian again," he says. "But nobody is going to shove me around. That goes for those peace people who don't want to support the U.S. government, and the white bigots, and Stokely Carmichael and his fellow advocates of 'black power' who don't want to support my people." His people? By that Brown means not the Negro, but his own patrol members.

Wrong Attitude. What vexes most Negro fighting men is the charge made by Stokely Carmichael —that Vietnam is a "race war" in which the white U.S. Establishment is using coloured mercenaries to murder brown-skinned freedom fighters. "We're here fighting for a cause," snaps Brown, "not a white or a black cause or any rubbish like that." A Negro major says, "I wish Martin Luther King and William Fulbright could see for themselves the savage butchery that the Vietcong have wrought in the name of liberty."

Massachusetts' Edward Brooke,*

the first Negro elected by popular vote to the U.S. Senate, emerges clearly as the most popular leader among Negro troops, who esteem him as a bridge builder who tries to cross the racial gap rather than widen it. They were impressed with Brooke's painful reversal of opinion about the war after his first-hand look at the battleground. According to Sergeant Velmon Phillips, who won a recommendation after trying in vain to save the life of a white paratrooper, Brooke "proves that a Negro can make it on merit alone."

Whatever the outcome of the war, whatever its length and price in suffering, the experience should pay high dividends in reshaping white Americans' attitudes towards social justice. It has already given 50,000 Negroes a sense of self-confidence and a commensurate demand for deeper participation in "If anybody American society. slights one of my soldiers for racial reasons when he gets home," says Clide Brown's commanding officer, Brigadier-General John Deane, "I expect that soldier's going to get madder than anyone bargained for."

Whatever the conditions when they return, Negro war veterans will be more able to make a better life for themselves. They will have acquired sophistication and skills along with their expectations.

University of Chicago sociologist Morris Janowitz, one of the few scholars who have given intensive

^{*}See "The Senator Who Happens to Be a Negro," Reader's Digest, June '67.

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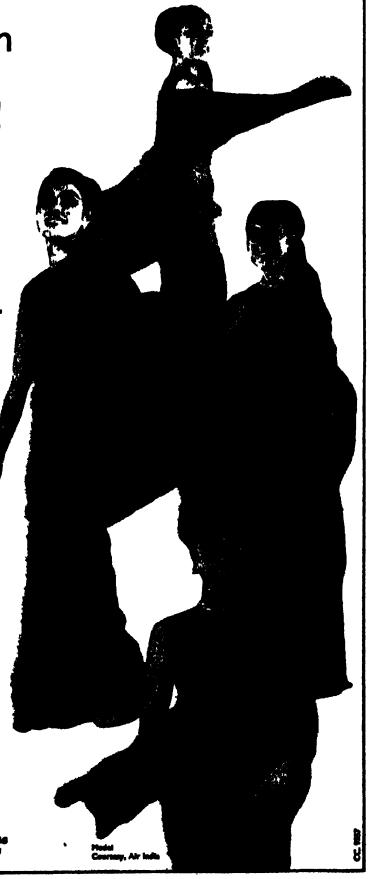
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THE NEGRO'S BRIGHT BADGE OF COURAGE

thought to the problems of return to civilian life, believes: "The experience of the military will integrate them into the larger society. They will be more likely to enter the mainstream of political American life."

Melvin Stennis, who as a squad leader commands the life-and-death movements of five whites and one other Negro, has perhaps the definitive word on the future of Negro progress. Before entering the Army, Stennis watched the Watts riot from his doorstep. "I hear people are still rioting at home," he says. "It makes

you feel angry, sick and guilty. Riots don't do anything. Instead, you've got to work for what you want. Don't beg, steal or burn. You've got to work for it." Then he pauses. "In Vietnam, we are working for it."

American society also has to work for him. By channelling the energies and accommodating the ambitions of the returning Negro war veteran, the United States can only enrich its own life and demonstrate that democracy can work as well in the cities and fields of America as in the foxholes of Vietnam.

What Was That?

A BOOK published in Bombay entitled *Planned Families* contains the following publisher's warning: "Any reproduction strictly forbidden without our written permission."

—Noel Anthony, NANA

Sign in a Tokyo shop: "Our nylons cost more than common, but you will find they are the best for the long run."

—Evening Standard, London

HEADLINE in a California newspaper: "High Heels Replace Kimonos in Japan."

—R. A.

Last Word

A MUSICIAN, when asked if a well-known opera singer could hit E above top C, said, "Only when a columnist reports her real age."

—D. W.

Two-YEAR-OLD Robin was alone in the kitchen—and ominously quiet. "What are you doing in there?" his nother asked. "Spreading peanut butter on my shoes," said Robin.

—E. C.

ARTIST Ben Shahn was once asked the difference between an amateur artist and a professional. Shahn replied, "An amateur is an artist who supports himself with outside jobs which enable him to paint. A professional is someone whose wife works to enable him to paint."

—Leonard Lyons

men of property-

Yakub Razvi, 20, had to take up a job right after school Recently joined morning college. Here's what he says about his Rs 5,000/ property



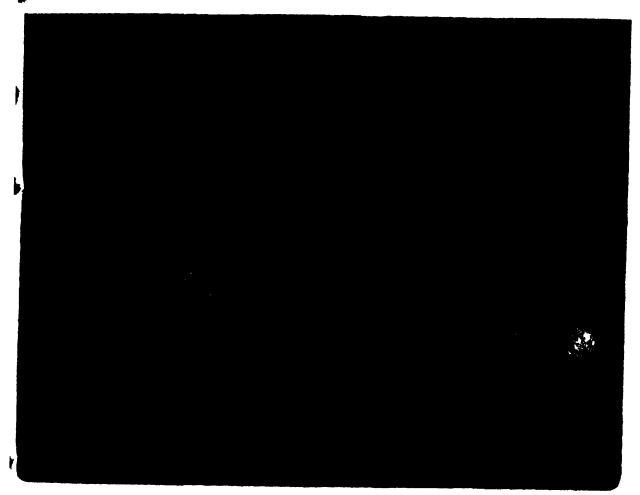
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just two of many

Ramesh Patel, 28, civil engineer. Recently married. Wisely, he has already laid a solid foundation for the future. He says:



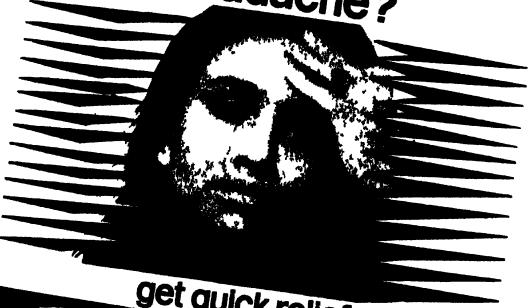
"Anupama was so excited about our new home. But that started me thinking. Would I really be able to take care of her forever and ever? Or, would time defeat me? If only I had some property...Then, Chachaji cheered me up. There was one kind of property, he said, that I could buy on easy instalments for Anu. He even took me to the LIC office in our neighbourhood. That's how I became the owner of a Rs. 15,000/- property, an Endowment Assurance policy. Now I am not afraid. I know Life Insurance will look after Anu."

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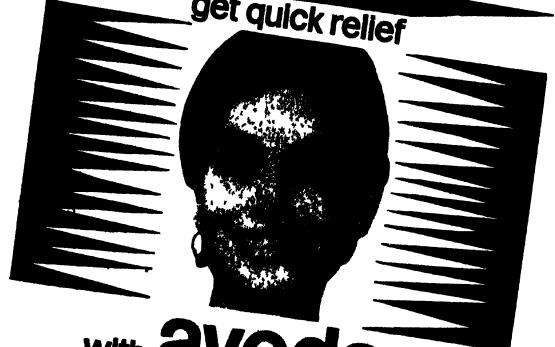


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To Father, With Love

By Frederick Manning

over the yellowed, frostbitten land that autumn, I was racked with a kind of anxiety I had thought I'd forgotten how to feel. It had been only a slight heart attack, he'd written to tell me—so slight that he hadn't wanted to worry us about it until he was up and about, all right again. Still, the

sudden realization that anything could happen to my father (somehow I'd always thought of him as a permanent pillar of strength) filled me with a grave sense of urgency. As my wife Lisbeth, son Freddy and I rushed home to Alabama to see what the situation really was, my heart brimmed with a wordless eloquence—with all the love I had



always felt for my father but had never been able to express.

This time, I told myself, I would have to find some right and proper way of telling him what he meant to me, to all of us.

Yet the moment we pulled into the station and saw him waiting on the platform, I began to get the selfconscious, almost tongue-tied feeling that comes when you experience an emotion too big for mere words.

Awkward Moment. We met and embraced, and I heard myself say, almost gruffly, "You sure you're really O.K., Father?"

"Fine," he said. "I'm feeling fine!"—though, with a sinking in the stomach, I could see that he wasn't fine at all. Despite his jauntiness, his youthful, invincible spirit that refused to grow old at 70, he looked, at the moment, shaken, ill. His determination not to admit it, not to let us "worry" about it, brought a lump to my throat as he steered us towards the car.

There was an uncomfortable silence as we began the drive home. "Well, son," he asked after a while, "how's your work coming along?" "Fine. And yours at the store?" "Fine."

Then silence again, except for the swish of the tyres on the road.

As we turned into the drive of our sprawling old family place, I felt a sharp pang of guilt. My four sisters and I had long since moved to different parts of the country, leaving Father alone to cope with the big,

now-too-quiet house and—since my mother's death—with his loneliness. The slight shagginess of the lawn gave me a keener stab. I thought of barefoot days when I'd kept the grass smooth-mown; of the extravagant compliments that Father, coming home in the evenings, had had for my "work"; of long summer nights when we'd sat together on the veraida swing seat and planned what I'd do, what I'd be. I wanted to remind him, now, how much those talks meant to me.

But Father, who must have seen something brewing in my eyes as we drove up to the door, said quickly, "Well, I suppose we'd better get washed for lunch."

The afternoon drifted away. Father, Freddy and I took a little walk down by the creek, where Father and I used to spend so many hours. We talked about fishing, mostly.

That night, Lisbeth and Freddy went to bed early. Father and I were sitting out on the veranda swing seat, listening to the rusty chains creaking slowly, watching the passing lights of cars, which made the shadows of the ornate banisters march in curious procession along the walls. A little to the left of the willow tree, now grown tall, thick and unfamiliar, a harvest moon was rising. "When the moon reaches the tree," I thought, "I'll start trying to say it."

It wasn't the things he had done without in order to provide for his

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family that I loved him for. It was the experiences we had shared.

"Father," I wanted to say, "do you know what the world was like when I was seven—Freddy's age? Well, it was a place where, when you were about—even asleep in the next room—everything was all right. There was nothing to be afraid of, not even these shadows of banisters marching across the veranda. I thought the world was in good, safe hands because there were people like you up there somewhere running things."

Memories. I wanted to bring up times that were as far away now as knee-length bathing suits; or catching fireflies at dusk and putting them in milk bottles to show him; or playing ball with him on some long midsummer afternoon.

But most of all I wanted to tell Father about the special day. "Tell him at least about that," I ordered myself, as the moon edged towards the shaggy willow. Wouldn't it mean something to him to know how well I remembered that special day 30 years ago?

That morning it had still been dark when I awoke to the unusual sound of Father making a fire in the grate in my bedroom. When I sat up, rubbing my eyes, the room was full of dancing yellow light and the good, warm swell of newspapers and pine logs burning.

He had a lot of nonsensical names he called me then. "Well, Old Timer," he used to say, or "Well, Old Snickelfritz . . ." With names like that alone he could start creating the special, lighthearted world he thought that all children were entitled to.

"Well, Old Timer," he called out that morning, "rise and shine! We're going hunting together today—just you and I." Father always had the knack of communicating high excitement about things to come, but that morning of my first hunt he outdid himself.

"Up and at 'em," he said. "We're going to have quite a day, quite a day. I'm cooking us some sausage. It's something that'll stay with a man."

The sausage was burnt—it always was when Father cooked it—and the fried eggs were brown and greasy. But after that, burnt sausage and eggs cooked too brown always summoned up the anticipation of adventure.

"Well, Father," I wanted to say to the 70-year-old man in the swing seat beside me now, "it wasn't much of a hunt, as hunts gonothing to compare with some of the hunts we had later. But it was the day that seemed to start it all, . our closeness, our sharing of things good and bad together. Funny thing, Father, but after that the smell of a hunting coat always smelt to me like strength and security—the way you standing there that morning warming up the room for me."

Well, a man nearing 40 just can't

say things like that, not out loud. The moon reached the top of the willow and went on across it, and I still sat speechless.

"Chilly tonight," Father said at last. "Like autumn. Be cold in the

morning."

"I expect so," I said.

We lapsed into small talk again, and went to bed.

By the fifth night—we were leaving two days later—the silences between Father and me had lengthened even more. I gave up the idea of ever trying to get my thoughts across to him.

It occurred to me, too, that I'd been neglecting my own son. The week hadn't been much fun for him. Suddenly, I wanted to show Freddy that this wasn't just a ghost of a house, to hint to him something of the bright, warm times I'd known here.

It was cold and dark when the alarm-clock went off at four the next morning. I shivered as I tiptoed into my old room—the one where Freddy was sleeping—and built a fire. The yellow pine was crackling merrily when I shook him awake.

"Get up, Old Timer," I said to him. "We're going hunting together, you and I." I could see by the way he began jumping into his clothes that my voice carried the proper excitement. "We're going to have quite a time together."

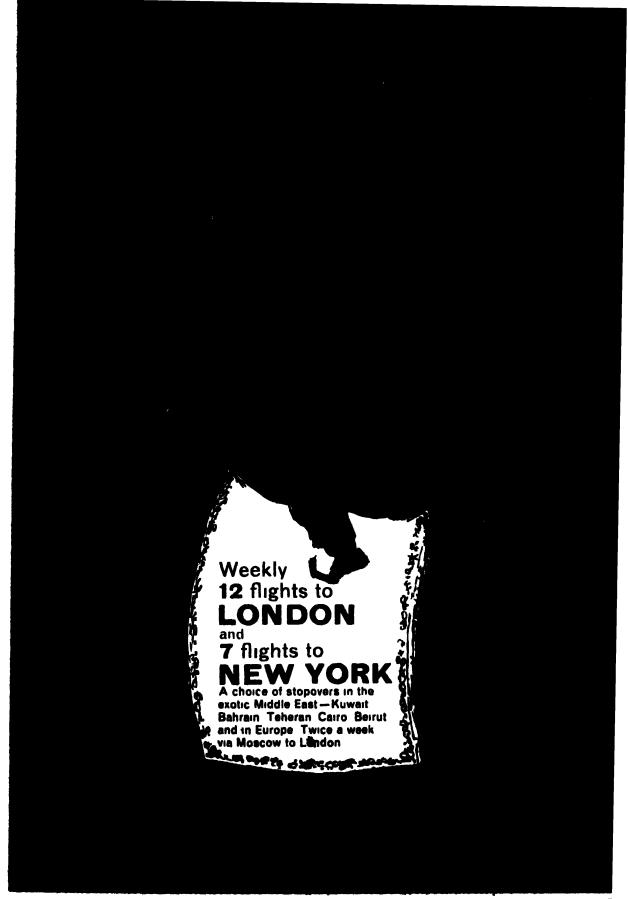
I was burning the sausage and, despite all I could do, getting the eggs too brown when I turned and saw Father standing in the kitchen doorway. As he stood, nightgown-clad, I saw it slowly dawn on him that he was looking in on an old and familiar scene, an act from a favourite play of ours of long ago.

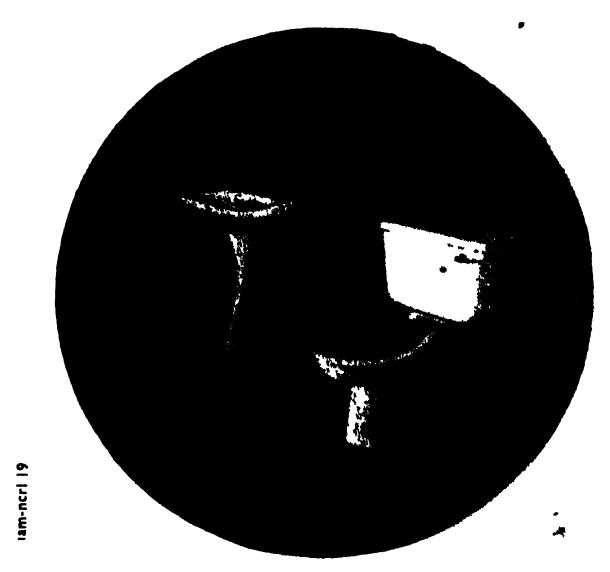
His eyes questioned at first, then he comprehended. In one quick glance he saw how faithfully I was trying to do for my son exactly the things he'd done for me, how I was hoping to pass on to Freddy something of the same magic he had made me feel. I'm certain he realized, too, that not just one good day but a lifetime of good days was beginning all over again—or continuing.

Gruffly, to hide his emotion, Father said, "What in heaven's name are you two doing up in the middle of the night? And why haven't you ever learnt to cook?"

But from the way he looked at Freddy and me as we started out into the early light together in the old hunting coats, I knew he understood—understood all the volumes of difficult things I need never again try to say.

Even before he put a hand on each of our shoulders and said, "Well, good luck, Old Timers," I knew that, without speaking, I had told him that I loved him. And I knew that he had heard me.





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CONCORDE The Supersonic Partnership

Told for the first time: the heartening story of how British and French planemakers overcame their national differences to build the world's most exciting airliner

By James WINCHESTER

French test pilot André Turcat, tall, trim, and taciturn, will lift a sweeping bird from the runway at Blagnac Airfield outside Toulouse in south-west France. Four mammoth jet engines, together weighing 12 tons and creating more power than the new Queen Elizabeth II, will thrust the needle-nosed, elegant beauty on its arrow-like maiden flight. Concorde 001, prototype of the world's first supersonic airliner, backed share-and-share alike by Great Britain and

France, will have begun the latest staggering revolution in air travel.

At 1,450 m.p.h., outspeeding both sound and sun, the Anglo-French Concorde will go into service in 1971, after three years of testing. With 132 passengers, it will span the Atlantic on a shuttle service in 195 minutes, arriving in New York "before" it started from London.

Co-operation is the word today for Europe's top planemakers, and supersonic flight is no exception. "Neither Britain nor France could have afforded a supersonic airliner alone," says James Hamilton, the British Government Director-General for the project. "It was do it jointly or not at all."

Britain and France each looked around for other mates before they settled on the partnership. The Americans, when approached, wanted to go for a more advanced technology. West Germany wasn't interested. The Italians were flattered at being asked but had too little to contribute.

With nowhere else to turn, James Harper, then Managing Director of the British Aircraft Corporation's Filton Division, and Louis Giusta, Director-General of France's Sud Aviation, worked out a practical plan to use the technical talents

André Turcat, who will pilot the Concorde on its maiden flight



of both countries, avoid competition and duplication, share costs and markets and get a head start on everyone else. Both countries were to pay equally for the development and manufacture of six pre-production planes. Britain agreed. President de Gaulle's Ministers were reluctant, but when they learned that only by joining forces could France compete against the United States, they were convinced. Late in 1962, a wary handshake between Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and the French President sealed the agreement.

Concorde was born—the name was suggested by the son of BAC's press officer (who spelt it with an e*) to signify harmony.

The cross-Channel partners (British Aircraft Corporation (BAC) with Bristol Siddeley Engines, now a division of Rolls-Royce, and Sud Aviation with SNECMA—Société Nationale d'Etude et de Construction de Moteurs d'Aviation) have succeeded far better than anyone ever thought possible in this largest and costliest civil air project ever undertaken outside the United States The Concorde is almost ready to fly.

Eight main factories and 18,000 workers in both Britain and France are co-ordinated in the construction.

Thereafter, while the French government spelt it Concorde, the British insisted on dropping the e. The problem was not resolved until last December, when British Minister of Technology Anthony Wedgwood Benn gave way at the unveiling of Concorde Prototype 001 at Toulouse. "E," he suggested, "stands for Excellence, England, Europe and the Entente."

Sud Aviation's Marignane works, for example, make centre fuselage-wing sections. British Aircraft's Weybridge Division make the fuselage noses. The engines, too, are built in the two countries. Components are shipped both ways across the Channel and mated in final assemblies. France makes about 60 per cent of the Concorde airframe, but Britain has a larger share in engine design and production.

For the special, police-escorted trucks needed to transfer the huge parts, narrow roads pose knotty complications. In France all movements are on week-days, since lorries are restricted at week-ends. In the tourist season, stops have to be made every 15 minutes to let cars overtake. Before a larger cross-Channel ferry was available at Southampton, there was just fourfifths of an inch to spare on either side of the trucks. Weeks were needed to make surveys ensuring that Concorde loads can pass sharp turns and obstructions.

Teamwork. Concorde collaboration is a triumph of people who get on with each other—they have established their own grass-roots understanding, even as their governments have wrangled. "We are not national rivals," says a Sud Aviation engineer. "We think in terms of the people with whom we deal."

Concorde workers meet daily to thrash out problems. "There are so many of us crossing the Channel that you almost don't have to produce a passport," reports a SNECMA engineer. British Aircraft's Pat Burgess, in charge of Concorde sales, travelled to France some 50 times last year. "I spend more time with Jean de Lagarde, my Sud Aviation counterpart, than I do with my own deputy," he explains. One executive who regularly commutes the 1,200 miles from Bristol to Toulouse and back in a day reports he finds the journey much less tiring than driving to London

Compromise has been necessary for the whole new technology, differing managements, contrasting measurements and separate languages. On the technical level, for example, one problem concerned the half-million rivets which hold the Concorde's aluminium skin together. The British wanted the heads milled down to protrude only "three thou'" (three-thousandths of an inch). "Let's leave them at four," the French countered. "It won't affect the performance or safety of the plane and it will save some £625 about Rs. 11,250 pn each plane." "Fine," agreed the British, without arguing. "It makes sense."

Two-nation committees, with alternating chairmanships and equal representation, decide everything, often after laborious discussion. One joint group had to hold two meetings to agree on a mutual size for Concorde letterheads. The normal French size is 210 × 270 mm. British office stationery is longer. Final



settlement: 216 × 279 mm. sheets. For book-keeping depreciation, the French write things off much faster than the British. A committee worked for over a year to reach a solution: halfway between. "The application of two different attitudes to the same problem can often produce a better third approach," says Dr. W. J. Strang, BAC's Technical Director at Bristol. "It's the old principle of challenge and response."

Engine tests are conducted in Britain and France—in metres and kilograms for the French, feet and pounds for the British. One hundred different readings every minute are punched on paper tape and exchanged beween computer centres over regular telephone circuits. At each end the computers take the recordings and automatically convert them into both sets of measurements.

Nor do people-to-people exchanges pose major barriers. Glossaries of French and English technical words have been compiled, containing more than 4,000 entries. "Actually, the language of technology knows no national boundary," explains Leslie Daniels, in charge of BAC's production liaison team at Toulouse. "It's one engineer talking to another engineer. An exact number is an exact number anywhere." Trevor Williams, a BAC technician n France, adds: "A sheet of graph paper is as good as an interpreter."

At important meetings, interpreters are present, and the use of two languages, say engineers, has positive advantages. A Bristol Siddleley executive reports: "Waiting for the official translation gives us time to consider our reply. In this way we don't rush into statements and there are fewer crossed wires. There simply isn't time for the non-sense that clogs up most one-language meetings."

"With the delays caused by working in two languages," says a SNECMA officer, "decisions that would normally be put off until the last minute now have to be made well ahead of time."

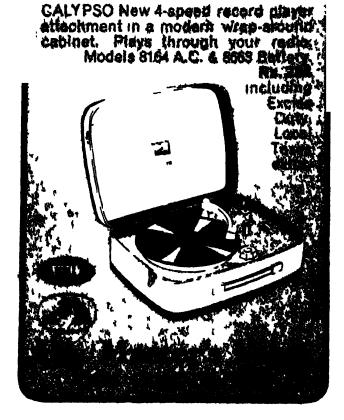
Letters and teletype messages are in the language of the writer, with rapid translation services at each end. Concorde employees also attend language classes in company time. One of BAC's chauffeurs regularly turns up for the two-hour evening sessions. His reason can talk better with the visitors from Paris and Toulouse." Roger Pédemons, a Sud Aviation foreman, studies English at home with do-ityourself records. Bristol Siddeley engineers, assigned to jobs in France, play roulette, Monopoly and bingo in French to get to grips with French numbers. Signs in Concorde buildings are in both English and French.

But misunderstandings sometimes arise. A BAC engineer recalls: "I once spent a whole morning trying to find out whether non appliqué meant 'not applied' or 'not applicable.'" Once Bristol



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ASP/HH 21/64

CONCORDE: THE SUPERSONIC PARTNERSHIP

Siddeley used the word "eventually" in a directive. To the French, the word meant "possibly"; to the British, "not now but certainly in the future." It took months to straighten out the confusion. A technical meeting collapsed over the word "control." The English wanted documents to be recorded as they passed from one factory to another; the French took "control" to mean workshop snooping, and they baulked.

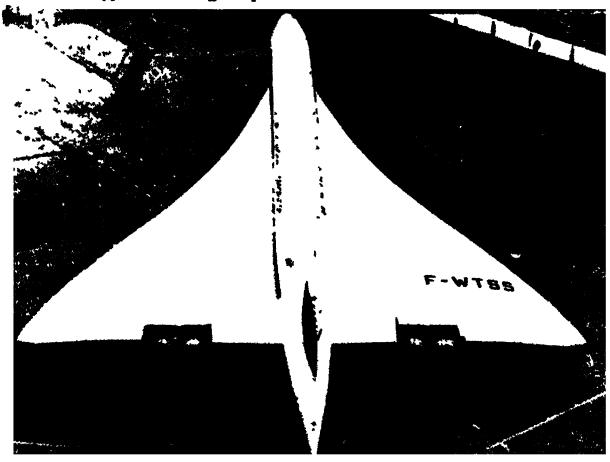
A really troublesome English word for the French is "but." SNECMA's Jean Sollier says: "We think we're in accord when they say, 'I agree, but . . .' Actually, the British are disagreeing. Some of us are still tripped up by it." Says

Leslie Weaver, a BAC technical liaison engineer: "We are now less ambiguous in our language. It's a good thing."

The Concorde collaboration has taught both sides many lessons. "I admire the English for their tenacity to see a problem through to the end," reports Sud Aviation's Director-General.

Sir George Edwards, Managing Director of the British Aircraft Corporation, is impressed with the French passion for Concorde. As a French foreman says proudly, "It's my future." When a section of the Concorde fuselage was moved from one Sud Aviation plant to another across Toulouse recently, hundreds of people waited

Concorde Prototype oo 1 at its official public debut in Toulouse last December



in the streets during the night to see it creep past. "The old-fashioned fervour drifting across the Channel is good for Britain," says Sir George.

A real entente cordiale has been established between exchange workers in Toulouse and Bristol. Each finds the other's country less forbidding than expected. In the gardens of Toulouse restaurants, British workers have learnt to play "boule," which resembles the traditional English game of "bowls." On the other hand, a Sud Aviation liaison man at Filton now prefers English pubs to French bistros.

In Toulouse, Derek Hayward, a BAC fitter, is enthusiastic about the flexibility of French working hours. For the Tour de France, the great French cycling event, Sud Aviation workers have come in at 4 a.m. and left at midday to enjoy the sport. "I wish we could adopt the idea for similar events in England," Hayward says.

Exchange Visits. French and English counterparts meet with their families on the Côte d'Azur, or exchange homes. Overnight stays in each other's homes during business trips are common. Families take each other's children during the school year so that they can learn each other's language. Daughters of Sud Aviation executives work in British Aircraft Corporation offices in Filton during their summer holidays.

When a Sud Aviation electrician

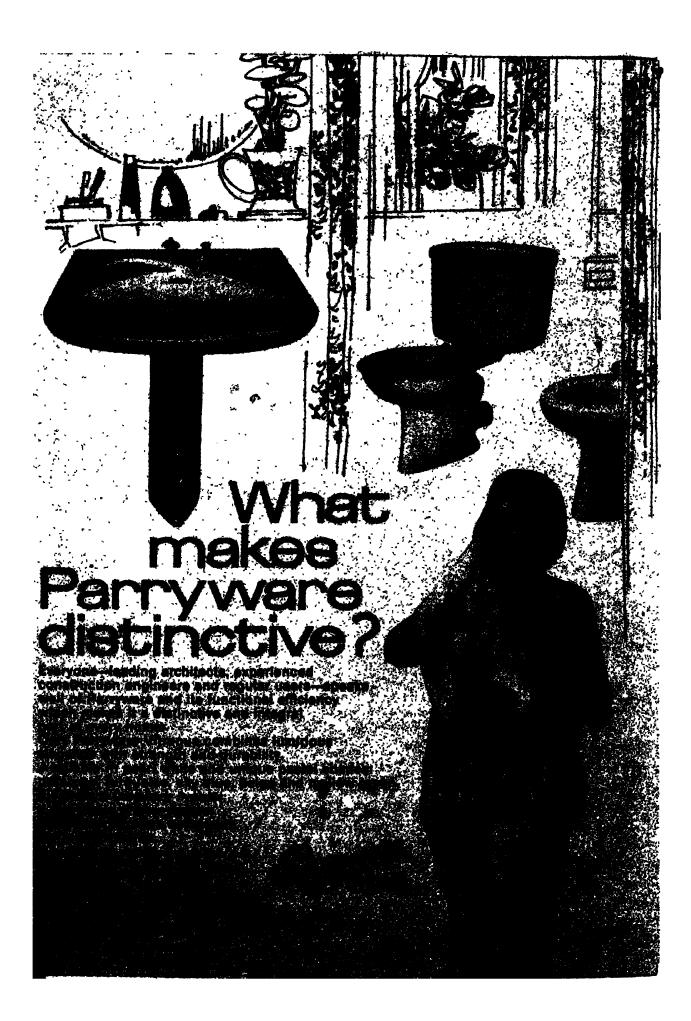
arrived in Britain for a six-months assignment, a BAC foreman spent a week's spare time driving him round to find a boarding-house where the landlady spoke French. "It's one of the things that help cement this show together," reports a company executive. Civic officials of Bristol and Toulouse also pay good-will calls on each other. Louis Bazerque, Mayor of Toulouse, explained: "It makes the project more personal."

Britain's Labour Government, at first firmly opposed to the Concorde project because of its excessive cost, now endorses it as one of the nation's bargaining points for admission to the Common Market. Says British Prime Minister Harold Wilson, "The aircraft industry is one of the sophisticated technologies that has most to gain from a wider European Community."

Meanwhile, Concorde's payoff promises to be one of the biggest business prizes in history. The Anglo-French supersonic jet will be flying three years before America's larger, faster and more sophisticated Boeing SST airliner, its only real competitor* in the air race to shrink the world.

With this long-term market all to itself, a minimum of 200 Concordes are expected to be sold by 1975, at up to Rs. 16.2 crores each. Beyond

^{*}The Russian TU-144, a supersonic airliner amaller in size but allegedly 100 m.p.h. faster than the Concorde, is also expected to fly in 1968, but its sales will be largely to Aeroflot, the USSR airline.



that is a potential market for 500 more supersonics to be shared with the Americans, representing some Rs. 12,750 crores in sales.

This demand for supersonic planes is expected even though the major technical problem of the sonic boom ("le Bang," as the French call it) has yet to be solved. In low-level flight, the boom, created by all supersonic aircraft, can break windows, crack plaster and loosen brickwork.

"But if we're barred from flying over populated land areas," insists BAC's sales manager, "the Concorde will still be welcomed. Nearly three-quarters of the world's air routes are over water, desert or ice, where there are no people and nothing to damage."

In full production, the Concorde project will pour some Rs. 450 crores a year into the economies of Britain and France, equivalent to the export of 200,000 family saloon cars. More than 40,000 workers will be employed on simultaneous manufacture of the Concorde and its engines in the two nations.

The Concorde will be more expensive to operate than today's jets, and tickets could cost up to 25 per cent more than those on conventional jetliners. Even so, the Anglo-French superjet is designed to earn

money. A single Concorde, making two round trips a day to New York from London, Frankfurt or Paris, could seat as many passengers as two of today's largest jets. With only 60 per cent of these seats sold, an airline with a fleet of 12 Concordes could make an estimated profit of Rs. 315 crores in 12 years.

Concorde's real achievement. however, may be the continuing benefits resulting from the unity it has created between the aeronautical industries of Britain and France, despite the two nations' continuing political differences. Sir Richard Smeeton, Director of the Society of British Aerospace Companies, says: "A co-operative European aircraft industry is a sensible answer. By joining hands we can be big enough to compete internationally while, at the same time, we create our own large domestic market in the 18 countries of Western Europe."

Lucien Servanty, Director of Commercial Aircraft Design for Sud Aviation, who created France's first jet in the Second World War, adds his own conclusion: "Concorde is not just a contract. The work has been carried on in such a way that when it is finished each side can proudly plant its flag on it without reservation."

I HAVE a remarkable memory: I forget everything! It is wonderfully convenient. It is as though the world were constantly renewing itself for me.

—The Journal of Jules Renard

FIRST IN THEIR HEARTS



Condensed from a forth oming book by

THOMAS FLEMING

George Washington, America's great revolutionary leader, was "first in the hearts of his countrymen," said "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, who knew and loved him. But since Washington's death, pious legends and school-book myths have made him seem an awesome historical figure, remote and unapproachable.

In this new biography, Thomas Fleming reveals Washington as he was. Here is the young Virginian tormented by a hopeless love, the dandy who could dance till dawn, the frontier soldier "charmed" by the sound of bullets. Here is Washington the spy master, tactician and diplomat, the card-player who roared at men's jokes, the commander who made an army out of a mob, the reluctant President who preferred the quiet plantation life. And here is Washington the statesman, who did more than any other man to create the United States and chart its course.



[&]quot;PIRST IN THRIL MEARYS © 1967 BY THOMAS J PLEMING PORTRAIT OF GROUDE WASHINGTON (FACE 157), BY GILBERY STLART, COURTEST NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D G ANDREW MILLON COLLEGION



FIRST IN THEIR

ber day he laboured beside the icy river, felling trees with a hatchet Beside his companion, who helped him lash the logs to make a raft, he looked like a young giant. He stood six feet three and a hilf inches tall, in an age when disease and poor diet kept most men half a foot shorter. He had thin, russet coloured hair. His hands were twice the size of an ordinary man's, and amazing strength flowed into them from powerful arms and massive shoulders.

George Washington needed every ounce of his strength as he worked with Christopher Gist, a veteran frontiersman, by the Allegheny River The place where they built their raft to cross the stream is now within the city limits of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, but in the winter of 1753 it was in the heart of a forest wilderness For days the two men had tramped through miles of snow and tangled woods. Both were near exhaustion now, but Washington would not stop to rest. He was on the last leg of a thousand-mile journey, racing to the British governor of Virginia with a secret report that would soon help to start a world war.

When the raft was finally ready,

gist after sunset, Washington and Gist poled away from the bank. Seconds later they realized how badly they had under-estimated the river's power. Massive ice floes smashed against the raft, flinging it like a chip of wood through the rushing water. Swiftly, Washington shoved his pole to the bottom, hoping to hold the craft steady until he could see an opening in the thundering streams of ice.

But the moment the pole touched bottom, the raft spun in a wild circle, and Washington was pitched head first into the dark, freezing water. The raft swirled past him, while Gist could only stare in paralysed horror. Then, at the last possible second, one of Washington's long arms shot out, and his big hand caught the edge of a projecting log. Swearing strenuously, he dragged himself aboard.

Desperate now, Washington saw that it was impossible to reach either side. Fortunately, the raft was near a small, barren island in the middle of the river, and the two men stumbled ashore.

They spent the night there, without even wood to make a fire. All they could do was pace up and down in the sub-zero temperatures, beating their arms and stamping their feet to keep themselves from freezing to death. Long before morning, Gist's fingers and toes were badly frostbitten, but Washington, although drenched to the skin, was unharmed. In the first light of

dawn, he peered at the river. With a whoop of joy, he shouted to his friend. The river was now a solid sheet of ice. They could walk across.

Washington was only 21 years old when he survived that last harrowing adventure of a mission which was to influence the fate of both the Old and New Worlds. Months before, British colonists had been alarmed by reports of several French forts on English territory, south of Lake Erie. Suspecting that the French would soon lay claim to the entire Ohio Valley, Robert Dinwiddie, the governor of Virginia, had written to England. In reply, he had received a letter signed by King George II, who instructed him to send an emissary to the French with a demand that they withdraw from the forts.

Washington, "a raw laddie," as the old Scot Dinwiddie called him, had volunteered for the trip. Quickly organizing a party, including Gist, the young man led the expedition through 500 miles of unmapped forest and delivered the message to the French commander at Fort Le Boeuf. It was politely rejected.

But even before he had reached Fort Le Boeuf, Washington was able to confirm Dinwiddie's suspicions. Meeting a detachment of French soldiers along the way, he had dinner with them. When the Frenchmen began to "dose themselves pretty plentifully with wine," he sipped soberly, and listened as the soldiers started to brag

about their troop movements and reinforcements. "They told me it was their absolute design to take possession of the Ohio and by G—they would do it," he wrote in his journal.

It was this news which had driven Washington to attempt crossing the Allegheny on the makeshift raft which had almost cost him his life. Surviving this near-disaster, he delivered his report to Governor Dinwiddie. Events thereafter moved swiftly.

Within weeks Washington was out on the frontier again, this time as a lieutenant-colonel in charge of a regiment of Virginia militia, with instructions to halt any French advance down the Ohio River. When a Red Indian chief sent word that there was a patrol near a meadow on the western Allegheny plateau, the young commander immediately decided to attack. Marching all night, he stealthily surrounded the sleeping enemy. Then, with a fearlessness that was to be his trademark as a soldier, he strode into the clearing and commanded his men to fire. The French reply was a volley in Washington's direction. One man was killed and two were wounded only a few feet away from him.

"I heard the bullets whistle," he wrote to his brother Jack later, "and believe me there is something charming in the sound."

Those shots, in a skirmish Washington won 15 minutes later, were

a prelude to the Seven Years War, a vast conflict which raged through Europe, the West Indies, Asia and America. It is almost uncanny that Washington, born 3,000 miles from the centres of global power, should have helped to set the wheels of history whirling, at the age of 22. How did it happen? Who was this oversized, impetuous young Virginian?

Early Ambition

HE was born the third son of Augustine Washington, proprietor of some 10,000 acres in Virginia, and part-owner of an ironworks. The two older sons, born of a first marriage, had been sent to a good school in England. George would certainly have received the same gentlemanly education, but in 1743 his father died. Lawrence, the eldest son, inherited the bulk of the estate, and George became a poor relation at the age of 11.

He found himself marooned at Ferry Farm, across the Rappahannock River from Fredericksburg, with a younger sister, three younger brothers and his mother. He soon began spending much of his time with his half-brothers, particularly 26-year-old Lawrence, whom he loved with a hero-worship that only a fatherless boy could feel. Primarily a soldier, Lawrence had obtained a captain's commission in a British expedition against Spanish colonies in South America. He had returned home wreathed in local fame and

later renamed his estate on the Potomac River "Mount Vernon," in honour of his commander, Admiral Edward Vernon.

George enjoyed every hour he spent at Mount Vernon, but during the winters his mother insisted that he attend a school in Fredericksburg. There he revealed a streak of fierce ambition. While other boys spent their spare time playing games, George preferred to stay at his desk, toiling over his lessons. But he quickly devoured all this local school had to offer, and he began to long for a better future than the prospect of a life with his mother at Ferry Farm.

Mary Ball Washington was a large, headstrong, short-tempered woman who browbeat her children, and George soon found himself at odds with her. He took his troubles to Lawrence, who hatched the first of several schemes to liberate him from Ferry Farm. George's greatgrandfather had been, for a time, a ship's mate, and Lawrence suggested that George go to England and prepare to seek a commission in the Royal Navy. But his mother thought it "a very bad scheme" and issued a flat "no."

By now George was 14 and, while his grammar and spelling were atrocious, he had shown a flair for mathematics.

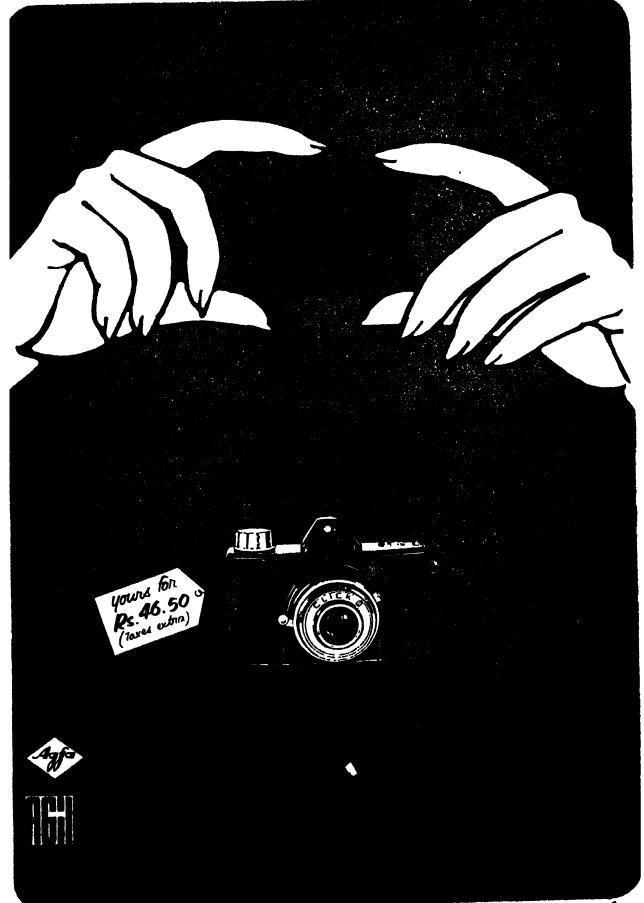
Lawrence decided that surveying would be a natural career for the boy (and also an excellent way of getting him off Ferry Farm), and to this

proposal Mary Washington agreed.

The surveyor in those days was a man of great importance—the master navigator of the great surge westward, the key to the vast tracts of new land being opened up. George set to work learning his profession, and soon he was earning money as an apprentice surveyor. He grew even closer to Lawrence, who had married Anne Fairfax, a member of one of the leading families in Virginia. Some of the best society swirled through Belvoir, the Fairfax mansion just down-river Mount Vernon, and here 16-year-old George danced and flirted shyly with society belles, suffering his first adolescent heartbreaks and writing some very bad poems.

He also acquired an education no school could have equalled, for the Fairfaxes were in the great tradition of the English aristocracy, a family that had defended liberty for generations. They saw life in terms of duty and honour, both personal and public. No duty was higher, no honour more glorious, than service to one's country. And, according to their code, a man could not hope to perform this service well without achieving self-mastery.

This philosophy, though it sounds impossibly noble to our cynical era, gave Washington the goals he would pursue all his life. His eyes opened to horizons beyond the social whirl of horse racing, hunting, dances and girls that absorbed most young Virginia men. In the long evening



hours at Belvoir, George listened while Lawrence and the Fairfaxes discussed plans for a company which would develop thousands of acres in the Ohio River Valley. There was a sense of being at the centre of things with these men. As letters flowed in from London, and business consultations were held with Virginia's royal governor, the great world of international politics began to open before George's eyes.

At 17, Washington was made the official surveyor of Culpeper County, and for the next three years he worked diligently, keeping a meticulous record of earnings and expenses, and investing his money in land. He laid out the first lots and streets of a new town that became Alexandria, Virginia. Many of his surveys are still on file in Virginia, and there is a precision and delicacy to his lines and arrows that approaches beauty.

At the end of these formative years came tragedy. Lawrence, the thoughtful substitute father, was stricken with tuberculosis and died. Within a few months George became master of the Mount Vernon estate, and stepped forward to take Lawrence's place as the head of the family.

Though Washington was only 20, the Fairfaxes persuaded the governor to appoint him as one of the colony's four militia majors. When someone complained that George was too young to be a major, the Fairfaxes reportedly replied, "All

Washingtons are born old." A year later, George proved his maturity on the harrowing journey to the French fort on Lake Erie.

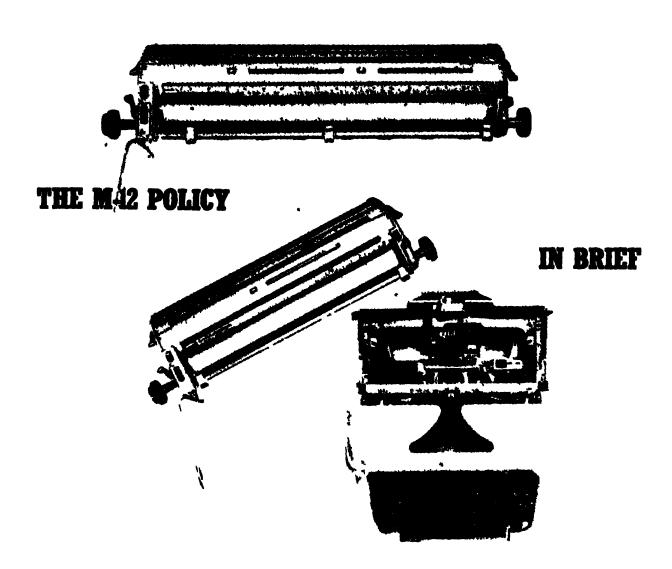
Hopeless Love

AFTER he heard the "charming" sound of bullets, Washington wrote to Governor Dinwiddie, "If the whole detachment of the French behave with no more resolution than this chosen party did, I flatter myself we shall have no great trouble in driving them to Montreal."

He soon regretted his overconfidence. A few weeks later, French reinforcements attacked him in Fort Necessity, a flimsy stockade his men had built west of the Allegheny plateau. Hoping to fight a drillmaster's battle, Washington marched out to engage the enemy in an open field. But the French, well-trained in forest fighting, scattered behind rocks and stumps to pour a withering fire into Washington's compact force. The Virginians took cover in the fort's trenches, where a downpour of rain fouled their guns, soaked powder, filled the trenches knee-deep with muddy water. Soon almost a third of Washington's men were dead or wounded.

In a midnight parley, the French offered to let the survivors march out with their arms, unmolested, if they agreed to retire to Virginia. Washington looked around him. His men were completely demoralized, their weapons almost useless.

There was no alternative but



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to swallow his first taste of bitter defeat, and surrender The next day, the battered little army straggled towards Virginia, carrying the wounded on their backs

George returned to Mount Ver non, where a worse disaster overtook him he fell in love with his best friend's wife George William Fair fax, Washington's companion during his frontier surveying days, had brought home to Belvoir a tall, slen der bride named Sally Extremely well-educated, a rare thing for Virginia women of that era, she was also witty, impudent and flirtatious, just the sort of woman to entrance a shy young officer

It was an absolutely hopeless love,

so Washington did the only thing a man of honour could do he buried the desire deep in himself and tried to forget her But it was impossible to escape from Sally's bright talk and mocking eyes The invitations to dinners and dances at Belvoir were frequent and, when he accepted one of them, Sally would teasingly ask why Colonel Washington was avoiding her He would take her in his arms, whirl her around the dance floor and make harmless jokes about the problems of his bachelor life

For months, he struggled to master this inner torment. Then General Edward Braddock arrived from England with two regiments of



British soldiers to quench the flames of war on the frontier.

It was with Braddock that Washington experienced another profound emotion: the first faint realization that he was not English, but American. It is difficult to appreciate this awakening today. In the Virginia of Washington's youth, England was "home," the repository of good education, culture and military genius. But now, when Braddock and his officers spoke with contempt of American incompretence in the war, the young officer found he could not keep silent.

Years later, a fellow Virginian recalled how Washington, in his blue uniform and cocked hat, "put his two thumbs into the armpits of his waistcoat" and bluntly contradicted Braddock, urging him to blame individuals, not the whole country.

Amazingly, Braddock let him get away with it. There was something about George that made older men admire him. Braddock, famous for his brutality when discipline was breached, would listen to Washington's lectures and growl to his British officers, "What think you of this from a young hand—from a beardless boy?"

A few weeks later the "beardless boy" was one of the few soldiers who kept his head when Braddock's redcoats were attacked by a howling band of French and Red

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Indians. Washington was all over the battlefield, carrying Braddock's orders, trying to rally the panic-stricken soldiers. Two horses were shot from under him, and four bullets passed through his clothes. When Braddock fell, mortally wounded, and the panic became a rout, Washington was among a handful who got the dying general off the battlefield and organized a rear guard to protect the fleeing army.

Frontier Command

On the night of George's arrival back at Mount Vernon, he received a note from Sally Fairfax. "After thanking Heaven for your safe return," she wrote, "I must accuse you of great unkindness in refusing us the pleasure of seeing you this night."

But there was no time for Sally now. The remnants of Braddock's army had retreated all the way to Philadelphia, leaving Virginia's 350-mile frontier unprotected against the French guns and Red Indian knives.

The colony looked to 23-yearold George Washington for protection. Frantic letters from the politicians at Williamsburg, then Virginia's capital, arrived at Mount Vernon, asking if he would be willing to serve on the frontier.

His answer was an absolute no—unless the House of Burgesses, the colony's parliament, was ready to vote a realistic amount of money

for the campaign and give the commander in the field the right to appoint his own officers. Gone was the early spirit of the volunteer. Two shattering defeats had done much to make a professional soldier of George Washington. The Burgesses listened, and promptly voted him everything he wanted, including £40,000, the authorization to raise a thousand men, and a commission as full colonel and commander-inchief.

Washington was maturing in other ways. Several weeks after Braddock's defeat, he happened to be in Alexandria at election time, when a cocky politician named William Payne came striding down the street carrying a walking-stick.

Payne was running against a neighbour of Washington's for the House of Burgesses and, as he passed, George made a sarcastic remark. Payne returned the compliment and Washington, his temper flaring, called him a nasty name. Whereupon Payne, whose head did not reach Washington's shoulder, struck him with the walking-stick and knocked him flat on his back in the dusty street.

Next morning Payne received a letter from Washington asking for a meeting in a near-by tavern. The news swept through the town. If Payne did not apologize, said the gossips, he would find himself staring down the wrong end of a duelling pistol.

The uneasy Payne trudged to the

Zopino

tavern at the appointed hour, followed by a curious crowd—but never were sensation-seekers more disappointed. Colonel Washington sat at a table with a decanter of wine and two glasses. There were no pistols in sight. When Payne approached, the tall man rose and held out his hand.

"Mr. Payne," he said. "I was wrong yesterday. You have had some satisfaction. If that is sufficient, here is my hand. Let us be friends." The gesture transformed Payne from an enemy to a passionate supporter of Washington for the rest of his life. Payne's whole family told and retold the story for the next 50 years.

When he reached the frontier to assume his new command, Washington found a chaotic situation. The inhabitants refused to supply horses, wagons and provisions to



the officers who were trying to protect them. Near-riots ensued when Washington attempted to recruit his soldiers. What men he did manage to scrape together were almost impossible to discipline, and they spent much of their time pilfering, drinking and deserting.

Meanwhile, Red Indian war parties poured in. Farmhouses went up in flames; men and boys were massacred, women and girls dragged into captivity. "Every day we have accounts of such cruelties and barbarities as are shocking to human nature," wrote the new commander. Now petitions and pleas for help came in a steady stream, but Washington had only 700 men, two for every mile of the wooded frontier. The Red Indian raids took a terrible toll. "We have fought some 20 skirmishes," Washington wrote, "and lost near a hundred men killed or wounded."

Then, from the Assembly in Williamsburg, came cries for investigation of drunkenness and immorality among Washington's men. If the young commander had matured swiftly in the past few years, there was one weakness he had not mastered: he was hypersensitive to criticism. He wrote long, wrathful letters back to Williamsburg.

He was also infuriated by any challenge to what he considered his rights. He quarrelled endlessly with Governor Dinwiddie, for example, over how many aides he was allowed. When a Maryland captain

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with a royal commission disputed his authority, Washington was so incensed that he rode all the way to Boston, where the matter was settled (in George's favour) by William Shirley, the British commander-inchief.

When he returned to the frontier, the war settled down to dull attrition. The British realized that Canada was the heart of French power in North America, and the main battles were fought in the north. Washington was left behind, a frustrated commander in a minor theatre of war. He was completely unaware that he was learning valuable lessons about what to expect from recalcitrant legislatures and politicians who thought they were generals.

He learned the realities of army discipline. When one of his officers was scalped by Red Indians after being deserted by his sergeant, Washington court-martialled the sergeant and condemned him to death. He had no power to carry out the sentence, but he told the Assembly to give him the authority, and they promptly passed a bill which enabled him to send the man to a firing squad. Not long after, he built a gallows "40 feet high" and hanged two deserters on it.

"A Lady is in the Case"

In March 1758, on a trip to Williamsburg to confer with the governor, Washington stopped at "The White' House," a six-chimneyed

mansion owned by a young widow, Martha Dandridge Custis. This was their first recorded meeting, but Martha, who was one of the wealthiest women in Virginia, had undoubtedly received George at her mansion before. At any rate, they knew each other well enough to become engaged.

Some cynical biographers have seen the match as a pure business arrangement, and it certainly was not in the tradition of high romance. Washington was still struggling to quench his love for Sally Fairfax. Martha was mourning a husband eight months dead, by whom she had had four children. Washington had a big house but no wife to run it; she had a vast estate which badly needed a good manager.

But there is ample proof that they bore each other a genuine affection. A few weeks after his engagement, as Washington departed for his last wilderness campaign, he scribbled a tender farewell note to Martha, in which he described himself as "your ever faithful and affectionate friend."

To Washington, friendship was the noblest emotion of life, and it meant something deeper and far more important than romance. He frequently spoke of "loving" his friends, and all his life he made a sharp distinction between passion and the steady, devoted love of a husband and wife.

Less than four weeks after he vowed his devotion to Martha, he

was fighting his way through the western wilderness once more. Then he received a letter from Sally Fairfax. In her mocking, elusive style, she teased him over his impatience at the slow progress of the campaign. Was it because he was engaged, and had become more lover than soldier?

Sally did not realize that she was playing around the rim of a volcano. What came back to her in a letter from the wilds was nothing less than an explosion: a searing cry of anguish from a reticent man who could bury his love no longer.

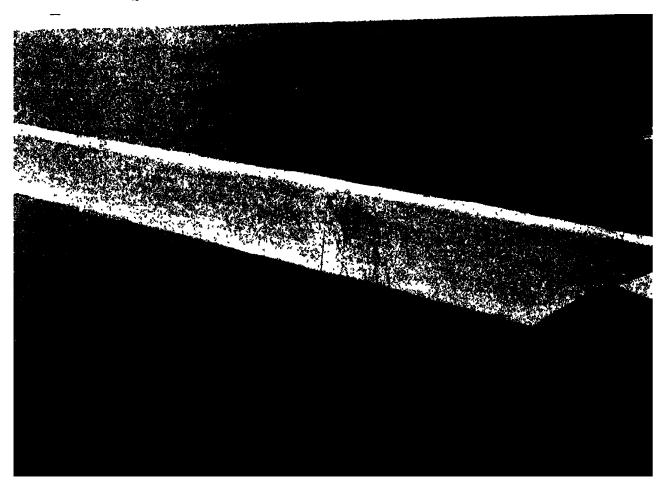
"'Tis true I profess myself a votary of love," he wrote her. "I acknowledge that a lady is in the

case and further I confess that this lady is known to you. I feel the force of her amiable beauties in the recollection of a thousand tender passages that I could wish to obliterate till I am bid to revive them."

In hinted meanings, Washington was crying out to Sally one last time: "I love you. Do you love me?"

"Misconstrue not my meaning; doubt it not nor expose it," the letter continued. "The world has no business to know the object of my love declared in this manner to you when I want to conceal it. But adieu to this till happier times, if I shall ever see them."

As always, Sally was discreet. Though her answer is lost, it was



apparently indirect, perhaps cautionary, for Washington's letter asked: "Do we still misunderstand the true meaning of each other's letters? I cannot speak plainer without—but I'll say no more and leave

you to guess the rest."

Washington's frontier service endcd soon after this when he marched to Fort Duquesne with General John Forbes and a large new British force. This time the French chose to abandon the fort and retreat, leaving Virginia's frontier secure. Washington returned home a hero and a member of the House of Burgesses, to which he had been elected during his absence.

Weeks later, Washington married

Martha. During the ceremony the bride must have felt more than a few romantic flutterings. To the end of her days Martha saved a piece of her wedding dress—white brocaded satin threaded with silver—and the white military gloves her tall colonel wore as he took her small hand in his and said, "I do."

The Quiet Years

Washington now began what can only be described as a new life. For 16 years, from 1759 to 1775, he was content to be George Washington, Esquire, master of Mount Vernon.

He soon proved to be a firstclass businessman and an ingenious



farmer. The standard crop in Virginia was tobacco and, on the side, plantations grew maize for food. Washington studied all the latest books from England on agricultural science, and decided to revolutionize Mount Vernon. Besides tobacco, he grew wheat and established his own grinding mills.

Washington was responsible not only for Mount Vernon, but for some 900 workers (about two-thirds of them slaves), and all of Martha's estates, which involved thousands of acres. He was years ahead of his time in his approach to the job. Eighteenth century America was in love with an Arcadian ideal, in which every man was his own boss and the first freedom was the right to be idle.

Washington clashed head-on with this attitude. He was constantly on his horse, checking up on overseers, berating carpenters who took as much as seven weeks to build a pasture gate. "System," he declared, "is essential to carry on business well and with ease."

But he loved innovation, as well. He designed a many-sided barn in which 30 men could thresh wheat, instead of letting horses tread it in the open where the weather frequently damaged it. He tried to develop a domesticated variety of American wild grape to begin a native wine industry, and established fisheries along his river banks where thousands of pounds of herring and shad were caught.

He denounced the Virginia habit of exhausting the soil and then letting it lie fallow. It offended his passion for efficiency. He wrote to one of his farm managers: "My object is to labour for profit, and therefore to regard quality instead of quantity."

How well did Washington succeed as a businessman? In an era when other large landowners were often on the verge of bankruptcy, Washington, at his death, was worth more than a million dollars. And he achieved this fortune while spending 21 years away from home on public service.

With marriage, Washington also assumed the responsibilities of parenthood. Martha's two living children, Jack Custis, four, and Patsy Custis, two, called their stepfather "Poppa" and were as fond of him as he was of them. In the first order for goods he sent to London after his marriage, Washington asked for "ten shillings' worth of toys," and "one fashionable dressed baby doll." Soon he was writing for "a box of ginger bread toys and sugar images."

Tragically, Patsy developed a form of epilepsy as she grew older. Washington struggled in vain to help her, consulting the best doctors he could find. But nothing helped, and she died at the age of 17, in the midst of a seizure.

It was during these years that Washington began a lifetime habit of secret generosity towards his

31

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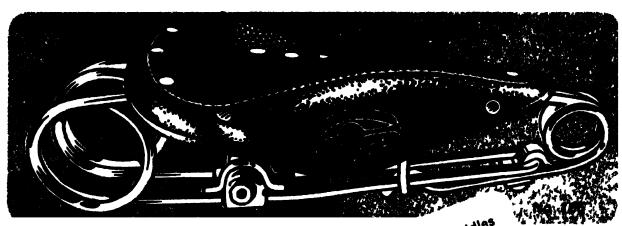
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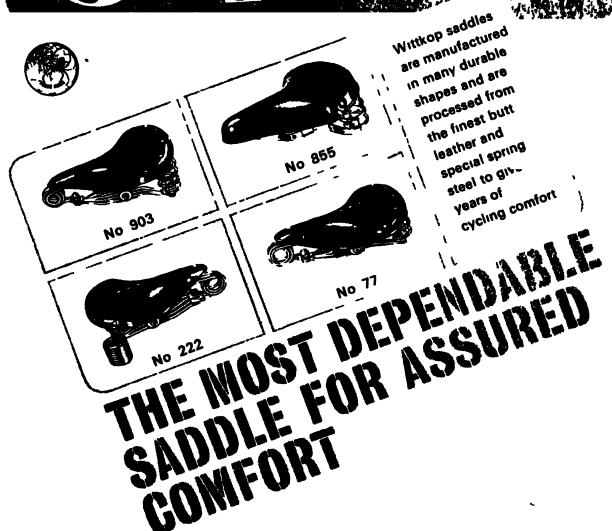
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family and friends. In all, he undertook the support of 22 nieces and nephews.

But Washington's temper could still flare up. Once he was riding across his estate near the Potomac when he heard a shot and saw a duck plummet into the water. Crouched in a canoe among the reeds was a familiar figure from across the river—a poacher whom Washington had ordered off his land twice before.

With a shout of rage, Washington sent his horse thundering down the river bank and into the water. The poacher leaped up, aimed his gun at Washington and screamed, "Stop or I shoot!"

Totally ignoring the threat, Washington leaned from his horse, seized the prow of the canoe and dragged craft and passenger back to land. There he sprang to the ground and thrashed the poacher until he swore on his knees never to trespass on Mount Vernon again.

Such interludes were rare, however. Most of the Mount Vernon years were rich in peace and pleasure for Washington. Often he went to Fredericksburg to spend an evening with friends at the Indian Queen Tavern. There, one night, a British officer sang a song "as funny * personally persuaded numerous Viras it was improper," which caused Washington to laugh until tears ran down his cheeks, and call for an encore.

They were years of hard work, and the play that Washington loved

-card games, horse races, dances and fox hunting, long evenings with friends and good wine. After all his years of glory, Washington said, "I had rather be at Mount Vernon with a friend or two about me, than to be attended at the seat of government by the representatives of every power in Europe."

"I Am Ready to March"

For 15 years Washington retained his seat in the House of Burgesses and faithfully attended its meetings at Williamsburg. There, in these golden years of Virginia's colonial government, he listened to such men as Thomas Jefferson, George Mason and Patrick Henry discuss the political issues of the day. And in their debates, he heard the first rumblings of trouble between England and her colonies.

In 1765 he heard Patrick Henry, in a speech against British taxation, utter his famous cry: "If this be treason, make the most of it!" Four years later when the British Parliament tried to tax the colonies again, Henry and others made more hery speeches. But Washington, who had no illusions about his oratorical abilities, did something more practical. He rode off on his horse and guians not to import taxed English items.

Even at this early date, while others talked of appeals and embargoes, Washington saw that the final test of strength would be on

the battlefield. In a letter to Mason, he wrote: "At a time when our lordly masters in Great Britain will be satisfied with nothing less than the deprivation of American freedom, it seems highly necessary that something should be done to maintain the liberty which we have derived from our ancestors. No man should scruple to use arms in defence of so valuable a blessing."

Though his best friends, the Fairfaxes, sympathized with the Americans, their ties to England were too strong to break. In 1773, George and Sally Fairfax decided to go to England to look after their family interests there. Since Washington's marriage, the two couples had seen each other constantly, but in Washington's diary, where there are numerous references to these social meetings, there is no hint of that passionate longing he had once revealed to Sally.

The day the Fairfaxes sailed, George and Martha rode to Belvoir to see them off. It was Washington's last glimpse of the unattainable woman he had loved in his fiery youth.

Suddenly, a few months after the Fairfaxes' departure, Virginia was stunned by news of the Boston Tea Party, and Parliament's decision to close the New England port and impose martial law. When the Virginia Assembly passed a resolution supporting Boston, the royal governor dissolved the Assembly. Swiftly, Washington and 24 other Burgesses

decided to form an assembly without the governor, and, at its first meeting, Washington completely stole the show from Patrick Henry and his fellow orators with a onesentence speech.

"I am ready to raise 1,000 men," he said, "subsist them at my own expense and march at their head for the relief of Boston."

As a result, Washington was one of seven Virginians chosen to represent the colony in the first Continental Congress, a rallying of colonists in Philadelphia in 1774. During the seven-week Congress, he did not make a single public statement. But he played a powerful role in the long conversations that followed nightly after the public sessions. Patrick Henry, when asked whom he considered the greatest man in the Congress, answered, "Rutledge, if you speak of eloquence, is by far the greatest orator. But Colonel Washington, who has no pretensions to eloquence, is a man of more solid judgement and information than any man on that floor."

Just after his election to the second Continental Congress, Washington heard the news of a battle at Lexington, Massachusetts, between colonists and British soldiers. When he took his place at this historic convention, he wore the red and blue uniform he had worn in the French and Red Indian War as a colonel of the Virginia militia. Shrewd New Englanders, John Adams among them, quickly saw that they needed

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a Southerner to lead the largely Yankee army they had gathered outside British-occupied Boston.

Adams rose to recommend Washington as commander-in-chief. With superb tact, Washington slipped out of a side door so that no one need hesitate to speak frankly about his suitability. A well-organized minority of New Englanders resented this strong backing of a Southerner. Nevertheless, after a final vote, the Congress formally offered the position to Washington.

Rising to make his usual brief speech, Washington revealed how the offer stirred his deepest emotions. He knew that he was going forth to challenge the mightiest nation in the history of the world, whose fleets and armies dominated the globe, and that he had never before commanded anything larger

than a regiment.

"I feel great distress," he told Congress, "from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust. I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room that I this day declare with the utmost sincerity I do not think myself equal to the command." But he vowed "to exert every power I possess for the support of the glorious cause."

In this touching, simple statement, Washington created one of the hallmarks of his greatness. He did not ride into history like a Napoleon, trumpeting his military genius. He knew, from harsh experience, that defeat was all too possible.

He refused any payment beyond his expenses. No amount of money, he said, "could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness."

On June 23, after writing a tender farewell letter to Martha, he rode north to take command of the American army before Boston.

Reluctant Dictator

For some time, at the start of the war, there was evidence that Washington, at 43, retained much of the hypersensitive spirit he had shown as a young Virginia colonel. He took a very dim view of New Englanders as soldiers. "They regard their officers as no more than broomsticks," he complained, and soon he was describing New Englanders in general as "a dirty and nasty people."

Then, suddenly, there was a change. Some people think it may have come from the worst of the many shocks he received in the first months of his command. To begin with, he discovered that, instead of an estimated 20,000 soldiers, he had

14,000.

Even this small army was dwindling before his eyes, as threeand six-month recruits simply picked up their guns and went home. And a member of his staff informed Washington that there



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had been a miscount of the powder barrels. Instead of a reserve of 308,

there were only 90.

The old George Washington would have exploded in rage. But General John Sullivan, a New Hampshire lawyer and patriot, remembered Washington's reaction. "He was so struck," said Sullivan, "he did not utter a word for a halfhour."

Thereafter, there was a steady decline of criticism in Washington's letters until it finally vanished completely. In that silent half-hour he apparently took stock of himself and the people he was trying to lead. Their one hope of succeeding, he realized, was in unity. With that inner decision, George Washington set himself to the task of simultaneously defending and creating an America that did not yet exist.

The problems were staggering. His soldiers were more mob than Discipline, particularly among the independent New Englanders, was a dirty word. Worse, officers resigned by the dozen in squabbles over seniority or rank. Washington had to spend endless hours soothing wounded egos, writing to Congress for permission to juggle commissions and fill vacancies.

"Connecticut wants no Massachusetts man in their corps," he wrote. "Massachusetts thinks there is no necessity for Rhode Island men to be introduced among them; and New Hampshire says it's very hard that her valuable and experienced officers should be discarded."

Strategy, diplomacy, supplies, organization—America needed these things. But only a fighting army could win a war, and only a general capable of controlling the unruly, headstrong Americans of 1776 could lead such an army. Washington soon proved he was the man.

One day a snowball fight between the soldiers of the Marblehead (Massachusetts) regiment and some Virginia riflemen turned into a riot which soon had 1,000 men in full mutiny against their officers, punching and kicking one another in the snow. When Washington heard what was happening, he threw himself into the saddle of his horse and galloped to the pasture where the

troops were fighting.

One of his servants, Pompey, had been ordered ahead to take down the pasture bars, but before he could do the job Washington sent his horse soaring over Pompey and the bars into the midst of the rioters. Leaping from the saddle, he grabbed two brawny soldiers by the throat and held them at arm's length-one in each hand—shaking them like children while he roared commands at the rest. The fight was instantly extinguished.

"The moment I realized his personal ascendancy over the turbulent tempers of his men," said General Sullivan, "I never faltered in the faith that we had the right man

READER'S DIGEST

to lead the cause of American liberty."

But Washington's innate gifts for leadership were all but hamstrung by the Continental Congress. When Washington asked for an army of 50,000 men with long-term enlistments, Congress brushed him off. There was a deep fear that a standing army would lead to a military dictatorship. As a result, much of Washington's energy was expended in recruiting new men.

In addition, he had to find qualified staff officers. It is amazing how many men of ability saw not the slightest need to volunteer their services. Men like Patrick Henry resigned because they were not made generals. Twenty-seven signatories of the Declaration of Independence were younger than Washington; not one volunteered.

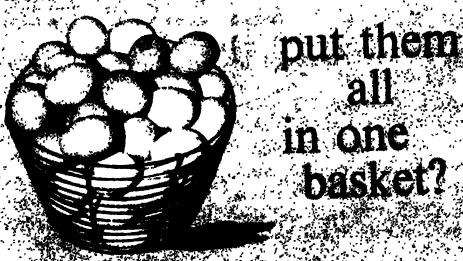
For a full year Washington argued for a better military policy, but Congress did nothing. Thus, in mid-1776, he went into battle with a semi-trained army of a little more than 9,000 men, which he had to enlarge with totally amateur militiamen fresh from the farms. Against him stood 20,000 superbly equipped and disciplined British soldiers. Little wonder that the year 1776



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brought a series of shocking disasters to the American cause!

The battle of Kips Bay, near New York, was perhaps the worst hour of Washington's life. As an advance guard of 60 British light infantry approached the American trenches, 600 green Connecticut militia panicked and fled.

The awful sight momentarily annihilated Washington's hardwon self-control. In a fury he flung his hat on the ground and shouted, "Are these the men I am to defend America with?"

Cursing like a man possessed, he flailed officers and men alike with a cane whip; but still the troops swept by him like a stampede of wild animals. Eventually Washington was left alone on the field, within 100 yards of the British. He sat on his horse, numb with rage and disgust, almost asking them to kill him.

Fortunately, the British were baffled by the sight of an unguarded American general and hesitated, suspecting a trap. Then an aide rode up and led Washington away.

American fortunes continued to dwindle until Congress fled from Philadelphia in raw panic and, abandoning all its pretensions to military knowledge, appointed Washington a virtual dictator. For eight weeks he was on his own, with total power to call up troops, issue proclamations and fight his battles when and where he chose.

History is full of generals who

discovered the efficiency of dictatorship and decided to convert it into a principle of government. But Washington, the moment Congress had voted him his special powers, wrote to Robert Morris and two of Morris's colleagues: "Instead of thinking myself free'd from all civil obligation by this mark of Confidence, I shall constantly bear in mind that as the Sword was the last resort for the preservation of our Liberties, so it ought to be the first thing laid aside when those Liberties are firmly established."

About midnight on Christmas Day, 1776, he slashed across the ice-choked Delaware River to capture 900 bewildered Hessians in Trenton, New Jersey. When the British sent Lord Cornwallis hustling across New Jersey with an army to contain him, Washington ordered another midnight manoeuvre.

Camp fires were stoked to a cheerful blaze for the benefit of the British night watch. Then wagon wheels were muffled with cloth, and the army marched in silence through the night. By dawn Cornwallis was staring at the fires of an empty American camp, while Washington was some 20 miles at his rear, routing three redcoat regiments at Princeton.

In two weeks Washington recaptured two-thirds of New Jersey, winning two battles that completely reversed the downward plunge of American morale. Then he surrendered his dictatorial powers to



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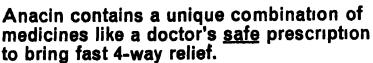
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Congress and again became the obedient servant of its ineptitude and intrigues.

The "Old Fox"

From chafing at Washington's discipline, the army turned to worshipping him. Here was a leader who would not be corrupted by power, and a general who was never content to run things from a safe distance behind the lines. Washington always rode to the sound of guns; and were it not for the testimony of eye-witnesses, many stories of his courage would be unbelievable.

During the opening skirmish at Princeton, a British regiment checked the American advance guard. Washington, to teach his men contempt for British marksmanship, rode forward to within 30 yards of the British, urging his men to form and fire. Then both sides cut loose with a volley. One of his aides, Colonel John Fitzgerald, was so certain Washington was dead that he covered his face with his hat so that he would not see him fall. When he looked again, there was the big figure on his white horse, cantering exultantly through the battle smoke to watch the British break and run.

Just before the battle of Brandywine, a British major named John Ferguson was scouting with a patrol in the woods near the American lines. Ferguson was an expert in forest warfare, and the best shot in the British army. Suddenly, through the trees, he saw an American officer riding a bay horse. It was Washington, on a scouting sortie of his own. Completely concealed, Ferguson and his men took dead aim at the rider. Then, abruptly, Ferguson signalled to hold fire. He said later that he could not bring himself to shoot a defenceless man.

Revealing himself, Ferguson called out, hoping to draw fire. Instead, Washington stopped, looked straight into the muzzle of Ferguson's gun, then turned his back and slowly rode away.

'I could have lodged half a dozen balls in him," said the baffled Ferguson. "But it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty, so I let him alone." Only later did he learn the identity of his target.

The English made many mistakes in fighting Washington, but in none did they flounder more foolishly than in their attempts to humiliate him. When William Howe was preparing to attack New York, a letter insultingly addressed to "George Washington, etc., etc.," was handed to the American lines. Washington ordered his aides to refuse it. The next day the British adjutant-general respectfully requested an interview with "His Excellency General Washington."

The American commander received him wearing his full-dress uniform. His epaulettes, plus his

enormous height and frigidly correct manner, had a shattering effect on the adjutant-general's composure. Spluttering and stammering, he tried to argue that the letter was not intended to be disrespectful.

"Etc., etc., implies everything," he said.

"So it does," growled Washington, "and anything."

General Howe soon gave up this little game, but his successor, General Henry Clinton, tried to revive it. He sent a letter by a British messenger addressed to "Mr. Washington." When it was handed to Washington, he simply put it in his pocket.

"This letter," he told the messenger, "is directed to a planter of the State of Virginia. I shall have it delivered to him after the end of the war. Till that time it shall not be opened." That ended it. Within the hour Clinton's messenger was back with a duplicate addressed to "His Excellency General Washington."

Washington felt no personal animosity towards the British, and he had a deep humanity which saved him from the brutal extremes of the soldier's code. At Princeton, watching an outnumbered force of red-coats defending themselves fiercely, he cried, "See how those noble fellows fight!" After the battle, he found a wounded British soldier being robbed by several American stragglers. Furious, Washington drove the thieves away and ordered another man to stand guard over the

bleeding redcoat until he could be moved to camp.

When misfortune befell an enemy general, Washington's instinctive generosity came to the fore. He interceded on behalf of "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne, captured the Battle of Saratoga, the colonists' first major triumph. Washington persuaded Congress to permit the British general to go back to England on parole to defend himself against slanderous critics in Parliament. He wrote Burgoyne a letter, sympathizing with his "feelings as a soldier." Burgoyne read it before declared Parliament and though it came from an enemy, "it did credit to the human heart.'

Nevertheless, Washington never forgot he was fighting for his life. No general ever learned the art of total war faster than he did during the crisis-filled winter of 1776-77. Lacking in strength, he resorted to guile—and became one of the most talented spy masters in history.

Quartered for the nearly disastrous winter in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, Washington boldly sent an agent to General Howe with an offer to supply him with secret papers from Washington's own files. Howe swallowed the bait at once and for the next few months Washington industriously composed fraudulent statistics on the army's strength, adding memoranda about plans to attack Philadelphia and New York, and other impossible stratagems. Because the "stolen" papers were in

Washington's handwriting, the British general believed them, and did not attack Washington's weakened forces.

By the time the war was three years old, Washington was operating as many as three separate spy networks inside the British lines. He saw to it that the same false information reached the British from two, three, and even four sources, telling an aide to keep a careful record of everything that was fabricated so that "if any other person should go in upon the same errand he may carry the same tale." Time and again such doctored intelligence kept the redcoats from starting a battle that would have meant almost certain defeat for the Americans, No wonder the British called Washington the "Old Fox."

Camp Life

Throughout the war years, Martha Washington came north every winter to share the hardships and dangers of camp life. This timid woman, whom Washington had feared to leave alone, braved trips that took her hundreds of miles over difficult roads to be at her husband's side. And she was badly needed; in the winter of 1777, she arrived just in time to nurse Washington back to health from an almost fatal bout of influenza.

In camp, Washington lived surrounded by a group of picked troops, known as his Life Guards. One of the constant American fears

was of an attempt to kidnap the commander-in-chief, and these men were sworn to defend Washington with their lives. At every alarm from a sentry, the Life Guards charged from their tents to Washington's house, and many a night Martha shivered under the covers while these burly fighters burst into her room and poised their loaded muskets at her window.

But camp life was not all danger and hardship. Washington firmly believed, as he wrote to a friend, "It is better to go laughing than crying through life." At Valley Forge he tempered discipline with humour by ordering every soldier who got drunk to dig up one of the stumps left behind from hut building—a sardonic punishment which soon cleared out all the stumps. His experience with Virginia belles led him to smile when a young officer begged for leave on the grounds that his sweetheart was pining away for lack of his company.

"Women," said Washington firmly, "don't die of such things."

Sometimes the measure of a man can be glimpsed in little things. One of Washington's most consistent traits was his consideration for other people. When he left the house he had commandeered for his winter quarters in Morristown, he ordered an exact inventory of every item in the building. The account was presented to the owner, who reported only a single loss: a table-spoon. A few months later, there



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arrived a package from Mount Vernon It contained a single spoon engraved with the initials "G W"

In his youth, Washington had been helped by older men As commander in chief, he returned this generosity tenfold He was constantly on the look-out for talented young men (like 20-year old Alexander Himilton and the 19 year-old Marquis de Lafayette) to serve as his aides, and he became extremely fond of most of them

Lafayette was unquestionably his favourite Within six months after their meeting, the young French noble was calling Washington his "adopted father," and it may well be that he awoke in Washington the love for that son Martha never bore him Once when Lafayette returned to France to secure additional French aid, Washington had dinner with a French friend and eagerly enquired after him The man gave a glowing picture of Lafayette's popularity for his achievements in America.

"Washington blushed like a fond father," the Frenchman wrote "Tears fell from his eyes. He clasped my hand and could hardly utter the words, 'I do not know of a finer soul, and I love him as my own son.'"

Fond as he was of Lafayette, however, Washington never let emotions interfere with his judgement. In 1778, when Lafayette concocted a grandiose scheme to lead an expedition to conquer Canada, Washington vetoed the plan. He even expressed the suspicion that Lafayette might be a tool of the French Cabinet. If France reconquered Canada, Washington pointed out in a letter, it would, with its possession of New Orleans and influence among the Red Indians, completely surround the American states. This, he feared, would be "too great a temptation to be resisted by any power"

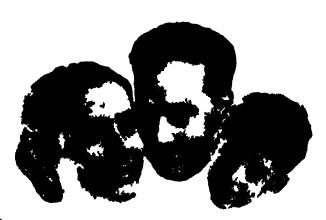
It was such shrewd, clear realism that enabled Washington to win the Revolutionary War

"Done in the Trenches"

From the carliest weeks of the war, Washington saw that the disorganized colonies could never provide an army powerful enough to expel the British So he accepted the premise of a long war and fought that way, husbanding his scarecrow regiments, striking only when the British gave him an opening Meanwhile, he strengthened his forces with foreign help. Germans such as Baron von Steuben, Poles such as Count Pulaski, his old enemies the French—Washington accepted them all, winning their respect and affection.

As the war continued, many men gave up and abandoned Congress and the army. Washington stayed, Month after month, year after dragging year, he struggled with the endless shortages of food and money, with desertions and resignations. The letters, reports, memoranda, orders of the day flowed out

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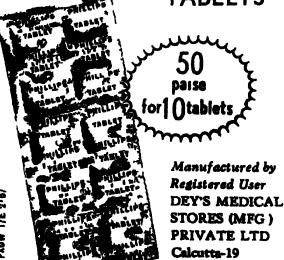
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—during the six years of the Revolution, they totalled some 13,000 documents.

Then, in late 1781, came the supreme chance to trap General Charles Cornwallis and his British army at Yorktown, Virginia. Washington decided on the same daring combination that had won him all his victories: false intelligence, a secret march, a sudden attack where the enemy least expected it.

As the American and French armies lingered outside New York, agents deluged the redcoats with fake plans for an attack on this citadel of British power. Washington himself questioned a known Tory sympathizer about landing beaches and routes of march on Long Island, sternly cautioning the fellow not to mention his interest to anyone. ("I have no doubt," said an eye-witness to the performance, "that the British general heard about it that night.") When the allied armies moved across New Jersey on the first leg of their journey to Yorktown, the British were convinced that it was a manoeuvre to disguise an attack on New York via Staten Island.

Washington concentrated the French and American armies before Yorktown in one of the great marches of military history. Then, with a masterful combination of diplomacy and leadership, he summoned from both armies and the blockading French fleet what he called "a singular spirit of emulation"—friendly competition—for

the ensuing siege. Working night and day, often under Washington's personal direction, the French and Americans opened trenches, dragged huge cannon into position, and poured a catastrophic stream of shot and shell on the bewildered British. In nine days, his fortifications in ruin, Cornwallis surrendered.

At the thunderous conclusion of the battle, Washington signed the simplest dispatch any victorious general ever sent to an anxious senate. It began: "I have the Honour to inform Congress that a Reduction of the British Army under the Command of Lord Cornwallis is most happily effected." The rest was praise of others.

With General de Rochambeau beside him, he rode to a captured British redoubt and there waited for Cornwallis to send out the signed document of capitulation. When it came, Washington signed it in the saddle and added, "Done in the trenches before Yorktown, in Virginia, October 19, 1781." That afternoon the British marched out to lay down their arms.

The moment the ceremony was over, he was magnanimity itself to his captives. Cornwallis and his officers were invited to a series of dinners. At one of these, de Rochambeau offered a toast to the King of France. Cornwallis responded lamely with a toast simply to "the king."

Washington, holding up his glass, added what Cornwallis was

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thinking. "Of England," he said. "Confine him there and I'll drink him a bumper!"

The Revolution Is Rescued

For Washington, Yorktown was by no means the end of the war. After a week of his beloved Mount Vernon, he rode north again, for he saw that it was absolutely necessary to keep the army together so that American diplomats could negotiate from strength at the peace table. As usual, food and clothing for the troops were in short supply, and money was non-existent.

Then, as rumours of peace became more insistent, ominous signs of revolt appeared in the discontented army.

The trouble began with a sober memorandum submitted to Washington by one of his colonels, arguing that the only hope of governing the country sensibly lay in a monarchy—with George Washington as king.

Washington reacted swiftly. "Be assured, sir," he wrote in reply, "no occurrence during the course of the war has given me more painful sensations. Let me conjure you, if you have any regard for your country, to banish these thoughts from your mind."

Then Congress, bungling as usual, decided to welsh on promises it had made to the officers with regard to their pay. Already reduced to selling their uniforms for vegetables and using their ammunition to kill

game, the desperate men exploded. A rabble-rousing call to arms was circulated. Handbills shrieked: "Can you consent to be the only sufferers by the Revolution?"

Washington called an officers' meeting. This moment, so little remembered, was the real crisis in the nation's birth. America stood at the cross-roads on March 15, 1783, as the tough, angry men filed into a crude log building called the "Temple" to listen to their leader.

It was entirely within Washington's power to send America down the bloody, bitter path which almost every other revolution in the world's history has followed—to a dictatorship built on the army's bayonets. The American army was ready for such a drastic move that day—until Washington rose to address them.

He called on his "brother officers" to renounce the mutinous proposals of the handbills, and vowed he would do everything in his power to win justice from Congress. He implored them not to resort to any measures which "viewed in the calm light of reason will lessen the dignity and sully the glory you have hitherto maintained."

Then he began to read aloud a letter from Joseph Jones, a Virginia congressman who was sympathetic to the army's claims. Washington's eyes, worn from so many hours of reading dispatches by candlelight, could not make out the closely written sentences. He reached into his

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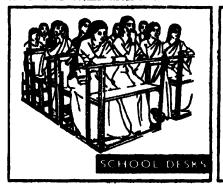
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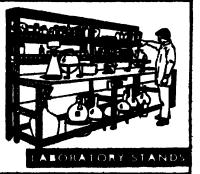
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pocket and took out spectacles he had recently ordered.

"Gentlemen," he said as he fumbled with the glasses, "you must pardon me. I have grown grey in your service and now find myself

growing blind."

The simplicity and truth of this statement struck every heart in the hall. Dozens of hard-bitten veterans wept openly. Washington finished the letter and left the stage. A few moments later the men voted to repudiate the handbills and place their hopes for the future in Wash-

ington's hands.

Back in his tent, Washington demanded justice for his men in a letter that scorched the ears of Congress. "If retiring from the field they are to grow old in poverty, wretchedness and contempt," he wrote, "if they are to wade through the vile mire of dependency and owe the miserable remnant of that life to charity which has hitherto been spent in honour, then shall I have learned what ingratitude is. Then shall I have realized a tale which will embitter every moment of my future life."

Within a month Congress voted to give the departing officers full pay for five years. The Revolution

had been rescued.

Forging the Union

Washington now turned to guiding the Revolution along the path to national achievement. In his farewell letter as commander-in-chief, sent to all governors and legislatures of the 13 states, he criticized the ramshackle Articles of Confederation by which the nation was attempting to govern itself. He called instead for "an indissoluble union of the states under one federal head." He also called on Americans to "forget their local prejudices and policies, to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to the general prosperity."

It took four years for Washington's fellow citizens to realize the wisdom of these words. Then, in 1787, the Constitutional Convention met in Philadelphia to hammer out the plan by which the quarrelsome states would become a united

America.

The man who presided over the convention was, naturally, George Washington. And when the battle for ratification of the Constitution divided the country, it was Washington, again, who did more than any other man to win the nation's approval. For most Americans, it was enough to know that he approved the Constitution.

Soon letters poured in to Mount Vernon from influential Americans everywhere, urging him to become the first President. Washington receiled at the idea, saying it cast "a kind of gloom upon my mind." He was 57 years old and, through eight years of turmoil, he had earned enough honour and reputation to satisfy any man. Now he was being asked to risk his good name on a

battlefield he disliked, the grey and tricky terrain of politics. It also meant another farewell to Mount Vernon. Nevertheless, when the electoral college voted unanimously to make him President in 1789, he accepted this latest call from a country in crisis.

"I go to the chair of government," he confided to an old friend, "with feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution." But he also went with an iron determination to prove that the Constitution would work.

His task was nothing less than the creation of a government. Everything done or said, even down to such trivia as the title by which Congress should address him (they finally decided on "the President"), set a precedent.

Washington had to cope with the executive departments-Foreign Affairs, War, Post Office and Treasury—of the old Articles of Confederation. The heads of these departments reported to Congress, not to the Chief Executive. Washington realized that a brusque assertion of the authority granted to him by the Constitution could be fatal to the relationship between the President and Congress, so he let the old procedure continue. But within three months he was asking the department heads for summaries giving him a "full precise and general idea" of their work. Then, without a ruffle of protest, he quietly took charge of Foreign

Affairs, and slowly extended his control over the others.

In choosing his Cabinet, Washington showed a distinct preference for brains. He chose Thomas Jefferson as Secretary of State, Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury, and Henry Knox as Secretary of War. He soon realized that Jefferson and Hamilton were too brilliant and politically opposed to tolerate each other at the summit of power. But he was able, in those first years, to use their genius to create a balanced foreign policy and internal economic stability.

By the time Congress adjourned on September 29, 1789, Washington could write to a friend, "National government is organized, and as far as my information goes, to the satisfaction of all parties."

Political Storms

The Greatest crisis of Washington's Presidency was the struggle to preserve America's neutrality in a war which erupted between Britain and Revolutionary France in 1793. The passions which this conflict aroused in the American people almost tore the nation apart. It divided Washington's Cabinet—Jefferson siding with France, Hamilton with England—and at moments seemed to threaten Washington's very life.

French rebels had guillotined Louis XVI, with whom America had made a treaty of alliance, attacked England and called for "a



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Suhrid Gelgy Lintited, P.O Box 965, Bombay 1 BR war of all peoples against all kings." France's new rulers arrogantly demanded that the infant American republic enter the war as a partisan of liberty. No man had risked more for liberty than George Washington, but he was not the sort to plunge into a war simply because someone shouted a slogan. He made it clear to Jefferson that America would maintain a "strict neutrality."

He set a brilliant example of this policy when a notorious French revolutionary named Constantin Volney asked him for a letter of recommendation to ease his progress about the United States. The President wrote the following diplomatic masterpiece:

C. Volney needs no recommendation from Geo. Washington

The French and their American supporters attacked Washington in the Press, comparing him to a crocodile and a hyena. They sent mobs swarming into the streets of Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States, threatening at one point to drag the President from his residence. Eventually there arrived "Citizen" Edmond Genêt, the envoy from the new French Government.

Genêt proceeded to act as if he, not Washington, were running the United States. He commissioned privateers to attack British shipping, planned an invasion of Canada, discussed raising a frontier

army to attack Spain in Florida and Louisiana, and authorized French consuls in American ports to act as judges in the disposition of captured British ships.

Genêt was hailed by tumultuous, cheering crowds; prominent citizens rushed to have dinner with him. "I live in a round of parties," he wrote home. "Old Man Washington cannot torgive success." my Through all of this, the Old Fox played his favourite game: he waited for the enemy to make the first wrong move. He ignored the rioting mobs and mud-slinging newspapers, and watched the Frenchman's success go to his head.

The climax came when Genêt had the effrontery to arm and equip as a privateer a captured British vessel, Little Sarah, in the port of Philadelphia. This was too much even for Jesserson, who warned Genêt not to let Little Sarah sail. Genêt replied contemptuously, "When ready, I shall dispatch her."

The ship embarked, and the British threatened war. Swiftly, Washington brought pressure to bear on the vacillating, pro-French Jefferson. The diplomatic standing of the French consul in Boston, who had been flouting Washington's proclamation of neutrality, was revoked. In a virulent speech, Genêt threatened to appeal over Washington's head to the American people.

Here was the move the Old Fox had awaited. Would his fellow citizens support their President, or this foreign intruder? To help them make up their minds, Washington tacitly approved Hamilton's leaking some of the details of the *Little Sarah* episode and other bullying tactics Genêt had used with the American Government.

An avalanche of public indignation buried Genêt. City after city held public meetings and forwarded testaments of loyalty to Washington, who promptly asked the French Government for their fallen favourite's recall. At this Genêt panicked, realizing that he would be a prime candidate for the Terror's busy guillotine. With typical magnanimity, Washington permitted him to remain in America as a private citizen.

In the last months of his Presidency, Washington had to endure another political storm over a commercial treaty which John Jay had signed with England. Jay had made more concessions than he gained, but Washington backed the treaty firmly. The abuse he endured was almost unbelievable. Newspapers sneered at "his stately journeyings through the American continent in search of personal incense."

One journalist declared that "posterity will in vain search for the monuments of wisdom in your administration." Perhaps the bitterest attack came from Thomas Paine, the famed author of Common Sense: "The world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor; whether you

have abandoned good principles or whether you ever had any."

Attacks like these were the only things that made Washington lose his famous self-control during the years of his Presidency. On one occasion, smarting at a particularly low attack, the President lost his temper and exploded at a Cabinet meeting with a series of oaths that left politicians and secretaries trembling.

"By God," he thundered, "I would rather be in my grave than in this place. I would rather live out my days on my farm than be emperor of the world!"

Silent Tribute

THROUGHOUT his Presidency, old soldiers often knocked on Washington's door, certain of a warm reception from their former commander-in-chief. There was a standing order that any veteran was to be served a good meal in the kitchen and sent away with a few dollars in his pocket.

Washington took no salary as President (although he was allowed 25,000 dollars a year for expenses), and to make ends meet he had to sell 60,000 dollars' worth of land during his two terms. Worries over money forced him to write detailed letters to Mount Vernon in a vain attempt to supervise, at a distance, his often incompetent overseers.

The harassments Washington endured continued until the end of his Presidency. On his last day in



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office, one paper sneered: "The man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to a level with his fellow citizens. If ever there was a period for rejoicing, this is the moment."

If history were written by newspapers, one might conclude that Washington's worst fear had come true: he had gambled the name he had won on the Revolution's battle-fields and lost it in the back alleys of partisan politics. But history is written also in the hearts of people. and, on this last day, the people said farewell to George Washington in a way that remains unique.

After the inauguration of John Adams as the new Chief Executive, Washington went home and put his papers in order. Then, before returning to Mount Vernon where he would live as a farmer until his death in 1799, he decided to walk to the Francis Hotel, where Adams was staying, to pay his respects. Suddenly, behind him, the streets were full of people—"an immense company," one eye-witness called them, "going as one man in total silence as escort all the way."

At the door of the hotel, Washington turned and looked at them, his checks wet with tears. "No man ever saw him so moved," declared the witness. For a long moment he stood, face to face with his people, in that solemn silence. Then he turned and, when the door closed behind him, a great smothered sigh went through the crowd, something between a sob and a groan.

It was the tribute of grief from the voiceless common man, who knew that he was saying good-bye to his greatest friend. THE END

Fireside Stories

Thomas Higgins, of Quebec, deserves an award for coolness under fire, He calmly answered his phone and assured a reporter that his house was indeed on fire. "It can't be a bad fire," the reporter said, "your phone's still connected." Mr. Higgins replied that the inside of his house was being gutted. The reporter could hear the crackle of flames and the shouts of firemen. After estimating the damage to his furniture at 2,000 to 3,000 dollars, Mr. Higgins said he'd have to ring off as he had some things to attend to. "Oh, and before you go," said Mr. Higgins, "would you ring your circulation office and cancel my paper until further notice? I won't be living here any more."

A GUEST arriving for dinner at a country cottage near London was no doubt startled to find the house on fire, but London's Evening Standard says he didn't lose his traditional British reserve. "I say," he asked his hostess, who was standing in the garden watching figemen fight the flames, "you did say this evening, didn't you?"

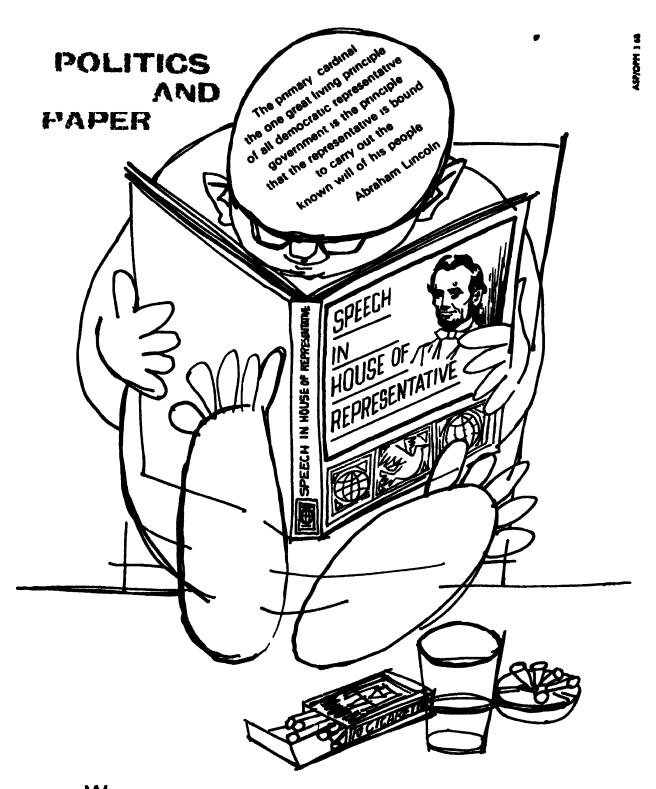
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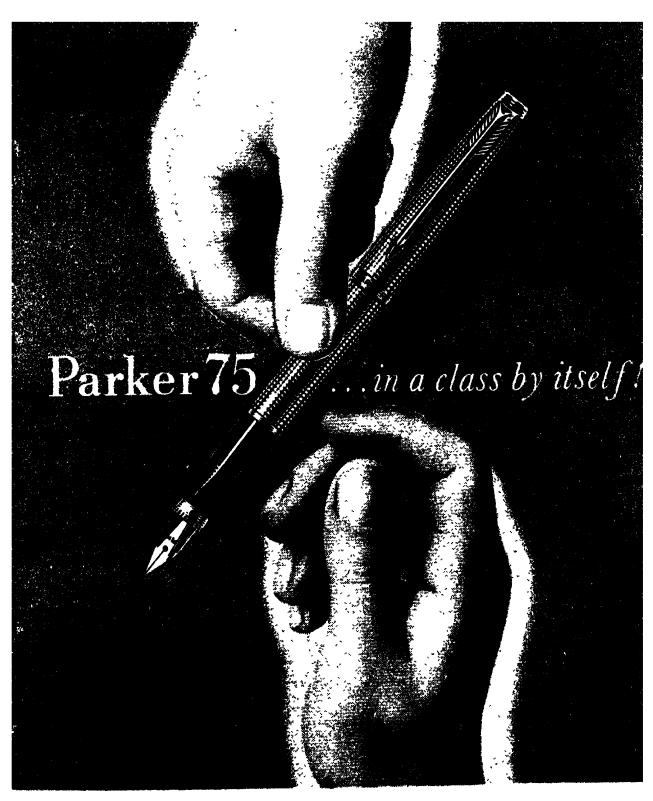




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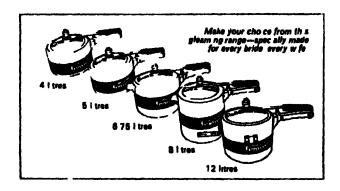
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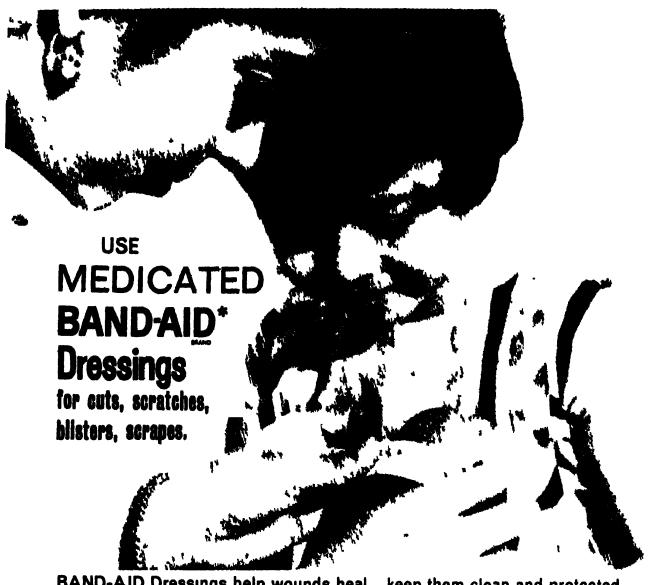
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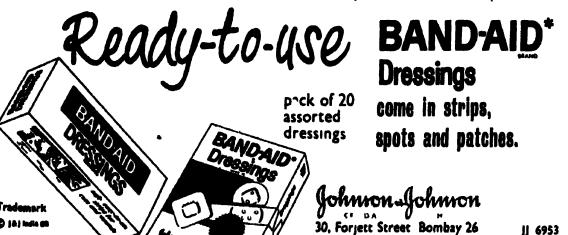
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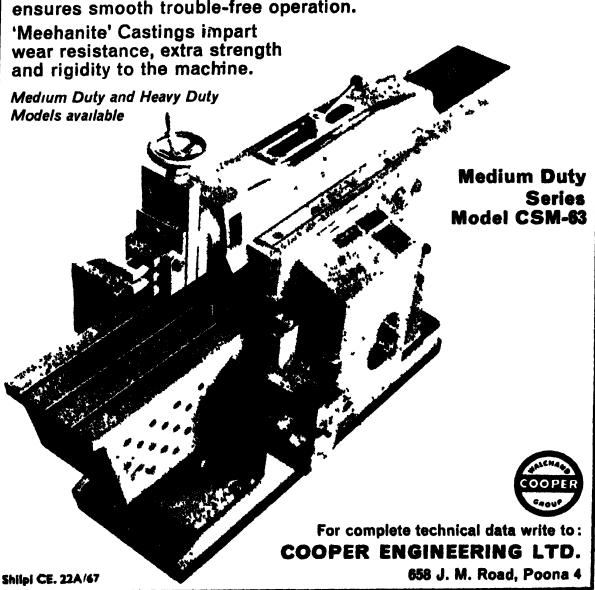


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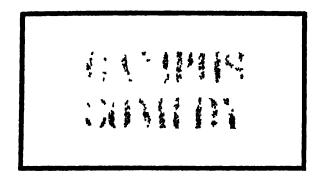
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THE BOTANY professor was told that one of his students would be absent for several days because he had been injured when his car struck a tree.

"What kind of tree?" asked the professor. —J. R. В.

During a medieval history class, a young man was asked to give the year of the signing of the Peace of Westphalia, which ended the Thirty Years War. After a wait of several seconds, the student came up with a timid "1648?"

"That is correct," replied the professor. "But just before you answered I distinctly heard that date whispered aloud."

"I suppose, sir," retorted the unabashed student, "that it was just another instance of history repeating itself." -Dave Cole

A well-earned rest is sweet indeed! After a term of faithful study, climaxed by a week of exams, our son showed the depth of his fatigue by. saying, as he relaxed at home during his vacation, "I've reached the point of no concern." -Mrs. W. K.

WHEN I went to college, I was over 30, and to my fellow-students I was an old man. They were particularly concerned when they realized that I

was older than many of our young lecturers. One day we were discussing my age problem and one young friend said, "Doesn't it worry you being older than the lecturers?"

"No, not really," I replied. "Whenever I get low results, I just go to see the lecturer and say, 'Look, son, what seems to be my trouble?"

-Phillip Wright

I once gave a lecture on the Hawthorne Experiments, a classic work in human relations. This included a study of the effect of poor lighting on the efficiency of female workers. It was tound that output increased during the experiment even when the lights in the workroom were turned down very low. The explanation: the workers responded to the attention being shown them, and increased production in spite of the poor lighting.

In an exam I asked my students to explain the significance of these experiments. One student wrote: "The experiment showed that, when you turn the lights off, women do more."

-R. J. R.

One university psychology department recently equipped a commonroom where graduate students could relax and meditate. The room was equipped with a coffee maker and all the accompaniments, even individual name-painted cups.

The psychology students were appreciative. A sign soon decorated the common-room notice board: "Happiness Is a Good Cup of Coffee." Then another appeared beneath it: "Security Is Having Your Own Cup." And, finally: "Anxiety Is Wondering Who Has Been Using It." -C.N.

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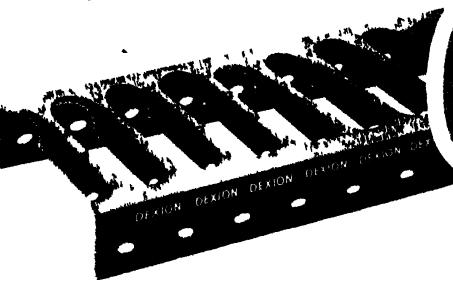
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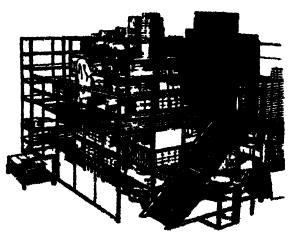
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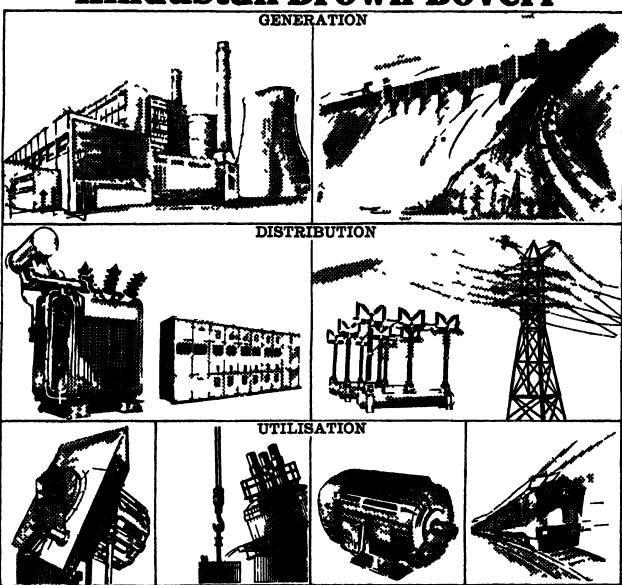




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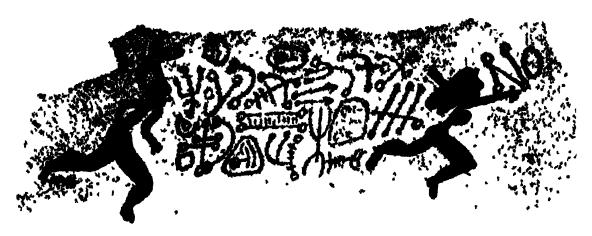
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Towards More Picturesque Speech

Deft Definitions. Status quo: Latin for the mess we're in (T.\$V.)...
Nightgown: Napsack (C. W.)...
Tact: Unsaid part of what you think (H. V. D)... Twiggy: Angular-Saxon (J. F. M.)... Nihilist: No-it-all (P. G. P.)... Habits: Trait jackets (P. K. T.)... Birdhouse: Wrendezvous (A. K.)... Gossip: Acid indiscretion (Judith Rose)... Trojan horse: Phoney pony (Don Uerling)... Cashew: Peanut with a cold (Rosa Wilson)... Procrastinator: Laterbug (R. C.)... Chatter: Tongue tide (L. O.)... Jargon: Pro's prose (L. L. L.)

How's Business? Carpenter: "I wooden know"... Boxer: "A bout to improve"... Carpet salesman: "Rugged"... Pillow manufacturer: "Down last week"... Watch repairman: "I could use a hand" (P. A. F.)... Disc jockey: "Real groovy" (Dick Dowdell)... Optician: "Looking better" (Read)... Musician: "Sound" (P. O. D.)

Cracking the Quip. One couple who met on a computer date decided to get married—reckoned it was a calculated risk (C.T.)... Children travel farther

to school these days than their ancestors did for their holidays (G. N.) . . . For a hippie couple to be in fashion, his hair must be as long as her dress (B. S.) . . . We'd all be wiser if empty heads growled like empty stomachs (Arnold Glasow)

Modernized Maxims. You can't teach an old dog new maths (M. J. C.)
... A word to the wives is insufficient (J. K.) ... It's an ill wind that blows the minute you leave the hair-dresser (Phyllis Diller) ... A girl is judged by the company she keeps at a distance (D. B.)

Office Notes. Employer to stunning secretary: "You understand that the job is temporary? As soon as my wife sees you, you've had it"(D. T.)... The boss: "I'd like to discuss the credibility gap in your expense account" (D. M.)

Trying Times. The trouble with telling a good story is that it reminds the other fellow of a dull one (S.F.C.)... Borrowing neighbours will take anything but a hint (G.C.N.)... Many girls are now getting men's wages—but then, haven't they always? (F.J.)



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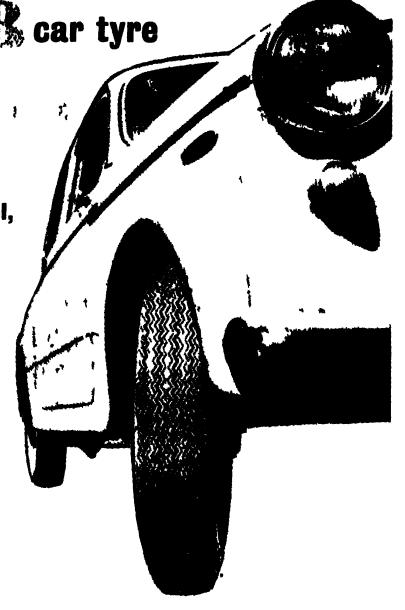
CRINSE: Slots close to roll smoothly

IRRA

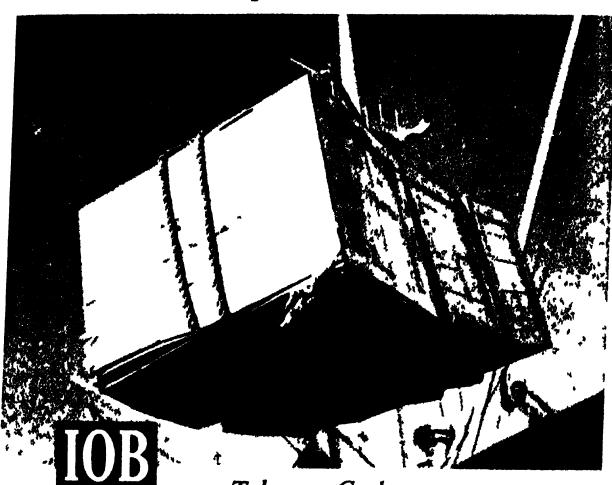
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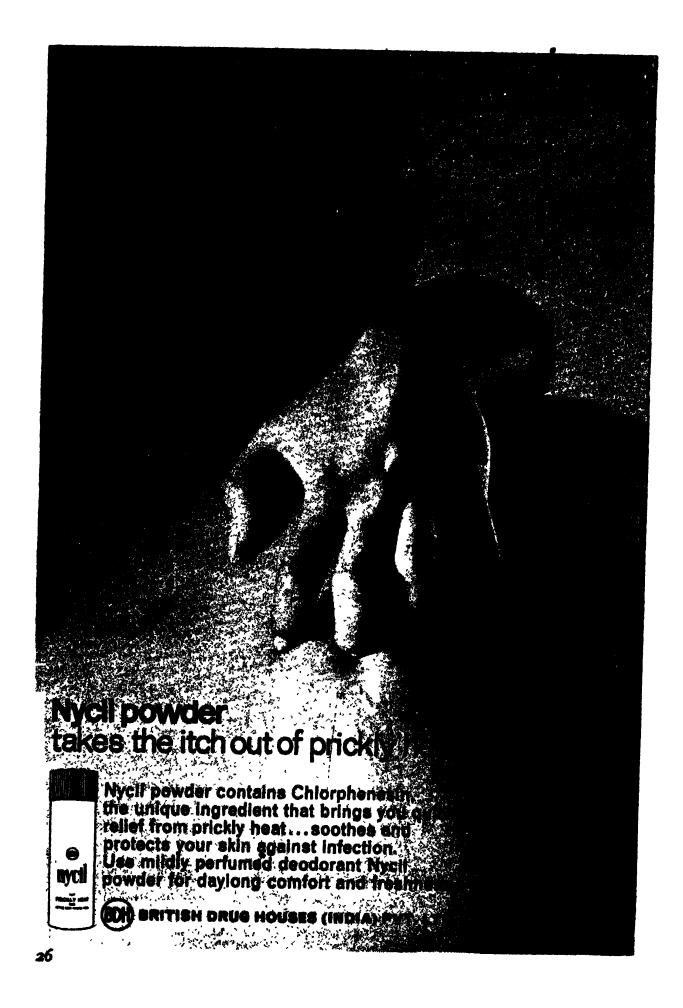
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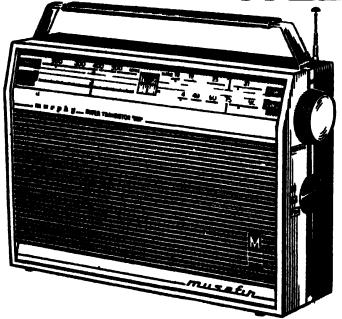
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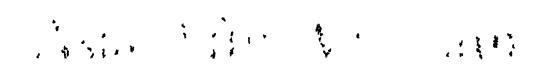
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MAY 1968





By RICHARD NIXON

Developing the role of protector in the Far East has brought the United States new allies and forged new ties. In this challenging article, the leading Republican contender for this year's Presidential election prophesies an American-inspired community of nations to hold Asia on the course towards freedom

long dominated our field of vision that it has distorted our picture of Asia. Sometimes dramatically, but more often quietly, the rest of Asia has been undergoing a profound, exciting and, on balance, extraordinarily promising transformation.

Today the non-communist Asian governments are looking for solutions that work, rather than solutions that fit a preconceived set of doctrines and dogmas. Most of them also recognize a common danger, and see its source as Peking.

Taken together, these developments present an extraordinary set of opportunities for a U.S. policy which must begin to look beyond Vietnam.

Many Americans argue that Asia is only peripherally an American concern. This concept shows little appreciation either of the westward thrust of American interests or of the dynamics of world development. The fact that the United States has fought three Asian wars in one generation is grimly symbolic of our deepening involvement on the other side of the Pacific. The United States

is a Pacific power. Both our interests and our ideals propel us westward across the Pacific, not as conquerors but as partners, linked not only with those oriental nations on Asia's Pacific littoral, but with Australia and New Zealand and the island nations between.

Asia is changing more swiftly than any other part of the world. There is a rising complex of national, sub-regional and regional identification and pride. There is also an acute sense of common danger—a factor which serves as catalyst to the others.

Balance of Power. A few years ago, Asians stood opposed to the West, which represented the intruding alien power. But now the West has abandoned its colonial role and no longer threatens the independence of the Asian nations. Red China, however, does threaten.

The message has not been lost on Asia's leaders. The West, and particularly the United States, now represents not an oppressor but a protector. And there is a coalescing confidence, a recognition that Asia can become a counterbalance to the West, an increasing disposition to seek Asian solutions to Asian problems through co-operative action.

One of the legacies of Vietnam almost certainly will be a deep reluctance on the part of the United States to become involved in a similar intervention on a similar basis. If another friendly country should be faced with an externally supported

communist insurrection—whether in Asia or Africa or even Latin America—there is serious question whether the American public or the American Congress would now support a unilateral American intervention, even at the request of the host government.

This makes it vitally in their own interest that the nations in the path of China's ambitions move quickly to establish an indigenous Asian framework for their own future security. They must develop regional defence pacts, so that they can attempt to contain aggression in their own areas.

I am not arguing that the day is past when the United States would respond militarily to communist threats in the less stable parts of the world. But if the initial response to a threatened aggression can be made by lesser powers within the path of aggression, one of two things can be achieved.

Either they can contain it by themselves, in which case the United States is spared involvement, and the world is spared the consequences of great-power action; or, if they cannot, the ultimate choice can be presented to the United States in clear-cut terms, by nations which would automatically become allies in whatever response might prove necessary.

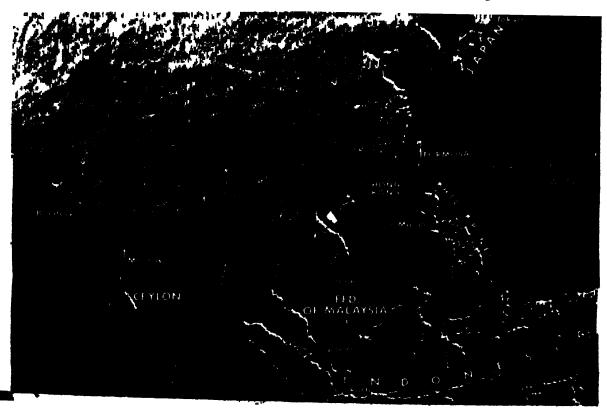
To put it another way, the regional pact would become a buffer separating the distant great power from the immediate threat. Only if the buffer were to prove insufficient would the great power become involved, and then in terms that would make victory more attainable and the enterprise more palatable.

Military security has to rest, ultimately, on economic and political stability. Though not all the governments of non-communist Asia fit the Western ideal of parliamentary democracy, these governments are now deliberately developing in the direction of greater liberty, greater abundance, broader choice and increased popular involvement. The "people," in the broadest sense, have become an entity to be served rather than used.

Poverty is no longer accepted as the norm. The cultural clash between East and West has had its costs and produced its strains, but out of it is coming a modernization of ancient civilizations that promises to leap the centuries.

Whether progress is going to be fast enough to keep one step ahead of the pressure of rising expectations is one of the great questions of the years ahead. Japan, Hong Kong, Formosa, Thailand, Korea, Singapore and Malaysia have all been recording sustained economic growth rates of 6 per cent a year or more. These nations have discovered and applied the lessons of America's own economic success: a prime reliance on private enterprise, with the government's role suggestive rather than coercive.

Any discussion of Asia's future must ultimately focus on the roles of four giants: India, the world's most populous non-communist nation; Japan, Asia's principal industrial and economic power; China,



the world's most populous nation; and the United States, the greatest Pacific power.

India is both challenging and frustrating: challenging because of its promise, frustrating because of its performance. It suffers from escalating over-population, from too much emphasis on industrialization and not enough on agriculture, and from too doctrinaire a reliance on government enterprise instead of private. Many people are deeply pessimistic about its future.

Need for Support. But in the past five years India has fought two wars and faced two catastrophic droughts. The essential factor, from the standpoint of U.S. policy, is that a nation of nearly 500 million people is seeking ways to wrench itself forward without a sacrific of basic freedoms. If India is not to fail, the United States must continue its support for Indian economic objectives. But at the same time it must do its best to persuade the Indian Government to shift its means and adjust its institutions so that those objectives can be more quickly and more effectively secured.

Japan is expected soon to rank as the world's third-strongest economic power after the United States and the Soviet Union. The natural momentum of her growth, the industry of her people and the advanced state of her society must inevitably propel her into a more conspicuous position of leadership, both diplomatically and militarily. As the prime minister of one neighbouring country put it: "The Japanese are a great people, and no great people will accept as its destiny making better transistor radios and teaching the underdeveloped how to grow better rice."

This greater role will entail, among other things, a modification of the present terms of the Japanese constitution, which specifically provides that "land, sea and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained." It is not realistic to expect a major power to be totally dependent for its security on another nation. Japan's whole society has been restructured since the Second World War. Not to trust Japan today with its own armed forces and with responsibility for its own defence would be to place its people and its government under a disability which ill accords with the role Japan must play in helping to secure the common safety of noncommunist Asia.

Dangerous Isolation. Any American policy towards Asia must come to grips with China. This does not mean rushing to grant recognition to Peking, to admit it to the United Nations and to ply it with offers of trade—all of which would serve to confirm its rulers in their present course. However, taking the long view, we simply cannot afford to leave China for ever outside the family of nations, there to nurture its fantasies, cherish its hates and threaten its neighbours. There is no

place on this small planet for a thousand million people to live in

angry isolation.

Within three to five years, China may have a significant deliverable nuclear capability. If it is outside any non-proliferation treaty that may have been signed by that time, it will be free, if it chooses, to scatter its weapons among "liberation" forces anywhere in the world.

This situation heightens the urgency of building buffers that can keep the major nuclear powers apart. It also requires that we now assign to the strengthening of noncommunist Asia a priority comparable to that which we gave to the strengthening of Western Europe after the last war.

Real Deterrent. Only as the nations of non-communist Asia become so strong—economically, politically and militarily—that they no longer furnish tempting targets for Chinese aggression, will the leaders in Peking be persuaded to turn their energies inward rather than outward. And that will be the time when the dialogue with mainland China can begin.

Finally, we come to the role of the United States. Weary with war, disheartened with allies, dismayed at domestic crises, disillusioned with aid, many Americans are heeding

the call of the new isolationism. And they are not alone; there is a tendency in the whole Western world to become parochial and isolationist —dangerously so. But there can be neither peace nor security a generation hence unless we recognize now the massiveness of the forces at work in Asia, where more than half the world's people live and where the greatest explosive potential

lodged.

Out of the wreckage of two world wars we forged a concept of an Atlantic community, within which a ravaged Europe was rebuilt and the westward advance of the Soviets was contained. History has its rhythms, and now the focus of both crisis and change is shifting. Without turning its back on Europe, the United States must reach out to the Orient and help fashion the sinews of a Pacific community.

This must be a community in the fullest sense: a community of purpose, of understanding and of mutual assistance, in which military defences are co-ordinated, while economies are strengthened; a community in which U.S. leadership is exercised with restraint and with respect for its partners.

The future pattern of American-Asian relations must be American support for Asian initiatives.

A MAN was grooming his horse one Sunday morning as the vicar came by on his way to church. "You know, vicar," he said, "cleanliness is next to godliness." "Yes," the vicar replied thoughtfully. "Perhaps the horse will make it." -T. T. A.

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Doctor Hingson and the Guns of Mercy

By CYRIL BRYANT

Mast August, in Costa Rica, a medical team immunized 863,000 prople against small-pox and another 241,000 against measles in just four short weeks. What's more, the job was done without a needle, without a scratch,

and virtually without pain. The device that made this remarkable feat possible is a new kind of injector, powered by either spring, compressed gas or an electric hydraulic motor. It resembles an automatic pistol. One quick pull of the trigger

sends a stream of atomized vaccine under intense pressure directly into the arm tissues.

The Costa Rican operation was one of a series of mass immunizations carried out under the enthusiastic direction of Dr. Robert Hingson, professor of anaesthesiology at Case-Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio. The chief advantage of the jet injector is speed. To clean and prepare a conventional syringe and needle takes 20 minutes; the new inoculator can fire 1,000 injections an hour.

Because of this amazing speed, Dr. Hingson thinks in terms of immunizing the whole world. One morning in Nicaragua, where I had gone as a volunteer in one of his teams, he handed me a sheet of figures he had jotted down during a wakeful night. The day before, our team of five—a doctor, nurse and three non-medical volunteers—had vaccinated 3,000 people.

At that rate, Dr. Hingson calculated, it would take a team 3,000 years to immunize the world's population. Pretty hopeless. But 3,000 teams of five could do the job in a year, his figures showed, and 36,000 teams would take only a month. This is the way Dr. Hingson's mind works, and it's the way yours begins to work, too, when you are with him.

Our seven teams gave 302,000 immunizations to 130,000 Nicaraguans in three weeks. Each of us contributed a month to the project, paying

all or part of our own expenses. But what rewards we had! Great crowds came to the village vaccination centres in response to announcements from the Nicaraguan ministry of health. Sometimes as many as 400 were standing in line when our team arrived at 8 a.m. On mountainsides the people gathered at preselected sites. They met at crossroads in the valleys, and they paddled their canoes to island clinics in Lake Nicaragua's thousand-island area.

Deft Teamwork. The procedure was speedy. A Boy Scout on either side of the line brushed the patients' upper arms with a two-inch paintbrush dipped in antiseptic suds. The patient then stepped between two of the injectors, simultaneously receiving smallpox vaccine in the left arm and a combination tuberculosisleprosy shot in the right arm. A small chamber at the top of each injector held 40 doses of vaccine. When these were gone, a new chamber was inserted. As the patient stepped away from the injectors, a technician with a medicine dropper squirted polio vaccine to the back of his tongue.

The idea of a massive campaign to eliminate disease was developed during Robert Hingson's childhood from observations of the ravages of disease among the rural poor of his native state, Alabama. His concern was nurtured by his family doctor, who gave him a book on William Crawford Gorgas, under whose leadership malaria and yellow fever were driven from the Panama Canal Zone. The lesson was one the boy never forgot.

By the time young Hingson had graduated from university he knew that the Christian ideals which motivated his life could best and most tangibly find expression in medicine. So he went on to study at Emory University School of Medicine, where he took care to learn about the health problems of other countries from visiting missionaries.

Vital Clue. There ought to be a way to bring preventive medicine to the less fortunate. But how? Normal immunization methods would be too slow. At the U.S. Marine Hospital on Staten Island, New York, where he was a houseman, an accident gave him a cue. A seaman came in with a severely swollen hand which, when lanced, discharged a tablespoonful of machine oil.

The man had been holding a rubber pipe through which oil flowed under heavy pressure. There was a microscopic hole in the pipe through which the oil had jetted at such high velocity that it had penetrated the sailor's skin without his knowing it. Here was the answer to injection without a needle.

Investigating, he found that the idea had been thought of before. Hingson studied what had been done—then for nine years, in his spare time, he experimented with injectors he put together himself,

shooting dyes into cadavers to determine just how much pressure was needed to put specific amounts of fluid into human tissues. In 1947, he learned that Dr. F. H. J. Figge, a professor at the University of Maryland, was also working on jet injectors. The two doctors joined forces.

They tested the gun on their own arms and, in the next nine years, gave themselves thousands of shots of saline fluid and local anaesthetics to determine the optimum pressure for the vaccine jet. A -003-inch orifice—the thinness of a mosquito's nose, 1/30th the size of an ordinary hypodermic needle—was selected as the ideal size.

The injector proved satisfactory for single shots, but the doctors wanted a rapid repeater that could click out measured amounts at each press of the trigger. They explained the problem to manufacturers of surgical instruments, but for years no significant progress was made.

Brink of Success. Then they were put in touch with a company in Cleveland which manufactured paint-spraying equipment. Following their specifications, engineers began to design a rapid-fire injector. By 1956. Hingson knew that his dream could be translated into reality.

In January 1957, at a Layman's Leadership Conference at Louis-ville, Kentucky, Hingson invited those who shared his views to join him in a world health survey to find

where the severest needs lay. W. Maxey Jarman, chairman of the Corporation of Genesco, manufacturers of apparel, told him, "Find five doctors who will leave their practice for four months to do this job and I'll put the gas in your plane." Hingson found the doctors, the Baptist World Alliance agreed to sponsor the survey, and in 1958 an inter-racial, inter-faith team set out, financed by the Jarman Foundation.

The team spent 100 days surveying health needs and medical facilities in 27 African and Asian countries, sharing its findings with church mission boards and with the World Health Organization. By 1961 Hingson was ready for a mass demonstration. He remembered the health plight of the one million people of Liberia. Smallpox was the scourge. Liberia was compact enough to be thoroughly covered. Dr. Hingson's call for volunteers brought 26 responses. The group set out in early 1962 on a U.S. Navy ammunition vessel en route to the Mediterranean.

Then, after four days at sea, Dr. Hingson found that his 100 tons of supplies included only 10,000 vaccine shots instead of the million that would be needed. New York had needed smallpox vaccine at the time of the sailing, and the drug companies which had agreed to supply the expedition at a discount, had put on board only the dosages they thought they could spare. The plan

for saturation immunization in Liberia seemed doomed.

This discouraging circumstance led Dr. Hingson to a vital discovery. After a fitful night's sleep he awoke with the realization that the jet injector would leave no vaccine on the surface of the skin, as does the traditional multiple-puncture technique. All would go directly into the layers of skin. Was it possible, then, that the standard dose could be greatly diluted with saline and still be effective?

He tried dilutions first on the team, then on 300 volunteers from the ship's crew. Some received vaccine diluted one to ten, others one to 25, and still others one to 50. Seven days later the arms were checked and all showed a positive response to the vaccine.

Light Dawns. In Liberia the one to ten ratio was used and the 10,000 regular doses multiplied to 100,000, keeping the injectors going until more vaccine was sent from America. In a year the country's smallpox incidence dropped significantly. In 1966 and 1967 only a few cases were observed there, even though in neighbouring Sierra Leone, smallpox cases soared alarmingly. Here was a clear indication that smallpox ould be wiped out. And the use of the diluted form cut vaccine costs by 90 per cent.

Only recently, however, have the full implications of the jet injector become clear. The new gun gets a positive response in 95 per cent of

those inoculated for smallpox—compared with 92 per cent using the standard multiple-puncture technique. Moreover, mass immunization can reduce the incidence of disease to a point where a disease almost disappears of its own accord. You can create healthy environs in whole regions that were once devastated by endemic sickness.

The task is gargantuan, and much of it will have to be carried out by government and inter-government agencies. (By last January, for example, 25 million people had been vaccinated during the first year of a World Health Organization and U.S. Agency for International Development programme which proposes to immunize 110 million West Africans against smallpox and 30 million against measles by 1971.) But Dr. Hingson believes strongly that something will be lost if government projects are allowed to dull the compassionate concern that can

be provided only by private physicians and private philanthropy, working in collaboration with host governments and health ministries.

To preserve this principle, a foundation was set up in 1964. The early teams had worked under the name of Operation Brother's Keeper, but this was changed when a Nigerian protested, "We don't need a keeper; we need a brother." So the name chosen was Brother's Brother Foundation.

In making his plans for the future, Dr. Hingson works with the same double purpose as always. He keeps his eye on the dream of a world without any preventable disease. At the same time, on the practical level he works at doing what can be done now. He is setting up a scheme whereby each month of the year he will have volunteer teams of ten ready to go to answer the request of any national health ministry that asks for help.

Take Notice!

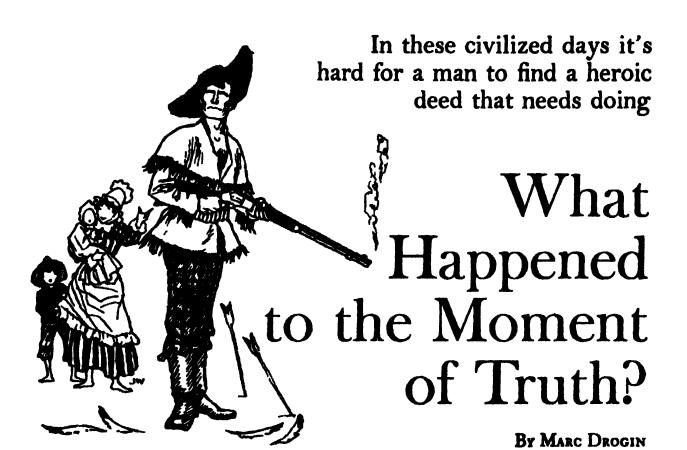
Announcement on a local radio station in Australia: "Those of you who may be already on the way to the races and have radios in your cars are advised to switch them on and listen to this. The races are off. Those who have no radios are advised to stop at the next town and make enquiries."

—AP

ADVERTISEMENT in the Oxford Magazine: "Queen's College Chapel—lunchtime organ recitals during the English Bach Festival. Admission free. Please wrap your sandwiches in polythene." —The Guardian, London

THE EDITOR of a local newspaper ran this notice: "Attention, subscribers. When your subscription expires, come in and renew promptly if you want me to give you a good boost towards the golden gate when you expire."

—Labor



always some great crisis where men were men and they faced death with a cold eye. The husband, the provider, the father would step to the door of the cabin, wave his wife and children back to the security of the fireside, then stride forth to deal with the whooping Red Indians. It was his Moment of Truth.

Pure of heart, keen of eye and set of teeth, he would raise his Winchester to his shoulder and, without reloading, blow 73 Red Indians to hell and beyond. Then he'd scratch his armpit, lean the trusty rifle against the door and amble back into his cabin, the centre of adoration for his loving wife and children.

There always used to be something a man could rescue his younger brother from, while his girl friend watched. There was that electric Moment of Truth when the pirate ship hove to and the bloodthirsty buccaneers prepared to board. The captain would lock his loved ones in a first class cabin, unsheath his sword and skewer the scoundrels as they poured over the gunwales.

It wasn't so much what the men did (just as long as they won). The great thing was that when it was over the woman always dabbed at her wet eye, or flung out her arms and said, "You are my man," or shivered ever so slightly (there was a real knack to that) and clutched at her youngster's arm and whispered, "There goes a real man. Our man."

That's what upsets me. I mean you can hardly find one of those Moments of Truth any more. Face it, nobody strides forth, bashes, heaves to or skewers any more.

Where's a fellow going to find a Moment of Truth?

I try.

The night of the worst storm last winter I drove six miles for a tin of coffee. I walked back into the house covered with snow. I was covered with glory, too, because it was no easy journey with the radiator leaking and the dip switch broken. What did I get? I got the outflung arms, but they're holding a scarf. "Didn't I tell you to wear this?" she says. "Now, I suppose I'll have to put up with you dragging around coughing and wheezing. When are you going to learn?"

Well, I don't give up easily. When we moved to the new house, I said, "Don't lift a finger, dear. I shall carry that trunk myself, unaided."

I did, too. Got it off the car roof on to my left foot and took a chunk off the door frame getting it into the house. And what did I get?

"In front of our child you

shouldn't talk like that. What if he was old enough to understand?"

Well, I'll tell you, this bothers me. That child is going to grow up and move out before I find a Moment of Truth so that he can appreciate his father. If I don't find it, what's he going to do? I can see him gathering his own family around him and staring misty-eyed into space.

"Children," he'll say, "my old dad was a *real* man. To my dying day I'll never forget that morning when the taxi driver short-changed him. He was so furious he didn't tip him."

Makes your skin crawl.

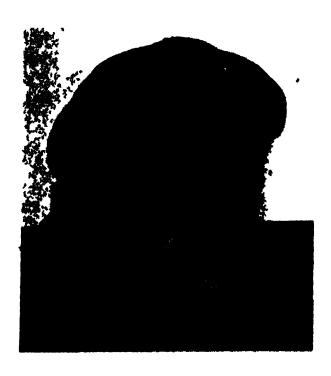
I keep telling myself that one of these days this family is going to face a crisis a little bloodier than being overdue on the electricity bill. One of these days, doom is suddenly going to impend and, as the tension mounts, there will be a moment of utter, desperate silence. My small son is going to look to me for leadership from the safety of his mother's skirts. My wife is going to be wide-eyed.

And then I'm going to come right our and say it.

"The next time," I'm going to tell my wife, "the very next time you put the toast on the same plate with scrambled eggs and get it soggy, I'll eat out!"

MAN, studying flight schedules at airport, to wife: "I don't like the idea of getting there in six hours, Doris. It took me ten years to save the money for us to go."

—E. R.



Ché Guevara's Last Days

By DAVID REED

Told here exclusively for the first time: how Cuba's master guerrilla met his death in the jungles of Bolivia

THEN the stranger arrived in La Paz, the chilly, 12,000-foot-high administrative capital of Bolivia, the authorities paid little attention to him.

He carried a Uruguayan passport and appeared to be a middle-aged businessman. He was small, bald, wore heavy horn-rimmed glasses and puffed on a pipe. He checked into the Copacabana Hotel but stayed only a few days. Then he climbed into a jeep and disappeared into the wild, sparsely inhabited jungle on the eastern slope of the Andes, ready at long last to go to work.

The date was November 1966.

The stranger was Ernesto "Ché" Guevara, 38, top lieutenant of Cuban dictator Fidel Castro, and considered by many to be the communists' leading guerrilla. Twenty months earlier he had disappeared and his whereabouts became an international mystery. Now, with his beard and hair shaved off, he had slipped into Bolivia to carry out Castro's biggest and most audacious gamble to spread communism across I atin America.

The immediate plan was to start a guerrilla movement in Bolivia. Though a poor and landlocked country of mountains and jungle, with a population of only four million, Bolivia borders on five other countries that together comprise almost 80 per cent of South America. Thus it would serve as a springboard for similar uprisings in neighbouring states, particularly Argentina and Peru. The hope was to draw the United States into "two or three Vietnams" that would wear down U.S. resistance and allow communism to sweep unopposed across the continent.

Castro confidently reckoned that South America was ripe for revolution, despite the fact that eight previous guertilla operations he had launched or supported had fallen short of success. In these, Castro had, for the most part, used nationals of the countries involved, training them in Cuba and sending them back to their homeland. This time he had decided to take a new approach, sending in a first team of Cubans to start the "continental war"

Guerrilla Expert. Guevara was to be the star of the show. The Argentina-born revolutionary had achieved international renown as a guerrilla fighter with Castro in Cuba. After the victory there, he became Cuba's Minister of Industries. He also directed Castro's efforts at subverting the hemisphere, and published a do-it-yourself manual on guerrilla warfare which became a worldwide best-seller.

But in March 1965 he resigned his comfortable post as Cuba's economic tsar and dropped out of sight. He apparently went to the Congo in a vain attempt to organize a communist uprising there. Now he had slipped into Bolivia.

Guevara's destination, on setting out from La Paz, was a small jungle farm on the Nancahuazu River, some 400 miles south-east of the capital. The farm had been purchased by two Bolivian revolutionaries to serve as a cover for his operations.

The story of Guevara's activities from here on is clouded by conflicting versions. This account is based on the detailed diary that he kept, on statements made by guerrilla prisoners and defectors, and on verified information from other sources.

For the first two weeks at the farm, Guevara scouted the area to familiarize himself with it. Five more men had by now arrived from Cuba—the first of at least 15 trusted aides to be sent by Castro. (These included four members of the central committee of the Cuban Communist Party, two former viceministers in the government, the former director of mines and the former chief bodyguard for Castro's son.) The men were provided with lavish sums of money, automatic weapons, and a long-range radio so that they could keep in touch with Havana.

The group now moved a quarter of a mile into the jungle from the farm and built a base camp. They dug pits and trenches to stave off attacks. They carved out caves and

tunnels for hiding their weapons and equipment. They set up a field hospital, complete with surgical equipment. Then, under Guevara's critical eye, they practised firing their weapons and staged mock attacks to test the camp's defences.

On New Year's Eve, Guevara threw a party for the men. They feasted on suckling pig, raisins, sweets and, according to one account, "much rum, wine and beer." They had an important visitor that night: the leader of one faction of Bolivia's communist movement, who offered to add his men to the guerrilla force if Guevara would relinquish over-all command.

"This is Bolivia — Bolivians should lead the revolution," he argued. "No, this is a continental army and I am in command," Guevara replied. The Bolivian left in a huff, and the local communist party thereafter paid only lip service to the movement.

Although individual Bolivian communists did join Guevara, he never had more than 50 men. Still, his manual said, an initial hard core of 30 to 50 guerrillas could initiate armed revolution in any Latin American country. (After all, he and Castro had started with only 13, in the Sierra Maestra in Cuba.)

Operating in rural areas, they would harass, embarrass and weaken the government by hit-and-run attacks on army units. The impoverished peasants would regard them as liberators bringing a better



The jungle region of Bolivia, where Guevara planned his "continental war"—and later died

life. They would join his guerrillas, and soon there would be a mass army which, with the aid of people in the cities, would sweep to "irresistible" victory in one country after another.

Bolivia itself seemed to be ripe for revolution. It abounds in the problems on which communism is supposed to feed. With a per-capita income of about Rs. 1,125 a year, it is one of the poorest nations on earth and the majority of the people are peasants. The government is unstable even by Latin standards; for more than a century, Bolivian heads of state have averaged less than a year in office, and the current president René Barrientos, has been the object of eight assassination attempts. Moreover, Bolivia's ragtag army, partly equipped with Mauser rifles—a First World War weapon

-never exceeds 19,000 men, only 2,000 of them regulars. The rest are national servicemen.

But Bolivia did have one thing in its favour. In 1952 the country had a violent revolution, and the land was divided amongst the people. So the peasants were landowners.

On February 1, 1967, Guevara set out with 24 men on a seven-week jungle march. His aim: to toughen up the men, explore the country, prepare trails for future combat operations and establish friendly relations with the peasants. But the region was ill-chosen as a base for guerrilla operations.

Severe Setback. One reason for Castro's success in the Sierra Maestra was that it had been densely populated. The peasants had supplied him with food and recruits, and it was always easy for strangers to blend in with the populace. But almost no one lived here in the jungle beyond Nancahuazu; decimated by bubonic plague 30 years before, the population had never recovered.

Guevara and his men quickly used up their rations. They took to eating wild fruit and shooting small animals. Some became weak from hunger. They suffered from diarrhoea; sores erupted on their arms and legs. To make matters worse, the terrain proved more formidable than they had imagined. Two men drowned while crossing swollen rivers, and a raft loaded with

precious weapons and equipment disappeared in a whirlpool.

When the exhausted band returned to Nancahuazu, Guevara found two visitors. One was an Argentine revolutionary, Ciro Bustos, who had been summoned to make plans for training men at Nancahuazu for future operations in Argentina.

The other was Régis Debray, the pampered, arrogant 26-year-old son of a wealthy Parisian family. After a whirl as a playboy and then as a brilliant philosophy student, Debray went to Cuba and became enchanted with the young communists there. He wrote a book, Revolution Within the Revolution?, which advocated guerrilla violence throughout Latin America. Guevara had sent word suggesting that Debray pay him a visit.

Guevara quickly sized up Debray and found him hopeless as a guerrilla. "He is very strong intellectually," Guevara wrote in his diary, "but is deficient for the struggle." Therefore, he made plans for Debray to leave and return to Europe to organize a group of intellectual sympathizers.

Debrayand Bustos might have got away safely had it not been for two Bolivians who had deserted Guevara's band and been picked up by the authorities. They talked, and an army patrol was sent to investigate. On March 23, a scouting party of guerrillas spotted the patrol crossing a river and opened fire from ambush, killing seven soldiers. When word got back to Guevara, he declared: "Good. The war has started."

Knowing that the army would soon show up in force because of the killing, Guevara left the Nancahuazu camp, taking his two visitors with him. Debray, who had long basked in the glory of being a theoretician on guerrilla warfare, now found the reality of the jungle too much for him.

As Guevara's diary indicates, the Frenchman was very unhappy and complained continually. Guevara was increasingly anxious to get rid of both Debray and Bustos, who, he felt, were hampering his operation.

On April 20, Guevara moved to the edge of the town of Vaca Guzmán, formerly known as Muyupampa, and there he left Debray and Bustos to make their way back to civilization. When the two walked into the town, they were arrested and held for military trial in Camiri on charges of complicity with the guerrillas.

Hardly had the jail door banged shut on Debray when his parents and friends aroused a storm of international protest. President de Gaulle wrote a personal letter to President Barrientos on Debray's behalf, and even the Vatican expressed an interest in the case. The Bolivians, irritated by foreign intervention in what they felt was an internal affair, tried Debray and



To Guevara's dismay, the Bolivian peasants regarded him with suspicion and hostility

Bustos and sentenced them to 30 years in prison.

The real loser, however, was Gucvara. Although he had cautioned the men not to reveal his presence, Debray admitted that it was indeed the long-missing Guevara who was leading the guerrillas. Later he retracted the statement, but Bustos confirmed the fact that Guevara was there.

The Bolivian army saturated the area with troops. Wherever the guerrillas turned, they found soldiers waiting for them—poorly trained and armed, but formidable if only through sheer numbers. Meanwhile, the United States flew in a 16-man Green Beret* team to put a 640-man battalion of Bolivian rangers through a 16-week training course.

Guevara was now on the run. One by one, his men were picked off in • The Green Berets are a highly-trained diste of the U.S. Army, similar to the British commandos. clashes with the troops. Some of his Bolivians deserted. As he passed his 39th birthday, he was suffering more and more from the chronic asthma that had plagued him since the age of two. In his manual he had declared: "The guerrilla must have an iron constitution." But now he had to be helped along by his men or carried on a mule.

Policy Fails. The bitterest pill of all was his realization that the peasants were co-operating with the army, not with him. "Popular support is indispensable," his manual had cautioned.

Now Guevara wrote in his diary, "The inhabitants of this region are as impenetrable as rocks. You speak to them, but in the deepness of their eyes you note that they do not believe you."

Guevara was learning that he had become a victim of his own theories, that the revolution was not "irresistible." He spoke of "freeing" the peasants from "Yankee imperialism," but most of them had never seen a Yankee. To them, Guevara was just another foreigner to be regarded with suspicion and hostility.

But he still had some fight left in him. On July 27, his guerrillas ambushed eight soldiers, killing three. However, three days later an army patrol caught some of his men by surprise, killing two and capturing much valuable equipment. And on August 31, another army patrol ambushed a guerrilla band wading a river, holding their weapons overhead to keep them dry. The patrol opened fire, killing nine and capturing one.

Guevara seems to have realized by then that the game was almost over. He noted in his diary that, of the original contingent of Cubans, two were dead, two wounded, one had disappeared, and the sixth— Guevara himself—was ill.

The final blow came when the Green Beret-trained ranger battallion was committed to action. Guevara, the master guerrilla, now found that counter-insurgency techniques had come a long way since he fought in Cuba, where government soldiers spent most of their time safely ensconced in fortified positions or patrolling major highways.

End in Sight. These rangers had been trained to pursue the enemy day and night through any country. Guevara's band, now fewer than 20 men, found itself hunted relentlessly, with no chance to rest or escape.

The last entry in Guevara's diary was on October 7. He wrote: "At 12.30 p.m., an old woman herding goats entered the canyon where we are camped." The men gave her a small sum of money, asking her not to reveal their presence to the troops but, Guevara noted cynically, "with little hope that she would carry out her promise."

Next day, a ranger unit cornered the guerrillas in the canyon. There was a brisk exchange of fire. A bullet hit Guevara's carbine, ricocheted and hit him in the thigh. Fallen, his weapon useless, he shouted to the soldiers, "Don't kill me! I'm Ché Guevara and I'm worth more to you alive than dead."

Total Defeat. Guevara was carried on a stretcher to a little school-house in the town of Higueras, where his wound was treated. Three of his followers were brought in with him. Guevara wore rough clothing and home-made shoes. His hair was shoulder length, he had a straggling beard, and he had lost a great deal of weight. He was asked if he wanted to talk. He refused.

An officer asked, "Are you aware of what would happen to anyone who invaded Cuba as you have invaded Bolivia?" Guevara, who had often heard the volleys ring out at Cuba's firing-squad wall, blanched and said one word: "Si."

Around noon the following day instructions were radioed from La Paz. There is no capital punishment in Bolivia. The authorities, mindful of the uproar over Debray's trial, and eager to avenge the deaths of the 57 Bolivian soldiers killed by Guevara's band, did not want to bring their famous prisoner to trial. A sergeant with a sub-machine-gun entered the little schoolhouse. He gunned down the three men who had surrendered with Guevara, then

he pointed the weapon at Guevara and pulled the trigger.

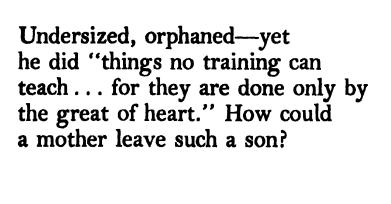
Somewhere in Bolivia the body of Ché Guevara lies in an unmarked grave. Authorities tried to make it appear that he died of wounds suffered in battle, but the true story soon got out. When fingerprints were compared with those on file in Argentina, it was established beyond shadow of doubt that the mystery of his whereabouts had finally been solved.

The destruction of this guerrilla band was the biggest setback that Castro ever suffered. Of the 15 Cubans identified as having been with Guevara, 11 are known to have been killed. As long as he remains in power, Castro will undoubtedly launch other guerrilla movements and revolutionary unrest will continue to offer opportunities. But the myths of the "invincibility" of the communist guerrilla and the "irresistibility" of the communist revolution—myths that Guevara fostered, and which even some of his enemies had come to believe have been shattered.

The significance of this is profound. It will hearten people everywhere who believe that the communists have no monopoly on the future, and that it is still possible to solve Latin America's awesome problems without resorting to totalitarian methods.

Now that pedestrians are getting scarce, motorists are buying boats and going after swimmers.

—P. H. T.





By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

mountains of South Carolina. I went there in the autumn for isolation to do some troublesome writing. I wanted mountain air to blow away the malaria from too long a time in the subtropics, and I was homesick for the flaming of maples in autumn, for maize shocks and pumpkins and black-walnut trees. I found them all, around a cabin that belonged to the orphanage, half a mile beyond the orphanage farm. When I took the

cabin, I asked for somebody to chop wood for the fireplace.

Late one afternoon I looked up from my typewriter, a little startled. A boy stood at the door. My pointer dog, my companion, was at his side and had not barked to warn me. The boy was probably 12 years old, but undersized. He wore overalls and a torn shirt, and was barefoot. He said, "I can chop some wood today."

"You? But you're small."

"Size don't matter, chopping

wood," he said. "Some of the big boys don't chop good. I've been chopping wood at the orphanage a

long time."

"Very well. There's the axe. See what you can do." I went back to work, and he began to chop. The blows were rhythmic and steady, and shortly I had forgotten him, the sound no more of an interruption than a constant rain. I suppose an hour and a half passed before I heard the boy's steps on the veranda. "I have to go to supper now," he said. "I can come again to-morrow."

I said, "I'll pay you now for what you've done," thinking I should probably have to insist on an older boy. We went together round the back of the cabin. An astonishing amount of solid wood had been cut. "But you've done as much as a man," I said. "This is a splendid pile."

I looked at him, actually, for the first time. His hair was the colour of the corn shocks; and his eyes, very direct, were like the mountain sky when rain is pending—grey, with a shadowing of that miraculous blue. I gave him a 25-cent piece. "You may come tomorrow afternoon," I said, "and thank you very, much."

He looked at me and at the coin,

MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS is best known for her Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, The Yearling. She is also the author of South Moon Under, and When the Whippoorwill—, from which this story is taken.

and seemed to want to speak, but could not, and turned away.

At daylight I was half awakened by the sound of chopping. Again it was so even in texture that I went back to sleep. When I left my bed, the boy had gone, and a stack of kindling was piled neatly against the cabin wall. He came again after school and worked until it was time for him to return to the orphanage.

His name was Jerry; he had been at the orphanage since he was four. I could picture him at four, with the same grave grey-blue eyes and the same—independence? No, the word that comes to me is "integrity." It is bedded on courage, but it is more than brave. It is honest, but it is

more than honesty.

The axe handle broke one day. Jerry said the orphanage carpenter would repair it. I brought money to pay for the job and he refused it.

"I'll pay for it," he said. "I broke it. I brought the axe down care-

less."

"But no one hits accurately every time," I told him. "The fault was in the handle."

It was only then that he would take the money. He was facing the consequences of his own careless. ess. He was a free agent and he chose to do careful work; and if he failed, he took the responsibility without subterfuge.

And he did for me the unnecessary things, the gracious things, that we find done only by the great of heart. Things no training can teach, for they are done on the instant. He found a cubbyhole beside the fireplace that I had not noticed. There, of his own accord, he put some logs, so that I might always have dry wood ready in case of sudden wet weather.

A stone was loose in the rough walk to the cabin. He dug a deeper hole and steadied it, although he came, himself, by a short cut over the bank.

I found that when I tried to return his thoughtfulness with such things as candy and apples, he was wordless. "Thank you" was, perhaps, an expression for which he had had no use, for his courtesy was instinctive. He only looked at the gift and at me, and a curtain lifted, so that I saw deeper into the clear well of his eyes; and gratitude was there, and affection, soft over the firm granite of character.

Kindred Spirit. He became intimate, of course, with my pointer, Pat. There is a strange communion between a boy and a dog. Perhaps they possess the same kind of wisdom. It is difficult to explain, but it exists.

When I went away for a weekend, I left the dog in Jerry's charge. Fog filled the mountain passes so treacherously that it was mid-day on Monday before I returned to the cabin. The dog had been fed and cared for that morning. Jerry came early in the afternoon, anxious. "The superintendent said nobody would drive in the fog," he said. "I came last night and you hadn't come. So I brought Pat some of my breakfast this morning. I wouldn't have let anything happen to him."

I gave him a dollar in payment, and he looked at it and went away. But that night he came in the darkness and knocked at the door. "Come in, Jerry," I said, "if you're allowed to be away this late."

"I told them—maybe a story—that I thought you would want to see me," he said.

"That's true," I assured him, and saw his relief. "I want to hear about how you managed with the dog."

He sat by the fire with me, and told me of their two days together. The dog lay close to him, and found a comfort there that I did not have for him.

"He stayed right with me," he told me, "except when he ran into the laurels. There was a place where the grass was high and I lay down in it and hid. I could hear Pat hunting for me. When he found me he acted crazy, and he ran round and round me, in circles."

We watched the flames.

"That's an apple log," he said. "It burns the prettiest of any wood."

We were very close and he was suddenly impelled to speak.

"You look a little bit like my mother," he said. "Especially in the dark, by the fire."

"But you were only four, Jerry, when you came here. You have

remembered how she looked, all these years?"

"My mother lives in Mannville,"

he said.

I did not know why finding that he had a mother so greatly disturbed me. Then I understood my distress. I was filled with a passionate resentment that any woman should go away and leave her son—especially a son like this one.

"Have you seen her, Jerry—lately?" I asked.

"I see her every summer. She sends for me."

I wanted to cry out, "Why are you not with her? How can she let you go away again?"

He said, "She comes up here from Mannville whenever she can. She

doesn't have a job now."

His face shone in the firelight. "She wanted to give me a puppy, but they can't let any one boy keep a puppy. You remember the suit I had on last Sunday?" He was plainly proud. "She sent me that for Christmas. The Christmas before that"—he drew a long breath, savouring the memory—"she sent me a pair of roller skates. I let the other boys use them, but they're careful of them."

She had not, then, entirely deserted or forgotten him. But what circumstances other than poverty . . . ?

"I'm going to take the dollar you gave me for taking care of Pat," he said, "and buy her a pair of gloves."

I hated her. Poverty or no, there was other food than bread, and the

soul could starve as quickly as the body. He was taking his dollar to buy gloves for her and she lived away from him, in Mannville, and contented herself with sending him skates.

"She likes white gloves," he said. "Do you think I can get them for a dollar?"

"I think so," I said.

We did not speak of Jerry's mother again. His having a mother, any sort, relieved me of the ache I had had about him. He was not lonely. It was none of my concern.

He came every day and cut my wood and did small helpful jobs. The days had become cold, and often I asked him inside. He would lie on the floor in front of the fire, with one arm across the pointer, and they would both doze and wait quietly for me to finish work. On other days they ran with a common ecstasy through the laurels, and he brought me back vermilion maple leaves, and chestnut boughs dripping with imperial yellow.

Silent Farewell. I was ready to go. I said, "You have been my good friend, Jerry. I shall miss you. Pat will miss you, too. I am leaving tomorrow." He did not answer, and I watched him go in silence.

I expected him the next day, but he did not come. Late in the day I stopped at the orphanage and left the cabin key with Miss Clark.

"And will you call Jerry for me to say good-bye to him?"

"I don't know where he is," she

READER'S DIGEST

said. "I'm afraid he's not well. He didn't eat his lunch today. One of the other boys saw him going up the hill into the laurels."

I was almost relieved; it would be easier not to say good-bye.

I said, "I wanted to talk with you about his mother—why he's here—but I'm in more of a hurry than I expected to be. Here's some money. I'd like you to buy things for him at Christmas and on his birthday. It will be better than for me to try to send him things. I could duplicate

so easily-skates, for instance."

She blinked her honest spinster's eyes. "There's not much use for skates here," she said.

Her stupidity annoyed me.

"What I mean," I replied, "is that I don't want to duplicate the things his mother sends him. I might have chosen skates if I didn't know that she had already given them to him."

She stared at me. "I don't understand," she said. "He has no mother. He has no skates."

Ways of the World

Canada's Bank of Montreal has a new use for idle computer time. For a doller a head, it will calculate the handicaps of golfers.

—Newsweek

Sign at a waterhole in Kenya's Tsavo National Park: "Animals are requested to be quiet whilst guests are drinking and vice versa."

-Saturday Review

THE ANCIENT Greeks shared at least one problem with us. Tablets reportedly found in the ruins of Chios admonished the pre-Christian brand of litterbugs against abandoning rubbish in public places lest they incur the wrath of the nymphs.

—AP

Telephone Exchanges

A CALLER tried several times to reach an executive on the telephone. Each time the secretary rebuffed the caller with: "I'm sorry. He's away from his desk."

When the fifth try resulted in the same message, the caller asked in desperation, "Is this a recording?"

—R. M.

A MAN has a phone number that seems to attract a lot of misdiallers. He always asks what number they dialled, then suggests that they dial it again, more carefully.

But one day, when he asked a woman what number she had dialled, she replied, "Well, I suppose I must have dialled yours, whatever that is."

-K. R.

MADE IN JAPAN

Once a symbol of shoddiness, now, by a series of coincidences, a stamp of quality

By NOEL BUSCH

OME years back, whenever a fountain pen leaked or a cigarette lighter failed to ignite, the stock joke was, "Made in Japan!" Most people took it for granted that Japanese products were third-rate imitations of western ones —rarely worth even their low price. Now, "Made in Japan" has come to mean a product that is well engineered, dependable and—whatever the price—comparable with the best in its class. The change applies to a whole range of products from watches, transistor radios and miniature television sets to motorcycles and 300,000-ton oil tankers.

What accounts for this transformation in the quality of Japanese exports? There are some interesting answers.

The first foreign traders to arrive in Japan in the mid-nineteenth century were mostly men of small means, looking for quick profits. Japanese manufacturers, new to the vagaries of export trade, soon concluded that the western world wanted only the cheapest and sleaziest goods. Factories sprang up to turn out what the Japanese themselves regarded as junk—shoddy cloth, cheap pottery and fragile "giftware" made expressly for export.

There was another, more basic reason why Japanese exports prior to the last war were nearly always inferior. When a U.S. fleet sailed into Tokyo Bay in 1853, the Japanese rulers feared that their country would suffer the sort of colonization that had already been imposed by European powers on China, India and most of South-East Asia. Japan, they decided, would, without delay, develop a strong, up-to-date army and navy.

Thereafter, the country's productive genius was directed almost exclusively into military channels and Japan not only avoided becoming a colony, but went on to acquire a colonial empire comprising Korea, Formosa, Manchuria and other parts of China.

Japan's resounding defeat in the Second World War meant that a completely new formula would have to be found whereby a nation of 100 million, living in an area only about the size of Cape Province with no natural resources except rainfall and manpower, could survive in the modern world. Japan soon came to see that world markets could be captured peaceably by making the things that people really wanted to buy.

What things could these be for a nation that lacked iron, coal, adequate space and almost everything else that a modern industrial state requires? One clue came from the army stores serving the occupation forces. With little to spend their pay on in Japan's bombed-out cities, some 500,000 U.S. servicemen and their dependants were looking for de luxe merchandise of every sort.

No Time Lost. Japan's alert manufacturers took full advantage of this market, and soon the nation's war-torn factories were turning out handsome textiles and other manufactured products, especially topquality binoculars and cameras.

The story behind Japan's sudden emergence as Germany's chief competitor in the manufacture of lenses is typical. During the war, Japan made superlative lenses for the range finders and bombsights of her navy and air force—but few westerners were aware of their quality.

When the war ended, Japan's Nikon Company, the nation's biggest, had to dismiss some 25,000 workers employed on war contracts. But the occupation forces allowed the company to re-employ enough people to make products for peacetime consumption, and soon Nikon cameras, along with other Japanese makes, were on the market.

The success of Japan's cameras was assured when photographers arrived to report on the war in Korea. These top-rank professionals began using Japanese lenses, causing millions of amateurs to follow their lead.

Matchless Efficiency. The same history lies behind Japan's skills in making watches, transistors, motorcycles, cars and ships. Skills useful in manufacturing these products were developed during the 1920's and 1930's by companies whose output was absorbed by the army and navy. The postwar problem was not so much how to acquire new skills as how best to divert old ones into producing consumer goods for export.

To understand how this transition was accomplished it is necessary to see how the Japanese economy works—a process unique in the free world. In Europe and the United States, the free-enterprise system enables individuals and individual companies to compete with each

other for economic advantage; but in Japan, industry is regarded primarily as a means of national, rather than private, survival. Hence Japan is less a vast conglomeration of self-concerned entities than a huge national workshop whose existence depends on its efficiency. Government, business and labour are not rivals but partners. Strikes are rare.

When a man joins a company, he usually does so for life. He enjoys annual bonuses, allowances for increase in family responsibilities, travel expenses, sick benefits and other safeguards not usually granted elsewhere. Most employers are as reluctant to fire him as they are to turn a son out of the family.

Says Soichiro Honda, President of Japan's Honda Motor Company: "An employer's job is to foresee business trends, make plans to meet them and thus keep all his men working. If he fails to do that, then it is he, not they, who should be fired."

This father-son loyalty is a major factor in the high quality of Japanese goods. Another is government co-operation. In most western countries, government's role in industry is often that of an umpire between labour and management. In Japan, the government has a much wider role—to help both management and labour increase production and maintain top quality.

To protect quality, an Export Control Law, initiated by industry

and passed in 1967 with the wholehearted backing of labour, provides that all Japanese goods intended for export must pass rigid tests in order to earn the label "Made in Japan." Quality is monitored at many regional inspection offices.

At one of these I saw an examiner reject a woolly toy terrier on a lead, which was supposed to advance three hops, roll his eyes fiercely and bark. The toy seemed to work perfectly, and when I asked the inspector why he had turned it down he showed me the causes: a tiny frayed patch in the fur on one ear, and a point of wire at the end of the woolly tail that might have scratched a child's finger.

High Standards. To assure the quality of goods produced by assembly-line methods, Japanese industries have developed a "Quality Control Circle" system. Groups of workers and foremen meet voluntarily in their own time for two hours or so once a month to discuss and diagnose weaknesses in production—and then correct them. Ten thousand QC Circles have sprung up in different industries in the last decade.

Just how they work was well illustrated recently when a circle representing the Matsushita Electric Company investigated a persistent defect in the company's car radios—a disproportionate number of them were being returned with loose control-knobs. QC Circle members traced the trouble to a minute variation in part sizes and a fault in the

design of the screwdriver used in adjusting the knobs. With this knowledge in hand, the fault was speedily corrected. The suggestions were made, not by highly paid management efficiency experts, but by three girls off the assembly line.

What does Japan's industrial growth mean for Britain and other exporting countries like West Germany and the United States? Will her products drive theirs out of overseas markets?

Not necessarily. Japan's wages, already the highest in Asia, are going up so rapidly that within a decade or so prices will have to rise drastically. Moreover, since Japan began to encourage birth control, her population has levelled off at about 100 million, and the labour pool is shrinking rapidly in relation to demand from expanding industries. This twofold pressure of rising wages and the ultimate shortage of

manpower seems certain to keep Japan's current export expansion in line with other major industrial powers.

Meanwhile, Japan has already begun exporting a new commoditytalent. Recently the President of Japan's huge Toshiba Electric Company prophesied, "Within a few years Japan will be sending industrial know-how to Europe and the United States instead of the other way round." In fact, this process is already under way: last year, two British missions visited Yokohama to study Japan's methods of building supertankers; and a top U.S. company bought rights to a Japanese process, unmatched in the United States, for weaving "memory planes" used in electronic compu-

As this sort of exchange continues, "Made in Japan" will take on even greater meaning.

Brush-Off

Horing to sell one of his paintings, a modern artist approached an art dealer. Looking at it quizzically, the dealer offered one guinea.

"A guinea," the artist said indignantly. "But the canvas cost more than that."

"I know," was the reply, "but it wasn't painted on then."

-Janet Kelton, Bolton le Sands, Lancs.

Rise and Fall

An American tourist was gazing at Vesuvius belching smoke.

"You don't have that in the United States!" his Italian guide remarked proudly.

"No," answered the American, "but we have Niagara Falls, which would put that out in two minutes."

—Noir et Blanc, France

A Gift of Love

By Dr. Howard Rusk

gier. A group of children were playing in the dusty street in front of a general stores. The shop assistant, Moulay, was getting a last breath of fresh air before serving the evening customers when to his horror he saw one of the urchins pick up a grenade from a pile of rubble and pull out the pin.

He dived at the child, grabbed the grenade and attempted to throw it to safety. There was not enough time. The grenade exploded, taking

with it both his hands.

He didn't feel the pain—the shock was too great. There were two bleeding stumps where his hands had been a few seconds before. A police car came quickly and took him to hospital. The bleeding was stopped, and his life saved. For what? No one had seen an artificial hand in Tangier. No one without hands had ever had a job there.

Months went by, and no one thought about Moulay except some U.S. naval officers and consular officials who couldn't forget the

tragedy. They pooled their savings to provide transport to the United States, where a rehabilitation centre had promised to fit him with new hands and train him to use them.

It took only ten days to provide Moulay with modern mechanical hands—hands that functioned and had plastic skin that matched his own. A week later he painted a little picture, a bright oriental scene of his native city. In three weeks, he could meet all the demands of daily life and even manipulate fine tools.

The story of his thrilling victory over disability spread like wildfire in his country. When he arrived home, he was met by high government officials. The prime minister, after praising his fortitude, gave him a job and a purse of money to help him start a new life.

Moulay gave the children he saved the greatest gift of all—life itself. In turn, people who truly cared gave him new hands. But they were much more than new hands. The gift was actually a new life—a new life of value and dignity.

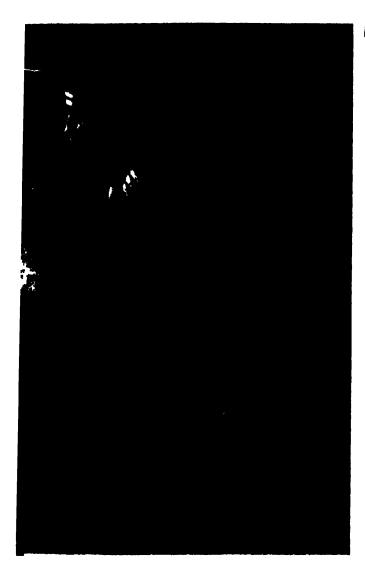


the lofty rock fortress brooding over the Judean wilderness and the Dead Sea, I recently set foot on one of the great archaeological finds of our time—Masada.

"Here, almost 2,000 years ago," my Israeli guide said, "the strangest and most heroic last stand in history occurred." Then, leading me through the ruins, he related the dramatic story.

The history of Masada goes back

before Christ. About 35 B.C., Herod the Great, king of the Jews, built a spectacular fortress here. He ordered his armies to erect a mighty defence wall with 37 watch-towers enclosing the entire 23-acre mountaintop. His private eyrie was a spectacular three-tiered palace carved from the northern precipice of Masada. Lavish mosaic-tiled baths, colonnaded chambers and brightly frescoed walls provided the king with comfort and shelter from



THE LIVING LEGEND OF MASADA

By PAUL FRIGGENS

High on this ancient Judean fortress, a band of Jews once chose death rather than slavery. Today, as exciting archaeological discoveries confirm their heroic stand, Masada becomes the symbol of a new nation's pride and courage

the desert winds and sun. Here, in seclusion and safety, Herod took his pleasures. He died in 4 B.C., leaving his citadel to a succession of Roman garrisons.

In A.D. 66, following a hundred eyears of Roman oppression, the Jews revolted. Rome dispatched an army of 60,000 which, after four years of ruthless warfare, crushed the uprising. The Romans then sacked and burned Jerusalem, tossed children into the flames, and

shipped off some of the survivors to Rome, where they were paraded through the streets in chains.

Among the rebels who still held out was a patriot band of Zealots—nearly 1,000 men, women and chilonen—who, led by Eleazar ben Ya'ir, retreated into the Judean wilderness and occupied Masada. Partitioning Herod's now crumbling citadel into makeshift living quarters, the Zealots defied Roman military might for an incredible three

years. At last, some 5,000 men of the vaunted Roman Tenth Legion, commanded by Flavius Silva, procurator of Judea, were sent to wipe out the stubborn nest of rebels.

Silva had decided on a single massive assault from the west, and ordered the building of a gigantic ramp to reach Masada's heights. Thousands of sick and starving Jewish war prisoners were pressed into service and, from dawn to dark, they toiled in the desert heat. The defenders atop Masada rained stones and arrows on their attackers, temporarily slowing the advance. But it was futile and, under cover of their archers, the Romans pushed the ramp up to the summit.

Now Silva moved up a siege tower equipped with catapults, plus a great battering ram to pound away at Masada's defences. A breach was made in the wall, and torchbearers charged through to set fire to the fortress. With victory imminent, the Romans retreated to their camp to prepare for an all-out attack the next day.

Masada's last hours are vividly described by the Jewish historian Flavius Josephus. His is the only contemporary account of what happened on that fateful night in the spring of A.D. 73.

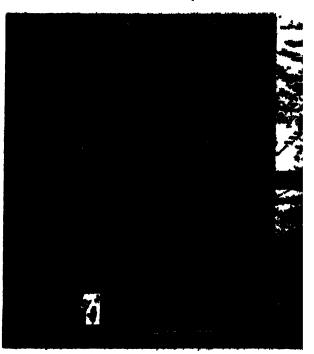
As flames raced along Masada's ramparts, Eleazar ben Ya'ir called

Opposite: aerial view of the 23-acre rock fortress, with the huge Roman siege ramp still intact the leaders of his besieged band together. "Daybreak will end our resistance," he told them. "But we are free to choose an honourable death with our loved ones. Let us leave this world unenslaved by our enemies, free men in company with our wives and children.

"One thing only let us spare—our store of food; it will bear witness that we perished not through want but because we chose death rather than slavery."

Moved by Eleazar's fervent appeal, his companions vowed mass suicide for the beleaguered band of 960 Zealots. Each man, having tenderly bade his own family farewell, killed them. Then the men piled their possessions in a heap before their houses and burned them.

"They chose ten men by lot, to slay all the rest," records Josephus. "The others laid themselves down



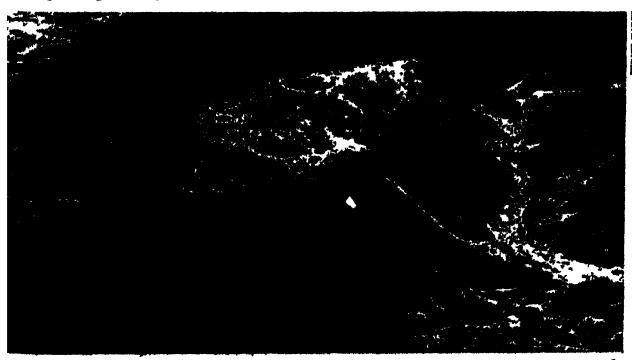
by their wives and children, threw their arms about them and offered their necks to the stroke of those who executed that melancholy office. When the ten had slain them all, they cast lots for themselves, choosing one to kill the other nine. Then, after the one who remained had assured himself that all were dead, he set fire to the royal palace, and with his full strength drove his sword into his body."

The next morning the trumpeting Tenth Legion launched its confident assault. But instead of the expected bitter resistance, the Romans found only smouldering ruins and silence.

How was Josephus able to give such a vivid account of the last hours of Masada? There were eyewitnesses: two women and five children had hidden themselves in a cavern during the slaughter. Josephus probably obtained his story from the Romans—but he might have interviewed the surviving women and children themselves.

Thus ended the epic of Masada. Through the centuries, the fortress was left to moulder, and in time it became a revered name in Jewish history. It might have remained just that, remote and shrouded in mystery like the near-by biblical cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, had it not been for the dream of one man: Dr. Yigael Yadin, professor of archaeology at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

Yadin, today a quiet, 50-year-old scholar, was Chief of Operations during Israel's 1948 war for independence, then served as Israeli Chief of Staff until he resigned in 1952. It was after his return to civilian life that he became interested in Masada. Inspired by the vivid accounts of Josephus, he climbed the



rugged, lonely rock in the Judean wilderness and began his archaeological investigations. Soon he was convinced that the mountain would yield rare treasures and perhaps confirm Josephus' story. He began to dream of organizing an expedition to unearth the ruins.

In 1963, after many years of hard work, Yadin at last saw his dream come true. Heading an expedition sponsored by the Hebrew University, the Israeli Department of Antiquities, the Israel Exploration Society and private individuals and groups, including the London Observer, he embarked on an 11-month supreme effort. He was to uncover 97 per cent of Masada's constructions, sift 50,000 cubic yards of earth, and accomplish what normally would have taken 25 seasons of archaeological work. In the end, the story of Masada and the courageous band that preferred death to slavery would be laid bare for the world.

Action Stations. With the help of the Israeli army Yadin tackled the rock like a military operation. From helicopters, the Israeli air force photographed and mapped every foot of the stronghold. Engineers blasted a road through the Judean wilderness, piped in water, established a base camp of 50 tents and huts near the site where the Roman General Silva had his headquarters almost 1,900 years before. Dangling from rope harnesses, workmen bolted two stairways to the sheer face of the cliffs and installed a cable

car to haul heavy supplies to Masada's summit.

Still lacking sufficient labour; Yadin advertised in the Israeli Press and in *The Observer* for volunteers. He was deluged with thousands of replies from young and old, rich and poor, Jew and non-Jew the world over.

In all, some 5,000 people from 28 countries volunteered. Yadin put them to work in two-week shifts of about 300 at a time. Work was scheduled from October 1963 to May 1964, and again the following season from November to April.

The day began with reveille at 4.45, and by 5.45 a.m. volunteers were climbing the rock to begin their strenuous labours, heaving boulders, digging, sifting. Suddenly desert storms halted the work, ripping tents to shreds, flooding the camp. At times, food had to be dropped to the marooned expedition by helicopter. Probably the worst problem was the extremes of desert climate. "We burned by day and froze at night," recalls a volunteer.

Nevertheless, the work progressed steadily. Then one day, digging in the ashes and debris, workers stumbled on to compelling confirmation of the Zealots' last stand. "We stood frozen, gazing in awe at what had been uncovered," Yadin recounts in his book, Masada.* "For as we gazed, we relived the final and most tragic moments of the drama. Upon

^{• © 1966} by Yigael Yadin and published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson, Lendon.

the steps leading to a pool in Herod's bath house and on the ground near by were the remains of three skeletons. One was that of a man about twenty. Next to it, we found hundreds of silvered scales of armour, scores of arrows, fragments of a prayer shawl.

"Not far off was the skeleton of a young woman, with her scalp preserved intact because of the extreme dryness of the atmosphere. Her dark hair, beautifully plaited, looked as if it had just been dressed. The third skeleton was that of a child. There could be no doubt that what our eyes beheld were the remains of some of the defenders of Masada."

But the most dramatic find of all was the discovery of 11 mysterious pottery fragments inscribed with Jewish characters. Inked on each was a single name or nickname, including that of ben Ya'ir and ten other Zealot leaders. Archaeologists speculate that these priceless potsherds

may have been the actual lots used in that grim lottery almost 20 centuries ago.

The Masada "dig" uncovered six miles of walls in the fortress, ruins of a Herodian palace with a swimming pool and a frescoed throne room, a

synagogue, fragments of wine and grain jars, together with bits of desiccated foods—dates, salt, wheat, olive stones and pomegranates—left by the Zealots.

There were bronze and silver coins minted during the revolt, piles of stone missiles hurled by the Roman catapults, earthenware oil lamps, many pottery and cosmetic items and even 14 fragments of leather and parchment scrolls, one of them similar in text to the famous Dead Sea scrolls found at near-by Qumran in 1947.

"The scientific value of these discoveries is enormous," Yadin declares. "But Masada is first and foremost a symbol. It signifies the stand of the few against the many, of the weak against the strong, the last fight of those who chose death over slavery and submission."

Every year now, thousands of young Israelis climb to the summit of Masada in solemn pilgrimage, and here, in torchlight ceremony

at night, Israeli army recruits take the oath of allegiance, swearing that "Masada shall not fall again!"

Indeed, Masada is a shrine of independence and courage; it stands as a symbol to liberty-loving people everywhere.

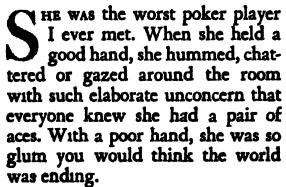




PAVLOVA, My Most Unforgettable Character

By Sol Hurok

To the public she was the great ballerina—remote, ethereal, almost unreal. But her friends knew her as a warm and vital human being



This was the Anna Pavlova I knew. To the world she was the greatest of ballerinas, a legend in her lifetime. Even today, her name is known to people who never attended the ballet or who are not even interested in it. To them, she was a shimmering, unreal person with a greatness that time has not touched. But to me, she was one



of the warmest, most vital human beings I ever knew.

People today who know her only in terms of old—and bad—film clips of her dancing, think of her as remote as the farthest star. That exquisite mask of a face, with its great dark eyes and delicate features, and its expression of cold, chiselled melancholy, made her seem dehumanized. Remote and ethereal, she was a dying swan, a ghostly maiden, a fairy princess; in her filmy white costume, severe hairdo and deadly white make-up, she was a creature not of this world.

That was Pavlova to the public. Yet in all the 57 years I have been presenting great artists to the world, I have never known anyone with such a zest for life.

I'll never forget the first time I met her. I was already well known as an impresario, yet I was so starstruck by her that I used to stand at the back of the audience at the old New York Hippodrome Theatre every night and watch her dance.

One night, a friend offered to take me backstage to meet her. Mentally, I rehearsed a little speech in English, then in Russian. But when I got to her dressing-room, I was too tongue-tied to speak. She extended her hand, and I numbly bent to kiss it. When she invited me to join her at supper, I could only nod. My dream of meeting my idol had come true—and I had not uttered a word.

Fun-Lover. What sort of restaurant would she pick, this high priestess of the dance? I imagined her in some exquisite setting, nibbling at a plover's egg. Instead, she chose the outdoor café at Palisades Amusement Park in New Jersey, where she polished off a two-inch steak, French-fried potatoes and ice-cream. Pushing back her chair at the end of dinner (I had only picked at mine), she grinned and said,

RUSSIAN-BORN impresario Sol Hurok who emigrated to the United States in 1906, worked as salesman, tram conductor and bottle washer before turning to his great love, music. In the past 50 years he has presented in America a glittering procession of artists, including Anna Pavlova, Artur Rubinstein, Marian Anderson, Dame Margot Posteya, and the Royal and Bolshoi ballets.

"Let's go and have some fun."

Pavlova's idea of fun turned out to be a tour of the amusement attractions. She giggled at our reflections in the distorting mirrors, shrieked as she went careering down the roller coaster, and finally dragged me on to the dance floor, where she did a very creditable fox-trot.

This was the woman whose incomparable grace caused playwright John Van Druten to liken her to "the wind passing like a shadow over a field of wheat." But Van Druten never saw her swimming. Pavlova loved the water, yet in it she was clumsy beyond belief. She was all arms and legs, all going in different directions. On the diving board she was even worse.

Anna Pavlova never had children of her own, but it was to young people that she was most vulnerable. She maintained a home in Paris for about 30 Russian refugee children. She watched over the girls in her company like a mother hen and felt personally responsible for their welfare. At holidays and birthdays, each received a carefully chosen present. In 1923, she sent relief packages to Russia, and I can still remember ballerinas from the Jolshoi and Maryinsky theatres queueing up to receive food parcels from Pavlova. Even today, her name is revered there, although she left her homeland in 1913.

But it was to the world outside Russia that Anna Pavlova gave her finest gift. More than anyone else, she brought ballet to the millions. In the course of her career, she travelled 500,000 miles, dancing to untold millions of people. And, mind you, this was not by aeroplane.

In all the time I was her manager, she never missed a performance. In one theatre there was such a big hole in the roof that rain poured in, soaking costumes and scenery, and Pavlova pirouetted in puddles. "It is wonderful," she said to me in the interval. "We don't need lights; the lightning comes inside to us."

Yet she was not a plaster saint. Many a fusillade of ballet slippers and pungent Russian invectives were flung at an unlucky manager. She could be equally profane in Russian, Polish, French or English. When angry at herself, she would

make the sign of the cross several times and mutter in Russian—usually "chort," which means "devil." I remember the way she would talk when scolding a member of the company. "Answer me! Don't talk!" she would say all in one breath, in her high chirrupy voice.

And she could be a martinet. Once, when the company was playing in Washington, through an oversight no class or rehearsal had been arranged on the day of the opening. That night, ten minutes before the curtain went up, Pavlova ordered the entire company to line up onstage, single file. Slowly, deliberately, she asked each one, "Have you practised today?" All said no. "I am a dancer," she said in glacial tones. "You are dancers. I practise while you do nothing. So. We will have a lesson now." And,





with the audience stamping on the other side of the curtain, Anna Pavlova delayed the opening for half an hour while she held a class for the entire company.

Anna Pavlova was born in St. Petersburg in 1881. Her father died when she was two, and her mother was very poor. They often lived on nothing but cabbage soup and rye bread. At ten she was accepted as a pupil at the Imperial Ballet School in St. Petersburg, where they fed the emaciated little girl on cod-liver oil to fatten her up.

Tsar's Visit. Alexander III and his Empress occasionally visited the school and had tea with the children. One day the Tsar took a youngster on his lap. Little Anna burst into a fit of jealous weeping. The Tsar asked her what was wrong, and she sobbed that she, too, wanted to sit on the royal lap. Grand Duke Vladimir picked her up, but she kept on howling, insisting that she did not want a substitute.

The dance that was the most emotional experience for Anna Pavlova was one that she had choreographed herself. It was called "Autumn Leaves." I remember how her eyes would be filled with tears when she came offstage after dancing it. She had dedicated it to a young man she had known in Russia and who had drowned. "Autumn Leaves" was a memorial from Anna Pavlova, the woman who loved him.

"You must have loved to be a great artist," she once told me.

"You must know all about love but you must learn to do without it."

Far from being remote, Anna Pavlova enjoyed having people around her. She had a beautiful home in London—Ivy House, in Golders Green—and people like George Bernard Shaw and Feodor Chaliapin were frequent guests. She enjoyed entertaining, and planned every party in minute detail.

Her kindness was legendary. When business was bad she refused to be paid. "I want no money," she told me. "If you can, pay the boys and girls in the company." One year, on their way to Cape Town, the company was disconsolate at being away from home at Christmas. In fact, they would be crossing the Equator on December 25. But she had a surprise. As the ship crossed the Equator, she called everyone into her suite. There was a large Christmas tree she had stored in the hold of the ship; it was fully decorated, with presents for everyone scattered under its branches.

Once, when she was dancing in Rio de Janeiro, she was furious because the curtain didn't work properly. Refusing to finish the performance, she stormed off stage. At the stage door, she was stopped by a woman with a little girl. The child asked why she was leaving. When she explained, the child began to cry: "But mother promised me that you would dance the swan!" The

woman explained that she had brought her daughter to the theatre for a birthday treat. Pavlova bent down, kissed the little girl, and promised that she would return. Ten minutes later, she was back on stage, dancing for her.

The ballet she danced for the child, "The Dying Swan," was, of course, the one with which the public still associates Anna Pavlova. In it, with apparently effortless movements, she depicted the agony of death. She is remembered for it not because of her incredible technique but because of the compassion in her artistry.

Theatre's Tribute. Soon after her death, conductor Constant Lambert led a memorial performance of "The Dying Swan" at the Apollo Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue. The curtain rose on an empty, darkened stage. A spotlight played on the ballerina who was not there and followed her unseen presence across the stage. The audience rose to its feet and stood in silent tribute as the orchestra played the Saint-Säens music with which she is for ever identified.

The last time I saw Anna Pavlova was in the autumn of 1930. I was in Paris, getting ready to sail back to New York. She telephoned me from London, where she was dancing, and asked me to embark from Southampton. Naturally, I agreed.

Although the weather was damp and chill, she came to the ship, examined my stateroom, made sure that my bed was comfortable, and instructed the purser to take good care of me. As though I were a child, she told me what to eat, to be sure to exercise, and to get lots of sleep. The other people present tried to hurry her off the ship, fearing that she might catch cold. "Be still!" she commanded, with a break in her voice. "Maybe it's the last time I see him."

It was. Three months later she was dead. She died in The Hague of double pneumonia. At three o'clock one morning, she awakened in a fever. She called her maid and asked her to unpack the swan costume. She asked that her manager be notified that she was well and could resume rehearsals the next day. An hour later, at the age of 49, Pavlova was dead.

The spring after she died, I went to London. It was my first visit to Europe in years without seeing her. I went to Golders Green Crematorium, not far from where she had lived, and I remember asking the attendant where her ashes were. "East Wall, 3-7-11," he said.

That was all that was left of Anna Pavlova. There, on the stone walk in front of East Wall, 3-7-11, I placed a small bunch of violets.

They were her favourite flower.

Modern science is still trying to produce a tranquillizer more effective than a few kind words.

—D. M.

Humour in Uniform

In preparation for the commanding officer's parade the following morning, our sergeant summoned our platoon for a final inspection. Ordering us to remove our hats, he strolled briskly down the line, examining our haircuts and uttering remarks like "Good, fair, lousy, get it cut shorter." Approaching the man on my left, who was bald, the sergeant, without breaking stride or changing expression in the least, rasped, "Efficiency medal!"

-ALLAN BURTON

THE CIVILIAN doctor who delivered our second child had some difficulty during the birth. Our little girl insisted on making her entrance into the world with her right hand cupped over her right eyebrow, and the doctor was just as determined that she drop her arm before emerging.

During the struggle, he paused for a moment, glared at me and exclaimed, "I know your husband is an officer, but isn't this carrying things a little too far!"

—C. C.

During a missile-firing display in honour of Prince Philip's visit to H.M.S. London, our prize aimer shot down the target with a direct hit. Impressed, Prince Philip said, "That man deserves a coconut!"

We thought nothing more of the

joke, until a few weeks later a parcel arrived from Buckingham Palace containing a superb coconut—which now takes place of honour in the ship's trophy cabinet. —C. S. Lewis

AT AN army survival lecture, the instructor was saying, "Grasshoppers are not only edible but highly nutritious. In fact, King Solomon used to feed them to all his wives. Grasshoppers made them healthy and alert."

A voice from the rear interrupted: "To hell with what they fed the wives—what did they feed King Solomon?"

-HENRY LEABO

Our German P.O.W. camp was patrolled by savage Alsatians—which we fed daily with tit-bits. To the dismay of their handlers, the dogs soon became friendly. Finally a notice was posted: "Prisoners are forbidden to



feed the dogs. The dogs have been instructed not to accept food from prisoners."

-LIEUT.-COL. A. C. WHITCOMBE, M.B.E.

RECENTLY a strapping six-foot-four pilot was asked by a young airman how a man of his size got into the small cockpit of a Phantom fighter.

"I don't get into the aircraft," he replied, "I put it on!" —E. R. G.

Some MEN with high IQ's were put under the command of a regular army sergeant, whose intelligence was almost as low as his opinion of new recruits. The trainees' resentment at taking orders from the uneducated but efficient and husky N.C.O. was evident. After a blistering dressing-down one of the men asked, "Why do we have to take this abuse from an ignorant old ape like him?"

"Take it easy," said his friend. "That 'old ape' isn't as stupid as he looks. Besides, I hear he's only 26. You can't call that old!"

"Perhaps not," came the retort.

"But work out his human equivalent."

—HENRY BOITE

At a navy training centre, a salty chief gave an indoctrination lecture to recruits, telling them that the navy expected them to obey all commands without question. A recruit asked, "During all your years in the navy, have you ever been given an order or command that you thought foolish or improper?" The chief replied without hesitation, "No—but I will say that when I was a recruit it was the only time I ever mowed a lawn covered with two inches of snow."

-E. H. RENKERT

FOLLOWING a very long briefing by the commanding officer, the sergeant was told to show us a 30-minute holiday-safety film, which we had all seen at one time or another. Low moans were heard while he adjusted the microphone and said that it was compulsory for us all to see the film before he could dismiss us. "Now everybody look!" he ordered, and we all turned and looked at the film held

overhead by the projectionist. "O.K.," he said. "You've all seen the 30-minute film. Dismissed, and happy holiday!" —C. D.

ONE afternoon in 1947 when I was on guard duty in our barracks in Northern Greece, a fire broke out in the Officers' Mess. Desperately looking for help to fight the flames, I was relieved to see a senior officer racing to



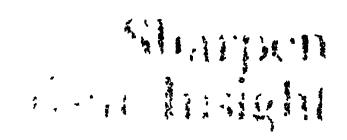
the rescue. Through the smoke and confusion he barked his first order.

"Go easy on that water. I haven't had my bath yet." —D. LOCKLIN

I was to have an operation in the camp hospital, and the head nurse came the night before to explain what would take place the next morning. "At eight," she began, "you'll be given two pills which will make you drowsy. At nine you'll be given a hypodermic, which will probably put you to sleep. Then at ten you'll be taken to the operating-room where they'll finish you off."

—E. M.

WHEN I was first stationed at a U.S. Air Force base in England, I enquired about the weather and was promptly informed: "You can always tell summer from winter—the rain gets warmer." • —V. T. BAUGHER



It's the simple yet magical way to a better understanding of your fellow men

By John Kord Lagemann

about a teacher who had gathered his small pupils around him for a botany lesson. "The other day, I saw something about six inches high coming up from the ground," said the teacher. "On top of it was a little round ball of fluff, and if you blew at it, a whole galaxy of stars flew out. Now, what was it like before the little ball of stars appeared?"

One boy said it was yellow, like a

sunflower only smaller.

"What was it like before that?"

A little girl said it was like a halfclosed, upside-down umbrella with a yellow lining.

"And before that?"

Another child answered, "It was a little circle of green leaves coming out of the ground."

"Do you know what it is?" the

teacher asked.

The youngsters yelled back, "Dandelion!"

"And have you ever picked a dandelion?" the teacher asked.

"Yes," chorused the children. Whereupon the teacher said, "That's impossible. You can't pick a dandelion. What do you get—some of those balls of fluff, or the little green umbrella, or the leaves? No, whatever you pick, you get only a fragment of the whole. You can't pick a dandelion because it isn't a thing—it's a performance. Every living thing is a performance—even you."

The moral of that little story is simple: Life never stands still: You must look at the world around you not as a collection of ready-made objects and past events, but as something that is happening now. Don't ask, "What's this?" but rather, "What's going on here?"

This is the basic question asked by scientists. One day, the story goes, Sir Isaac Newton observed the fall of an apple in an orchard. Had he asked only, "What is it?" the answer would have been, "An apple," and that would have been that. Instead, Newton asked, in effect, "What's going on here?" and, as a result, formulated his law of universal gravitation.

In Vienna, Sigmund Freud asked himself the same question about patients whose symptoms he could not trace to physical causes—and gave us new insight into mental illness.

I've found that this question works a special magic in helping to understand people and interpret their behaviour. If you just ask of a person, "Who is he?" or, "What is he?" all you get by way of answer are the labels—the little umbrella, the yellow flower, the ball of fluff. You miss the dandelion.

Silent Communication. Once a friend of mine was on a bus which picked up a young man with one leg amputated above the knee. He was obviously new to crutches, and had a hard time lifting himself up into the bus. While his struggle was going on, the driver leaned out of his window and peered anxiously ahead. The passengers turned their attention away from the young man to see what was holding them up. There were no sirens, no flashing red lights, and presently the driver settled back in his seat and drove off.

My friend remembered to ask herself, "What's going on here?" just in time to see the young man and the driver exchange the briefest of smiles through the rear-vision mirror. It was a touching example of building a bridge of understanding. Without a word being spoken, two human beings, complete strangers to each other, had come within hailing distance.

Like that bus driver, some people seem to have a special gift for dealing with others. Without groping, they know the right thing to do or say, or when not to act at all. They have the gift of sensitivity—which is really nothing more than an awareness of what's going on.

One psychologist defines it as the ability to predict accurately how another person will think, act and feel in a wide variety of situations. Naturally, the better our predictions about other people's behaviour, the better our ability to get on with them, to spark their interests, to inspire their self-confidence. Under this kind of treatment, they usually respond by doing the same for us.

Sensitivity to others actually develops and reinforces a person's individuality. In closing himself off from the world, he becomes less a person and more a thing. At the root of most conflicts is the failure of one individual to respond fully and sensitively to the other. What gets in the way? It is usually a preoccupation with self.

Whenever we talk to another person our thoughts are dominated by such questions as, "How much is he like me? What can he do for me?" What we fail to ask is, "What does he think of himself and why?"

Since predictive understanding is so essential to all human activity,

why don't we try a little harder to develop and use it? Because most of us still think of sensitivity to others as something fixed at birth and unchanging throughout life. In fact, research has shown that sensitivity consists of traits and talents which can be developed through practice. In some ways, learning to grasp "what's going on" is like learning how to appreciate a play.

• Get the facts about the performers. Before you can put yourself in another person's place and sense how the world appears to him, you have to grasp the background from which he came, the customs and beliefs and ideas which have shaped

his thinking.

At one of the large Allied camps for children made homeless by the last war, most behaviour problems occurred at night. The children slept fitfully, had nightmares, even fought with one another. The doctor in charge had noticed that many of the children stole food and hid it, even after eating their fill at the table. After years of near-starvation, they were still anxious about where their next meal was coming from.

His solution to the problem was to give each child a slice of bread at bedtime. He told them they had only to ask for more food if they were still hungry But this par icular slice of bread was not to be eaten; it was to be held. With bread in hand, the children went to sleep more peacefully.

• Listen to the performance with

"the third ear." People rarely try to hide their real thoughts and feelings. Indeed, most individuals try very hard to "tell all" about themselves. But there is much they cannot say in so many words, just as there is much an actor cannot convey about his role simply by reading the lines.

When you know what to look for, you can find revealing insights in everyday behaviour. Psychiatrists train themselves to watch for "silent signals": the interlaced fingers, bitten nails and hunched posture that indicate tension; the sudden overpoliteness of manner that masks a refusal to co-operate. ("Listening with the third ear," one expert called it.)

Lawyers are alert to similar signals. They know that things are getting warm when, in the course of cross-examining a witness, they detect a flushing of the skin and a light perspiration that brings a shine to even a well-powdered nose. It is almost impossible, they know, for a person under the stress of emotion, to breathe quietly and evenly. Looking for such clues is really a way of asking, "What's going on here?"

• Don't pre-judge the performance. Snap judgements are very likely to be wrong. The longer you can put off final judgement of a person or event, the more accurate it will be.

In one experiment, groups of people were shown two sets of

READER'S DIGEST

photographs of four men and four women. One set showing each individual with glasses, the other set without. The judges were asked to rate them on personality traits.

When the subjects wore glasses, they were rated more intelligent, honest, dependable and industrious. In similar experiments, people who smiled were judged to be more honest, kind and humorous. This kind of impression is highly resistant to change; once you make up your mind about a person, it colours all the information you get

about him later. That's why it's so important to avoid snap judgements.

Once you've made a habit of asking, "What's going on here?" you begin to see under the surface of events and to find explanations for otherwise puzzling or disturbing situations.

Instead of merely learning all about someone, you really come to know him. In short, you gain insight, one of the most powerful of tools for achieving successful human relations.



Eating Between Reels

A woman went up to the box office of a cinema at 8 p.m. and asked the cashier, "Have you seen a small boy with a blue cap and a red sweater?"

"If I remember correctly," answered the girl, "he came in at 2 p.m. and I haven't seen him leave."

"That's my son!" exclaimed the lady, producing a small package. "Would you be so kind as to give him this? It's his supper."

-Die Zeit, Hamburg

Postscripts

Above the washbasin at my husband's office, the boss had put a large "Think!" sign. Directly below someone hung another sign saying:

"Thoap!"

—P. E. C.

A RESTAURANT has added this postscript to its menu: "Note—Some cheeses are supposed to smell."

—D. K. G.

Towards the end of the deer season last year, a "Deer Crossing" sign on a California highway had another sign fastened to it, evidently by a disappointed hunter. It read: "Promises! Promises!" —O. P. L.

INSTANT SHIPS THE SWEDISH WAY

By GORDON GASKILL

A meteoric rise in the world shipbuilding league has placed Sweden second only to Japan. This report explains why

Gothenburg not long ago, I stood on the bridge of the brand-new ship Nuolja as she triumphantly passed her trial runs. Although only an unromantic ore carrier, Nuolja has caused quite a stir in the shipping world.

Five-sixths as long as Queen Elizabeth 2, she can carry 72,500 deadweight tons. She's the last word in modern design and electronic controls. Only 29 men are required to run her, and they live in quarters which rival a good hotel, with swimming pool and sauna. Beyond this, Nuolja is a sensational challenge to Japan's near-monopoly in building the world's merchant ships.* A mere 81 working days before I sailed in her, she had been only a pile of steel plates. No other ship her size and type has ever been

• See "Sea Giants Ahoy!" Reader's Digest, November 1966.

built anywhere so cheaply, efficiently, swiftly. The credit for this feat belongs largely to one man, Nils Syensson.

After gaining a degree as a naval architect in the Depression year 1931, Svensson could only get a job as a ship's welder. He now blesses that day. "Working with my hands in the yard," he says, "I learned a lot of things I'd never have understood properly if I'd always had a white-collar job." His employer was Sweden's Gotaverken company, one of the world's great shipbuilding firms. As the Depression eased, Svensson moved into his rightful job as a naval architect and rose rapidly in the firm.

But by 1957, the post-war shipbuilding boom was dead. Competition was growing sharper by the month. In fact, the huge Swedish Grangesberg group—for which Götaverken had built nearly 40 ships—finally gave some of its business to Japan. The time had come for Götaverken to think seriously about its future. Nils Svensson, by now chief of production, put forward his ideas at a board meeting.

"Basically, we are still building ships the way Noah did," he said. "Why can't we turn out ships the way car manufacturers turn out cars?"

Svensson's plan for expansion was threefold. First, comb the world for the best machines and methods, and combine them into the most modern, efficient shipyard ever seen.

Second, overcome the problem of Swedish weather: rain, snow, cold, insufficient daylight seriously hampered work 25 per cent of the time. "Let's build most of each ship indoors," said Svensson, "in dry, heated surroundings."

Then the third, most radical point. Ships had always been built in one spot and never moved until launching. This meant an enormous waste of time while employees worked their way round the ship. Why not slide the growing ship slowly past the workers?

At this, doubts were expressed. It is all very well to move a car, but how could you push along a ship's thousands of tons? What gliding system could bear such weight? Yet when Svensson said quietly, "I think it can be worked out," his fellow directors were impressed. They voted to give him



Nils Svensson, pioneer of a dream shipyard

one year and 400,000 kronor (Rs. 576,000) to find out whether his ideas were feasible.

During that year, Svensson and his aides travelled the world, inspecting other shipyards, hunting down the very latest machines and methods. They found a Soviet device that simplified troublesome vertical welding: one man in a little cage travelling up and down could do in three hours a job that normally took eleven. Cranes often bend steel plates when lifting them. Why not use cranes with huge electric magnets (from Norway), which grip the plates without distorting them?

They made exhaustive studies of how Götaverken's last 100 ships had been built, then replanned each operation to eliminate useless movements. Perhaps it took a worker 22.5 seconds to find a tool in a drawer—time that could be saved if the tool were repositioned at his fingertips. If you multiplied those

22-5 seconds by thousands of workers in thousands of operations, you could save-thousands of costly manhours.

Some traditional yards allow steel plates to rust until the ship is completed, and then spend thousands of hours chipping away the rust before painting. Svensson's team adopted a method whereby each plate was fed into a tornado of chopped-up piano wire, which blasted away all rust in an instant. The plate emerged shining like silver—and was immediately immersed in anti-rust primer paint.

In many parts of a ship, a plate for the starboard side is exactly like that for the port side, except in reverse. So why not cut "mirror images" all at the same time? When one set of automatically controlled cutters moves to the left, let another set move to the right. And why only one sheet at a time? Experiments are now under way on the feasibility of slicing "sandwiches" or several sheets at once.

For special curved cuts, even the best man with an oxygen torch leaves slightly imperfect edges which have to be smoothed later at considerable expense. Why not use robot-controlled torches, guided by a photo-electric cell which traces along a white line from a blueprint? They cut much faster and so accurately that no smoothing is needed. (Ultramodern as this seems, an even better, faster, cheaper, computertape system is now being used.)

In December 1958, the Götaverken directors met again to hear Svensson's report. Yes, he said, the new ideas were practical. But the existing Götaverken shipyard could not be remodelled; an entirely new site must be used, and he had found one near by. The cost? About 200 million kronor.

That figure caused sharply indrawn breaths. It would be one of the largest single private investments ever made in Sweden. But Svensson's confidence was persuasive, and the board gave him the go-ahead.

On the rocky coast a few miles outside Gothenburg, Götaverken bought part of the Arendal, the site Svensson had spotted, and in March 1959 work began.

Push-button Workers. Never had a shipyard been built with such attention to detail. Experts advised on heating, ventilating, soundproofing the ceilings, painting, even on skidproofing the floors. Really heavy work was planned out of existence: an Arendal worker could merely touch a switch, and limitless horse-power would replace his muscles.

Above all, unique labour-management co-operation characterized Arendal. The Götaverken management set out to explain the new system to the unions with impressive evidence to show that work would be easier, pleasanter, healthier—and more remunerative—than ever before. But the new procedures meant radical retraining. Could the unions

supply instructors, with management paying the bill?

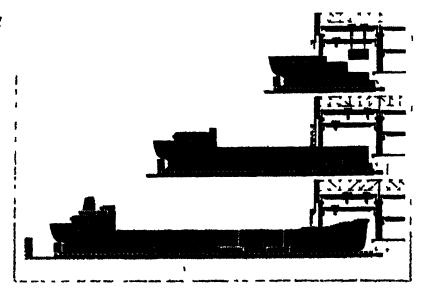
The unions gladly obliged, and chose dozens of men for a six-week training course. Recalls Svensson, "All of us sat down at the same school bench and learned the system together."

The acid test came after the opening day—May 25, 1963—when work began on producing a real ship: a 36,400-ton bulk carrier, Laponia. A normally efficient yard could build such a ship in 150 to 160 working days. Laponia took only 119. As the growing pains of the new system were overcome, the second ship—a 56,000-ton tanker—was finished in 100 days. Nuolja, Arendal's sixteenth ship, was built in 81 days—and delivered three months ahead of time!

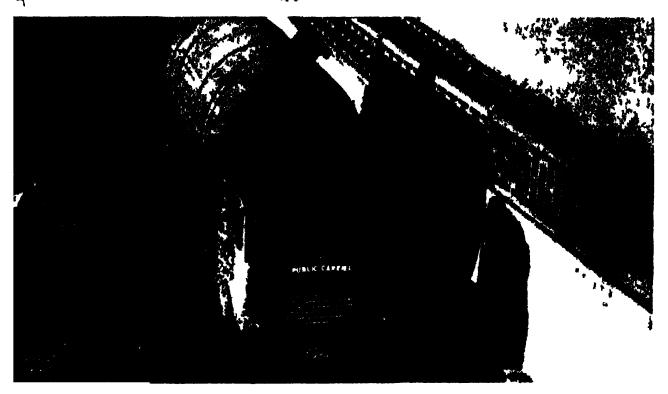
Svensson isn't even content with that. He hopes to get construction time down to 65 days and eventually, perhaps, to an incredible 50. When I toured the Arendal yard, it seemed deserted. I said to my guide, "It's a pity I didn't come on a working day." "But this is a working day," he said. "Everything's going full blast." Here was one of Arendal's greatest triumphs—that so much work can be accomplished by so few workers. One five-acre shop has only 50 men in it!

The movement of raw materials (mostly steel plate) is particularly impressive. From a stockpile which always holds enough to build four ships, plates come by routes that look bewilderingly complicated but are, in fact, like a well-run marshalling yard. Each plate gets its own "passport" of a special colour and number, which guides it unerringly to the right place at the right moment. One man controls the whole vast flow, aided by closed-circuit television of such accuracy that a British visitor reported he could see a butterfly hovering round plates

Svensson's revolutionary shipbuilding method: starting at the stern, each section is welded on to the next. As the sections are completed, the ship is gradually pushed outside the construction bay



Foresight:



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Clean of rust, the plates are painted, cut and shaped as needed. In a construction bay they are welded into huge, prefabricated chunks of ships—as much as 300 tons each. Some of the world's largest cranes lift these chunks to one of two long building tracks, partly indoors, partly out. Each track is capable of handling a 250,000-ton ship.

There's no ceremony about laying the keel, for there is no keel. A huge stern section is lowered on to the track, the next section is welded to it, then the next. When the indoor part of the track is full, it's time to push the growing ship outside.

To make this unique "push" possible, Svensson and his team first tried roller bearings, a Swedish speciality. Even the best ones bent under the enormous weight. Undaunted, they made studies of friction, of new materials, and finally found the answer—still a trade secret.

The push comes from five great hydraulic rams, anchored in rock, each capable of a lateral push of 700 tons. The ships glide along easily on tracks that can bear five tons per square inch. With part of the ship now outside, a "curtain" of corrugated sheet-metal closes round the hull to keep out bad weather.

Approximately every third working day, the growing ship is pushed

outside a little farther. When about one-third is out, the engine is dropped in. Finally, the completed ship is entirely outside—with the stern of the next ship nudging her bow. At night (so as to lose no working time) the building dock is flooded, the new ship is towed out, and the dock is pumped dry again.

Growing Success. Even Svensson never dared hope the yard would do as well as it has. "We expected to turn out 250,000 to 300,000 deadweight tons a year," he told me. In fact, in 1966 the total was about 570,000 tons, and last year around 635,000 tons.

Thanks to Arendal, Sweden now stands second in the world shipbuilding race, beaten only by Japan. But Arendal cannot rest on its oars. Japan still builds about six times as much tonnage as Sweden; moreover, the Japanese Government extends financial support to its shipbuilders which allows them to sell ships on long-term, low-interest conditions—an advantage that the Swedish Government has so far done little to match. Japan is also building much bigger ships, which Arendal must.soon rival.

"There's a lot of business ahead, and a lot of competition," Svensson says. "But shipyards with the cheapest production methods will survive. The rest will go under. We won't."

Possibly the factor that makes the adult-youth controversy more difficult than ever is that for the first time parents are outnumbered. Worse still, they can't blame it on the children.



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The Anything Goes" Society—Where s ii Going:

Does today's breakdown of old restraints in the Western World herald an era of decadence—or the discovery of new moral values?

CONDENSED FROM NEWSWEEK

UR OLD taboos are dead or dying. A new, more permissive society is taking shape in the Western world. Its outlines are etched most prominently in the arts —in the increasing nudity and frankness of today's films, in the blunt, often obscene language of novels and plays, in the candid lyrics of popular songs, in freer fashions and franker advertising. And behind this expanding permissiveness in the arts stands a society in transition, a society that has lost its consensus on such crucial issues as premarital sex and clerical celibacy;

a society that cannot agree on standards of conduct, language and manners, on what can be seen and heard.

Of concern to thinking people is the swiftness with which all the old restraints are losing their force. Many psychologists and social thinkers see a dangerous swing toward irresponsible hedonism and, ultimately, social decay.

Others, however, reject the notion that the new permissiveness is a sign of moral collapse. Indeed, artists and writers hail it as a release from an era of Victorian repression and hypocrisy. "We are just beginning to discover what morality is all about," says theatre critic Kenneth Tynan. "It is concerned with how we behave towards each other, not with how much of our bodies we happen to display."

happen to display."

Constant Appraisal. The revolution in manners and morals is unlikely to reverse itself. "We're going to have to live with a degree of freedom much greater than anything we've known in the past,' says Father Walter Ong, a brilliant Jesuit theologian and author of The Presence of the Word. "Man can't just say anything goes and hope to get by. We're going to have to employ our minds and morals in determining that some things go and other things don't. We're going to have to constantly reassess the situation, because the situation will always be changing."

It has changed more dramatically in the past year than in the preceding fifty. Audiences pack cinemas to watch the multiple orgasms of a seldom-clothed young Swedish actress in *I*, a Woman. Italian director Michelangelo Antonioni breaks the taboo against head-on, total nudity

in Blow-Up.

In Barbarella, a film built around the endless seductions of a French comic-strip heroine, Jane For da goes from one nude scene to the next in celebration of the erotic life. The sociological documentary, Portrait of Jason, a remarkable voyage into the twisted soul of a male prostitute, compresses into less than two hours all the raw language and candid corners of life that find free expression in films today.

Best-selling literature, once reluctantly discreet, is open and explicit about everything in the sexual spectrum from incest to inversion. The Adventurers by Harold Robbins, and The Exhibitionist by Henry Sutton use language once reserved to banned books smuggled in from Paris. And the works of Henry Miller and the Marquis de Sade today bring what used to be called hard-core pornography to ordinary shops selling inexpensive paper-backs.

In pop music, the Rolling Stones sing "Let's Spend the Night Together." Dance companies from Africa and San Francisco perform naked in New York. Erotic-art shows draw enormous crowds. "We're living in a Babylonian society," says historian and columnist Max Lerner. "The emphasis is on the senses and the release of the sensual. All the old codes have been broken down."

Lost Authority. Until recently, agencies of moral order—the church, the government, the family and the community—have dictated what can and cannot be expressed in public. However, these institutions have now been overrun by the demands of a mass society that wants to see and hear everything.

In the United States this process



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PXSW L/E-1/67

has been most graphically dramatized in the erosion of film censorship. In the 1930's, fear of government regulation drove Hollywood to create its own strict Production Code, which, for example, frowned on a husband and wife being shown in the same bed. The Roman Catholic Church also controlled film content, through its Legion of Decency, whose "C" or "condemned" rating could bar a film from hundreds of theatres fear-

ful of local boycott.

Since the Second World War. however, two major revisions have been made in the code, and the Legion of Decency (now the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures) has liberalized its judgements. But the power of both agencies is feeble. In 1967, several major films shown in the United States ignored a "C" rating. Father John Culkin, director of communications at Fordham University, says, "Now the media go directly to the public. The moralizers got so out of touch, they shouted for so long, that after a while nobody listened."

The courts, the last official arm of restraining society, have developed in recent cases such fluid guidelines for obscenity that local police agencies can seize and prosecute only those films and books that are "utterly without socially redeeming value."

"Censorship of films and books has become simply a matter of taste," says veteran lawyer Ephraim London, who has argued a number

of key censorship cases before the U.S. Supreme Court. "Today there's absolutely nothing you can't show or write about if it's done in good taste."

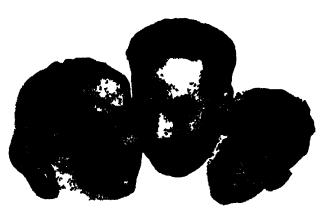
Although the Church continues to be the most powerful agent of moral restraint, its spokesmen have been struggling not to suppress the new candour but to develop a more flexible attitude themselves. "A lot of religious people realize that the old, prudish approach to obscenity is no longer the style of our life," says Father John Reedy, editor of Ave Maria magazine. "Today's attitude is to appeal to the individual as an adult." Adds Lutheran theologian Martin Marty, "Religion has been used to cover things up. Some churchmen have simply said, 'We are sick and tired of it."

In any case, no action is likely to impede the advance of the permissive society. Therefore, the crucial question is: Where is the new permissiveness leading—to some new moral system, or simply to the progressive discarding of all social restraint? Some critics feel that it is not going to lead anywhere; that it is simply one more swing in the pendulum of history.

Most social thinkers, however, believe that man still exerts a crucial control over the shape of his future. They see the tumbling of the old codes not as the beginning of a moral decline, but as the beginning of a search for new values. "I think it's good to have an expressive, free

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and imaginative society," says Max Lerner. "But it's not enough to break things down. New values must be found, and I believe young people are trying to find these values. That's where I place my hope."

Obviously, the emergence from prudery and hypocrisy imposes new responsibilities as it opens up new possibilities. Says Father Ong, "Individuals are going to have to stiffen their own moral principles. They won't be able to reverse this permissive trend, but they can point out rational limits. And they are going to have to speak up."

The permissive society, then, is a collective experiment in which

spring up cheek by jowl the honest films and the trashy ones, the vulgar books and the serious, the toughminded plays and the titillating—all tolerated with an implicit faith that the new freedom will ultimately humanize and improve rather than corrupt. Whether this faith proves warranted depends on man himself.

"Is man essentially a hedonistic, pleasure-loving, self-indulgent type?" asks theologian Marty. "Or is he essentially a purposeful, work-orientated, self-denying creature? We simply don't know yet."

What happens in the permissive society will go a long way towards telling us.



Signs of Life

A GAILY decorated car had a sign on the back reading: "Just Married."

Below that was written: "At last!"

—M. M.

On a visit to Japan we saw a sign in a lift stating that employees wearing red badges spoke English. At the bottom of the sign was this further note: "Please speak easy English."

—R. F.

Lasting Friendship

ONE EVENING my landlady answered the doorbell to find another old lady, a perfect stranger, standing there with a bouquet of flowers and an embarrassed smile. The visitor explained that she had just bought a burial plot and discovered that the neighbouring ground had also been sold. She had enquired about the address of the buyer and now suggested to her future neighbour: "Since we'll be resting next to each other after we've passed away, shouldn't we get to know each other during our lifetime?"

The two women are now the best of friends. — — Malka Schapira

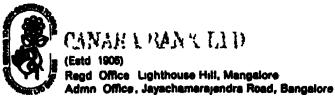
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The Cliff-hanging Hero of

By DAVID MACDONALD

call for help at 12.30 a.m. It was an icy night, February 26, 1963, and a gale was howling across the Bay of Fundy. The Seal Cove telephone operator first roused a dozen able-bodied fishermen. Then she thought to ring Bagley, a bandy-legged little man of 46 who doubled as game warden and village wag.

Vaguely mindful of the wind outside, Bagley stumbled sleepily to his phone. The operator's words shook him awake: "Someone's over the cliff at South West Head!"

Bagley shuddered. Like most inhabitants of Grand Manan, a small Canadian island just off the New Brunswick and Maine coasts, he knew that rugged, rocky precipice well. It rose 200 feet above the sea, and on this savage night he could almost feel the fury of the wind and waves that were lashing it. "Well," he drawled, "I'd best get cracking."

As he dressed, Bagley's wife tucked spare mittens into his hip pocket. Then he slid into his dilapidated car and set out for South West Head, six miles away. The twisting road was slippery, swirling with snow. Being a prudent person, Bagley drove cautiously: no sense in taking unnecessary risks.

THE night's events, shaped by the raw forces of nature and human need, had actually begun the morning before. Fifteen miles across the bay, at Haycock Harbour, Maine, two men had cast off in a leaky motorboat. Billy Jones, 42, and his brother Floyd, 36, who eked out a living from odd jobs, were hoping to gather shellfish. But a gale struck from the north, the engine failed, and for 12 hours in thrashing seas, both men bailed and prayed.

After dark the storm drove them towards a winking lighthouse on the southern tip of Grand Manan, then flung them aground below towering South West Head. There the brothers managed to drag themselves up beyond the surf. Floyd, numb with cold, could go no farther. Billy started climbing up the cliff. "I'll make for that light," he yelled. Floyd didn't answer.

Three hours later, lighthouse-keeper Ottawa Benson and his wife heard a thump at their door. Mrs. Benson opened it—and shrank back.



community of the sea, any cry for help is a command. Soon the Seal Cove men began arriving, 17 in all, including Vernon Bagley. They conferred briefly with Benson, then trudged through the blizzard to the place where Billy Jones had come up the cliff and begun crawling to the lighthouse—a mile away. Far below, roaring breakers slammed at the ink-black bluff, hurling spray high into the night. Searchers yelled Floyd's name, but the 50-mile-anhour gale tore their words to muffled shreds.

"It's murder to send anyone down there now," one man shouted. There was a rumble of agreement. "Let's wait till daylight."

Brave Volunteer. "No!" came a protest. "That'll be too late." Out of the crowd stepped Vernon Bagley, his face grave, his manner untypically firm. "Tie a line on me."

The others stared in awe. Bagley was regarded as the local "character," always joking and good for a laugh.

But tonight wasn't for fun. The little man secured a nylon line round his waist, took a flashlight, and began inching down towards the Hog's Back, a ridge of loose rock sloping sharply to the sea. He'd gone only a few yards when slabs of stone slid out from under him and went hurtling down. In panic, Bagley clambered back to the top. "No use," he panted. "I can't do it."

With the line still knotted at his

waist, he walked slowly away. Sensing his embarrassment, the others quietly resumed debating what to do. And then a strange thing happened. Bagley suddenly looked up. "Yessir," he said aloud—though no one had spoken—"I sure would!" He went straight to the brink of the bluff. "I've got to go down again."

This time he swung wide of the treacherous Hog's Back. Beside it ran a steep gully, the quickest way down—for him, or for a rockslide. Edging across the top of the gully, he vanished behind another perpendicular ridge, then began to feel his way down the cliff's jagged face.

Some 150 feet down, he paused on a flat rock and flashed a light to either side—no sign of Jones—and then up the bluff. To his horror, he saw that, high above, his lifeline had hooked over the gnarled root of a fallen tree. Instead of running straight down, it ran horizontally across the gully to the snag, and then down, in the shape of a figure seven. If he moved any farther, his weight might free the line from the root and the sudden slack would drop him to the cliff bottom.

Frozen with fear, Bagley pondered his precarious position. His only hope, he saw, was to flick the rope free, so that the resulting slack could be noticed and pulled in. "More line!" he yelled. But it remained taut. In the thunder of wind and sea, no one above could hear him.

But somebody else did. From Bagley's left, beyond the Hog's

Bambina"/

W-FOAM

Back, came a feeble cry: "Over here!" Floyd Jones was alive.

Up on the cliff, a bonfire cast an eerie glow on the weathered faces of the rope-handlers. Bagley's cousin Horace lay at the very edge of the precipice, "reading" the line. It quivered in his hands, and he saw a flash of light far below. "Pay out more line," he called. "He's gone down into the gully!"

Bagley had made his choice. Crossing the gully, he slipped on ice-crusted snow. But the lifeline—his sole hope and greatest fear—held fast. To keep his mind off it, Bagley concentrated on Floyd Jones as he crept up the flank of the rocky Hog's Back. Atop the ridge, he lay flat and shone his light over the other side.

About 25 feet below, just out of reach of the surging sea, Floyd Jones knelt on a narrow ledge, arms and face pressed into a crevice. His clothes were stiff with ice. Now Bagley completely forgot his own predicament. While the men above released more rope, he backed over the edge. Hanging over the sea, arms and legs straight out from the rough rock, he made his way down.

False Alarm. Suddenly, on the cliff top, Horace felt the line go limp. "We've lost him!" he screamed. Frantic, he hauled in the rope—70 feet of it. Then he again felt his cousin's weight and a reassuring yank on the line.

Far below, Bagley crouched beside Jones, trembling. He had just been brushed by death. At the very instant that he stepped on to the ledge, his slender lifeline had finally jerked loose from the snag. Over and over he told himself, I'm alive!

But Floyd Jones appeared to be dead. Bagley removed a glove and touched the man's freezing uncovered head. "Can't move," came a hoarse rasp. "I'm frozen from the belt down."

"Don't worry," Bagley replied. "We'll get you up in no time."

Terrible Ascent. But the problems ahead were as large as the cliff itself. The semi-conscious Jones couldn't be hauled up alone; the winds would batter him against the rock. There was only one possibility. With the rope still tied to himself, Bagley got Jones to his feet and eased his hands into the spare pair of mittens his wife had given him an eternity ago. Then, wrapping Floyd's arms round his own waist, from behind, Bagley jammed them under the rope, and tightened it securely. "Hang on!" he shouted.

After three sharp tugs—the haulup signal—the lifeline strained. The two men dangled in space, then began to rise. Jones, a heavy man, clung to his rescuer with the strength of desperation. For Bagley, the ascent was agony. The rope tightened round him so terribly that he thought he was being cut in two.

As he neared the Hog's Back, Bagley felt Jones slipping. He caught him by the neck and wrestled him over the hump. There they lay, Jones unconscious, Bagley gasping for breath and trying to work out his next move.

The little man was now too tired to make a wide detour, the way he'd come down. And on the Hog's Back itself were tons of loose rocks, flung down by an earlier landslide; one false step there could be fatal. That left only the steep gully, where the lifeline might start an avalanche.

Bagley retied his line round Jones and signalled to the top. Buckling under the inert body's weight, he went down into the gully and began the long climb. Clinging to the rope with one arm, using the other to protect Jones, he pushed and pulled up the slope. At times, he had to lift Jones over fallen trees. At other times, he straddled and dragged him.

About 25 feet from safety, Bagley's tortured legs gave out. Wedging the unconscious Jones behind a boulder, he crept on up alone. Ninety minutes after he'd left on his impulsive mission of mercy, Bagley was hauled back over the edge at the top. "He's just below," he gasped to the waiting men. "But I'm all in."

Assistant lighthouse-keeper Sid Guptill went down on another line, while Bagley dropped into the snow and lay there, waiting. Within half an hour, Floyd Jones was pulled up, still alive. Gently, he was covered with coats and rushed to hospital.

Exhausted and aching, Bagley stood at the cliff's edge and gazed down in silent disbelief. As he turned and trudged away, two fishermen linked their arms through his, supporting him. "We're mighty proud of you, Vern," said one.

Next day, at the hospital, the Jones brothers thanked the little man who had risked his life to save one of them. Billy couldn't remember how he'd scaled the cliff, except that the wind at his back had helped to stop him falling. All that Floyd recalled of his rescue was the touch of Bagley's hand waking him. "It felt," he said, "like a hot iron." Doctors doubted whether Floyd could have survived another 15 minutes of his ordeal. Though both men were pain-racked from exposure, they quickly recovered.

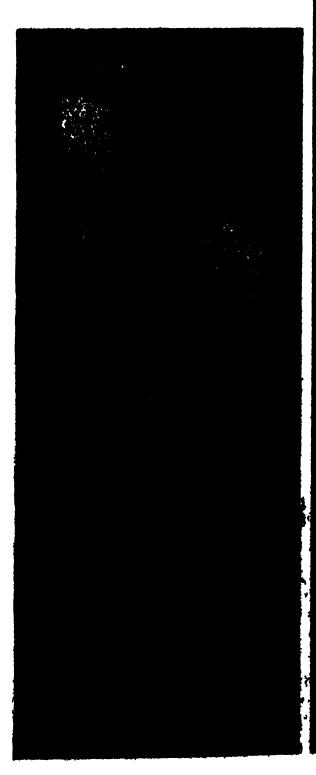
A YEAR later, Vernon Bagley was awarded a medal for heroism. After the ceremony, he was asked about the strange remark he'd made—"Yessir, I sure would!"—before he went to Floyd Jones' rescue.

"Well," Bagley replied, "I'd been telling myself all the reasons why I couldn't go back over that cliff. But then this idea hit me: Would you go if it was your own brother? That's when I talked out loud. Because, when you get down to it, we're all supposed to be brothers."

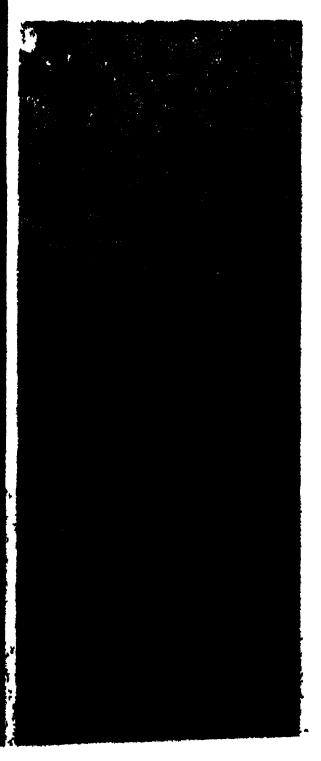
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—D.I.G.

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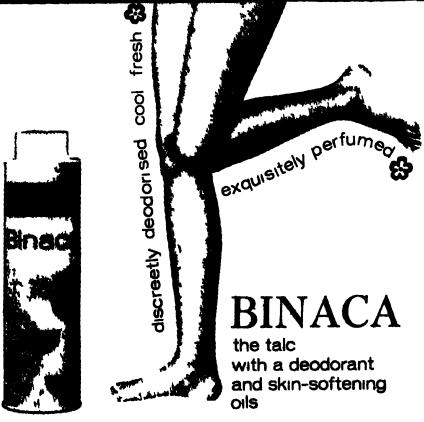
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You're A Good Man, Charlie



Charlie Schulz

By BARNABY CONRAD

ARTOONING IS a fairly sort of proposition," said Charles Schulz recently. "You have to be fairly intelligent—if you were really intelligent, you'd be doing something else. You have to draw fairly well—if you drew really well, you'd be a painter. You have to write fairly well—if you wrote really well, you'd be writing books. It's great for a fairly person like ne."

For an only fairly person, Charles Schulz, creator of the cartoon strip Peanuts, bids fair to become the

most successful cartoonist of all time. *Peanuts*, which appears in some 1,000 newspapers, has endeared the characters of Charlie Brown, Lucy, Linus, Schroeder and Snoopy to an estimated 90 million readers. Offshoots—records, films, advertisements, pullovers, dolls, books and other *Peanuts* paraphernalia—make up a 20-million-dollar-a-year industry.

A musical based on the strip is a current hit in New York and London; a Hollywood feature film is in the offing; and Schulz is now preparing his fourth television special. His 32 *Peanut* books have sold a total of 16 million copies.

Another book, called *Happiness* Is a Warm Puppy, was a best-seller for 45 weeks, and was followed by five books of similar titles. The

I'LL BE WISHY ONE DAY AND WASHY THE NEXT!



CHARLIE BROWN—"Sure he's wishy-washy," says Charles Schulz, his creator, "but I like him. I didn't mean to give him a failure face in the beginning—I just wanted him to have an anonymous, bland, round face, while the others had more character in theirs."

Gospel According to Peanuts, a collection of theological thoughts extracted from the strip, became its publisher's all-time best-seller—663,000 copies have been sold so far.

Charles Monroe Schulz (he confesses that he and Charlie Brown are one and the same) was born 44 years ago in Minneapolis, Minnesota, U.S.A.

His early life was very similar to the life of his strip-cartoon creation, Charlie Brown. "People read a lot into the strip," he says. "But actually it's just about all the silly things I did when I was a kid."

He was once the scapegoat on the baseball field, causing his team to lose a game 40-0. In the Army, he trained as a machine-gunner, and discovered—the only time he was confronted by the enemy—that he had forgotten to load his weapon.

After the war, Schulz got a job lettering a comic magazine, then taught in a Minneapolis mail-order art school. While he was there, he married pretty, blue-eyed Joyce Halverson. In 1948, he sold his first cartoon, to a magazine. Then he did a weekly cartoon called Li'l Folks for the St. Paul, Minnesota, Pioneer Press.

Within a year it was dropped. After rejections elsewhere, it was picked up by United Feature Syndicate and, over Schulz's protests, renamed *Peanuts*. "Strange," he says, "people don't tell you how to draw or write, but *everybody's* an expert on titles."

During the first month, Schulz made 90 dollars with his newly titled strip. A few months later, it was up to 1,000 dollars a month. Now the intake is close to 1,000 dollars a day.

"Funny," he muses. "I never set out to do a cartoon about kids. I just wanted to be a good cartoonist. I always dreamed of some day coming up with some permanent idea JEALOUS, MAYBE....4ES, I COULD UNDERSTAND THAT... I CAN SEE HOW SOMEONE COULD BE JEALOUS OF ME...BUT DISLIKE? NO, THAT'S JUST NOT POSSIBLE...



LUCY—"Little girls of that age are smarter than little boys, and she knows it better than most little girls. But she's not as smart as she thinks she is. Beneath the surface there's something tender—but perhaps if you scratched deeper, you'd find she's even worse than she seems."

or phrase that would pass into the language. I guess maybe 'Good grief!' has made it. And perhaps the

'Happiness Is' . . . title.

"My strip doesn't depend on variety or new characters," Schulz goes on. "I've got pretty much the same basic idea that I had 17 years ago. I want to keep the strip simple. I like it when Charlie Brown watches the first leaf of autumn float down and then walks over and just says, 'Did you have a good summer?' I like it when Linus says simply, 'Sucking your thumb without a blanket is like eating a cone without ice cream.'

"I like a strip I did that I got from my own children. We were at the dinner table, and Amy was in a real talking mood, and I finally said, 'Can you *please* be quiet?' She was silent for a moment, then began buttering a slice of bread, saying, 'Am I buttering too loud for you?' I gave the line to Charlie Brown after Lucy yelled at him."

Asked about Snoopy, Schulz says: "He's not a real dog, of course. He's an image of what people would like a dog to be. But he has his origins in Spike, the dog I had when I was a kid. Smart? Why, he understood at least 50 words. I mean it. I'd tell him to go down to the basement and bring up a potato, and he'd do it. I had him for years—then he died." The serious, boyish, sensitive face of Snoopy's creator clouds at the memory.

Schulz begins his working day at 9.30 by walking from his sprawling one-storey house to the studio on his 11-acre estate, near Schastopol,

YOU JUST HAVE TO UNDERSTAND THE ADULT MIND!



LINUS—"He's the brightest, most promising, practical," Schulz observes. "But then there's that blanket."

California, one hour's drive north of San Francisco. He starts by sketching situations and ideas on a pad, trying to conceive the week's work —six separate days' drawings—as a whole. Then he takes a 28-inch illustration board, which has the margins of four blank panels printed on it already, and inks in the dialogue.

When he has all six days' strips "dialogued in," he begins to draw the figures and the action. He prefers to draw directly with a pen with a minimum of pencilled

guidelines.

One day's strip takes him about an hour to draw. A full page for the Sunday paper takes a whole day. "I guess I'm the only cartoonist who doesn't have a helper to fill in backgrounds and lettering," he says.

"The things I like to do best are drawing cartoons and hitting golf balls. Now if I hire someone to do my work for me, it would be like getting someone to hit the golf ball for me. But maybe I'll have to." He glanced balefully at his secretary as she brought in a new stack of mail.

On Schulz's estate there are stables, a cat, dog and horse per child, a big swimming pool, a tennis court, a baseball diamond and a four-hole golf course. A golfer whose score is consistently in the 70's, he tries to play once a week, but as his success mounts and the work load increases he has to forgo more and more rounds.

One of the things he does find time for is religion. On Sundays he gives classes in religion and Scripture in his own town of Sebastopol ("to adults only—I could never teach other people's children").

One factor in Schulz's popularity with all ages is his sublime handling of how far fantasy should go. For example, Snoopy's doghouse is always in profile; we never see a threequarters view or actually go inside it. So we can just accept it that Snoopy has a Wyeth and a Van Gogh and a billiard table in there.

Another factor is Schulz's unfailing sense of what is subtly funny. The most popular strip he ever did is one where the kids are shown looking at cloud formations, and Linus says: "That cloud up there looks a little like the profile of Thomas Eakins, the famous painter,



SNOOPY-"He has his origins in Spike, the dog I had when I was a kid. White with black spots. He was the wildest and the smartest dog I've ever encountered."

and those up there look to me like the map of British Honduras. And that group over there gives me the impression of the stoning of Saint Stephen . . . I can see the Apostle Paul standing there to one side." Then Lucy says, "Uh-huh. That's very good. What do you see in the clouds, Charlie Brown?" And Charlie says, "Well, I was going to say I saw a ducky and a horsie, but I changed my mind."

Many psychiatrists have tried to analyse the special appeal of *Peanuts*. My own conclusion is that Schulz still feels the loss of his dog

Spike—and the loss of his childhood—and is able to translate this long memory and deep feeling into words and pictures that reach out to just about everybody. There's a little Charlie Brown in all of us males and, Lord knows, we've all known a Lucy, a girl who shouts, "I want nothing gloomy or depressing—I only want glad tidings, optimism."

So very often the strip touches chords that remind us of things and homely events we thought we had forgotten. Either we had a child-hood like that—or wish we had.



Free-Wheeling

A FRIEND was driving me around Waikiki in Hawaii. Two old cars, one towing the other with a frayed rope, and both filled with teenagers, swayed back and forth ahead of us, finally stopping near a palm-studded beach.

Pulling up alongside, my friend asked if there was anything he could do. "No thanks," grinned a suntanned youngster as he and the others scrambled from the cars with towels and flippers. "There's nothing wrong. We're just trying to save petrol."

—S. A. R.

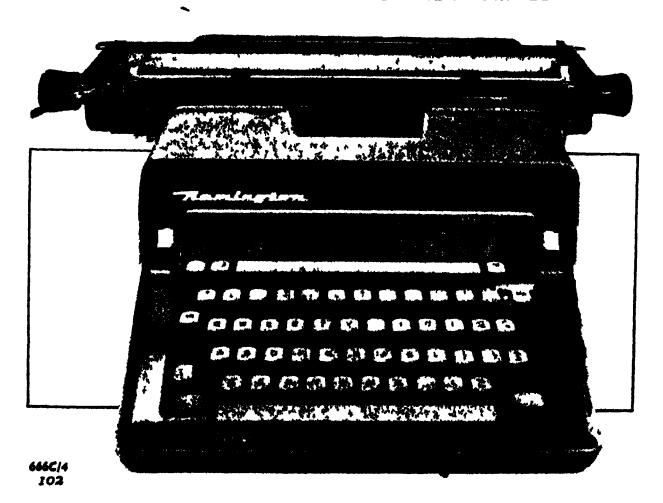
Don't Feed the Statues

King Stanislaus I of Poland planned to emulate the grandeur of Versailles as it had been laid out for Louis XIV. Stanislaus had grand allées and a long water canal and a.! the other trimmings—only he ran a little short of statues. However, he was not to be outdone by this difficulty: when he gave a fête in his garden, he engaged artists' models, male and female as God made them, draped them in classical garments, and then had them pose as gods and goddesses in the shubbery niches and along the water channels.

—House & Garden

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First Aid for Ailing Marriages

By Dr. Norman Vincent Peale

Diagnosis, treatment and cure, prescribed by a well-known clergyman

ost families keep some sort of medical kit available for emergencies. Why not add to this a psychological first-aid kit that marriage partners can use to doctor the emotional cuts and bruises that are inevitable when two entirely different personalities merge their lives? Most disruptive elements in marriage are small at first; they call for sticking-plaster, not major surgery. It's only when the small wounds are ignored, neglected, left to fester, that real trouble sets in.

What should such a first-aid kit contain? Over the years, as a clergy-man counselling hundreds of people with marital problems, I have found some useful devices and remedies.

Here are ten: three diagnostic questions that troubled couples

should ask themselves; three practical techniques for treating minor marital abrasions; and four common-sense prescriptions for keeping any marriage healthy.

THE THREE QUESTIONS which follow are designed primarily for people who have no glaring marital difficulties, but nevertheless feel that things are not going as well as they should, that the glow of romance is fading, that quarrels are becoming too frequent.

• Have I reached the state of being truly in love? A wise man said that love is the accurate estimate and supply of another's need. But no one learns this overnight. Most of us start out in marriage as consumers of love, not suppliers. Being truly in love is a goal to be attained rather than a built-in, actuality. If we occasionally remind ourselves of this, mistakes and setbacks won't seem so discouraging.

• Am I guilty of expecting too much? We have so sentimentalized marriage that a lot of us expect constant bliss—and sulk when we don't get it. Recently, in my office, a woman compiled an astonishing list of complaints about her husband. Finally I said, "You g lady, you have made a grave mistake. You married a man instead of an archangel!"

"I just want him to meet me halfway," she said defiantly. "Marriage is a 50-50 proposition, isn't it?"

"No," I said, "not really. In some areas you have to give 70 per cent to get back 30. In others you may be able to give only 20 per cent, which means that your partner must supply 80. Stop demanding minacles of your husband, and start trying to make him happy. You'll be amazed at how much of that happiness comes flooding back to you."

• Have I stopped listening? Time and again one partner has valid grievances, but the other is too busy voicing complaints of his own to listen. Now, a marriage without communication cannot survive. Yet often all that's needed is some indication that the other person's point of view is getting through.

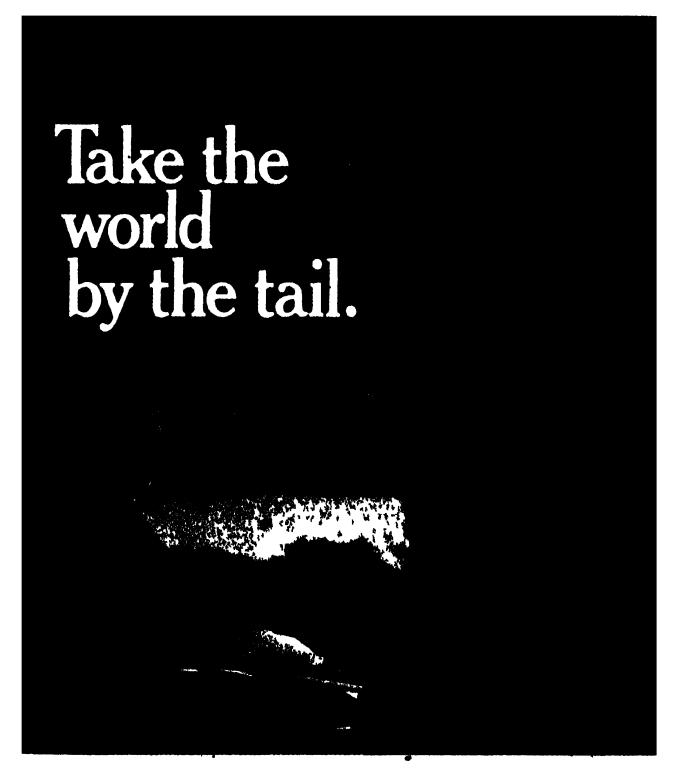
Once, after listening to an embattled pair, I took the husband out of the room and extracted from him the reluctant promise that when we returned to his wife, he would

pronounce a certain phrase every time I nodded my head. When the wife hurled her first accusation, I nodded sympathetically. "You may be right," the husband said.

Startled, his wife fired another broadside. Once more I nodded. "You may be right," the husband repeated doggedly. When he made this unheard-of remark for the third time, his wife glared at him. "What's the matter with you?" she demanded. I felt like congratulating her—she was listening to her husband instead of shouting at him. From that point on, we began to make some progress.

THESE questions are often useful in pinpointing the underlying causes of marital friction. Now here are some practical techniques to deal with the friction.

- Put yourself in your partner's shoes. This requires imagination, and can be done best when you are alone—driving home from work, perhaps, or sitting under the hair drier. Ask your assumed self what it would take to soothe the irritations of your daily living. Quite often it would take only some unexpected little kindness: a word of praise, a small gift, a loving note.
- Offer to compromise. Compromise simply means that you are mature enough to recognize that there are two sides to every question. Psychologist and marriage counsellor Dr. Raymond Corsini has worked out a "contract approach" that



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dramatizes this need for give-andtake. He asks dissatisfied couples to write down their complaints about each other, then selects one from each list. The couple enter into a contract: he'll stop snapping at the children, and she'll cut down her smoking.

At the end of a week, if the bargain has held, Dr. Corsini asks the partners to agree to two new compromises. Gradually, he eases himself out of the picture, recommending that the couple try to make similar compromise contracts on touchy subjects before they begin to battle about them.

• Express affection and appreciation. Day in and day out, this is the most effective technique for smoothing the rough edges of marriage. All of us need praise; when we get it, we tend to live up to it. One of the most subtle and powerful forces in human nature is our tendency to become what other people think we are. That's why we never lose our hunger for affection, which is nothing but the recognition of our best traits by other people.

Finally, I recommend four all-purpose marriage remedies, to be taken regularly.

• Work together. Work is one of the greatest healing forces known to man, although many couples seem unaware of this. The husband works at his job, the wife works in the home, but they rarely join skills in a common objective. How

satisfying shared work can be! It banishes gloom and boredom, takes our minds off ourselves.

I know a young couple who go once a week as volunteers to a mental hospital and conduct classes in drawing and painting for the patients. Another couple specialize in helping to organize small religious groups. There are dozens of things to do together. Paint a room. Start a garden. Wash the car. Anything, so long as there's common effort and common achievement—the adhesive that makes a marriage stick.

• Play together. It's curious how often people seem to feel guilty about enjoying themselves, how they invent all sorts of excuses to avoid the innocent pursuit of pleasure.

"Oh, I can't leave the children," a housewife will tell me when I urge her to do more things with her husband. "But I'm not the athletic type," a husband will growl when I point out that shared physical exertion really does draw people closer together. Perhaps he's not, but because of this attitude he may never know what fun it is to tramp a windy beach or snowy field and then relax by a fire with someone he loves. Even after you've found areas of mutual enjoyment, keep looking for more. The more you have, the happier you are likely to

• Pray together. I can't guarantee that every family that prays together stays together. But I can tell

you that in all my years of counselling I have never encountered a couple in serious difficulty who were praying together. Nor have I ever known a couple who, once they had agreed to pray together, and stuck to it, ended up by getting a divorce.

Praying together restores balance in a marriage, because it recognizes that both partners are loved equally by God.

Furthermore, bringing a disagreement before the bar of Ultimate Justice removes it, somehow, from human bitterness. People change their tone of voice; it becomes impossible to rant, or even to remain very argumentative.

For people too self-conscious to pray aloud I recommend sitting quietly and holding in mind the words, "Be still, and know that I am God." In the face of that majestic command, human quarrels seem very small indeed.

• Sleep together. This final recommendation needs no elaboration. But I am not talking about sex alone. Even without sex, physical closeness has a magic all its own.

Reaching for a hand in the darkness is perhaps the best of all ways to end a quarrel, offer a silent apology, make amends. I think every marital first-aid kit should be large enough to contain a double bed.

Making a go of marriage is, at times, hard work. But it is the most exciting and rewarding work in the world. If happy marriages were handed to us on a silver platter, calm and smooth and predictable, what a bore that would be!

It all reminds me of the story my father used to tell me about the man who dreamed that he came to the great storehouse where God keeps the marvellous gifts He bestows on mankind. The man said to the angel in charge, "I'm so tired of the miseries of life on earth! Instead of wars and afflictions, lusts and lies, we need love and joy, peace and justice. Please give me some of these things." The angel smiled and answered, "We don't stock fruits—only seeds."

That's the way it is with every worthwhile thing in life. Marriage is no different.

Bulldog Breed

"CAN I take my dog on the same plane with me?" the woman timidly asked the airline booking clerk. He assured her that she could. Then he asked, "Where do you plan to go?"

"Well," came the worried reply, "I'm thinking about going to the South of France. What I really want to know is this: if I take my dog with me and she has puppies while we're down there, will they be British subjects?"

—A. C. A.



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KING OF COLOURED GEMS

By Scott and Kathleen Seegers

Thanks to Hans Stern, Brazil's semi-precious stones have risen to glittering heights in world popularity



gem hunters gazed at the 33-pound, dark-blue aquamarine crystal they had just prised from the flinty earth of Brazil's Minas Gerais backlands. Then they dropped the huge stone into a sack and departed, intending to cheat the landowner of his rightful share in any gems found on his property. Within hours they had sold the prize for Rs. 2-25 lakhs.

But word of the find flashed through the region. Reinforced by two armed henchmen, the landowner traced the gem hunter, to a near-by town, where he forced them to take him to the buyer of the stone. A gunfight ensued, and eventually all eight men were hauled before a magistrate. After listening to several hours of conflicting testimony, the magistrate reached a Solomonic decision. He sent for a representative of the Rio de Janeiro jewellery firm of H. Stern.

Stein's man examined the massive crystal with mounting excitement "I'll give Rs 3 375 lakhs for it," he said "Sold," ruled the magistrate, "if you will take care of these claims."

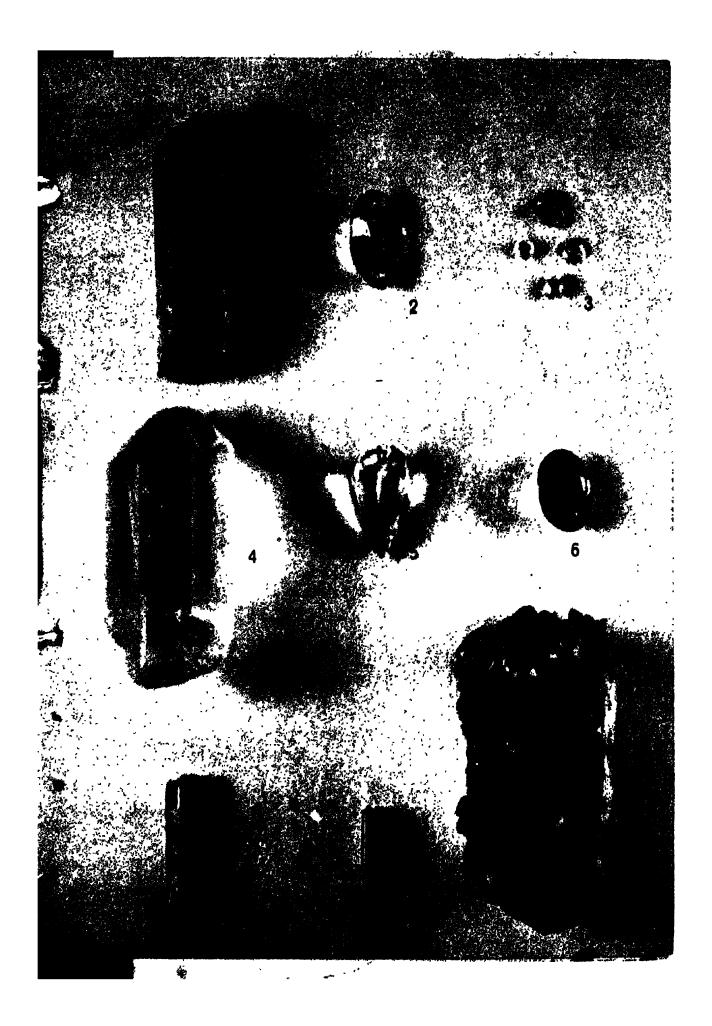
The aggrieved landowner got his rightful 20 per cent; the four gem hunters ended up with more than their original Rs. 2 25 lakhs; and the first buyer accepted a sum of money for his pains.

Nearly 500 jewels were cut from that single stone, the finest of its size ever discovered. Seven particularly magnificent gems totalling 123 carats were cut from it for a Middle

Some of the semi-precious stones to be found in Brazil: 1. Topaz crystal 2. Oval-cut topaz 3. Rose-cut and brilliant-cut diamonds, with two diamond crystals 4. Aquamarine crystal 5. Drop-cut aquamarine 6. Oval-cut amethyst 7. Tourmaline crystal 8. Step-cut

tourmaline 9. Group of amethysi crystals

Protograph law tromare/courant of the Institute of Grological Echricas



Eastern monarch. Stern's had been holding the order for nearly a year, unwilling to fill it with any but the most superb specimens.

A slender, urbane man of 45, Hans Stern is the world's largest dealer in aquamarines, topazes, amethysts and tourmalines. Brazil produces about 90 per cent of the world's supply of these semi-precious stones, and Stern handles nearly 70 per cent of the entire Brazilian production. Moreover, in the past 20 years he has played a major role in lifting these glittering, multi-coloured gems from relative obscurity to sparkling distinction.

Good Salesmanship. Intensive promotion has been the key factor in Stern's success, but his code of ethics has also been important. Although reputable jewellery firms in Rio guaranteed the quality and worth of their semi-precious gems at the time he went into business, elsewhere the buyer was fair game. Many a beautiful green tourmaline was sold—and priced—as an emerald worth a hundred times as much. Then Stern began giving a written money-back guarantee; this proved a big attraction to the multitude of tourists who visit Brazil.

Stern's promotion of his gems tends to be persistent and ubiquitous. Travellers to Brazil on ships or airlines are handed colourful folders telling about the country's stones; visitors to Rio's top tourist attractions receive cards entitling them to a free uncut birthstone at

any Stern shop; tourists receive general-information pamphlets on Brazilian cities where Stern has shops; jewellery displays are maintained on 36 transatlantic shipping lines and in Rio's leading hotels.

For women travelling down South America's Pacific coast, Stern has devised the "charming-trip" bracelet. In Peru, the tourist receives from a Stern representative a silver charm in the shape of a llama; in Chile, she gets a replica of the national flower; in Argentina, the gaucho lasso; in Uruguay, a gourd and tube for drinking maté. By the time she collects her free silver chain bracelet in São Paulo or Rio, her interest is riveted on Stern's—and sales resistance is only a memory.

Once people have been to a Stern salesroom they are never permitted to forget it. All purchasers receive greeting cards on their birthdays, wedding anniversaries Christmas. Stern, in fact, will do almost anything for a client. For one in a hurry, he will put on a night shift to turn out a special piece of jewellery. The customer is welcome to follow the piece through the workshops, watching each step of design and manufacture, receiving the finished piece 24 hours after giving the order.

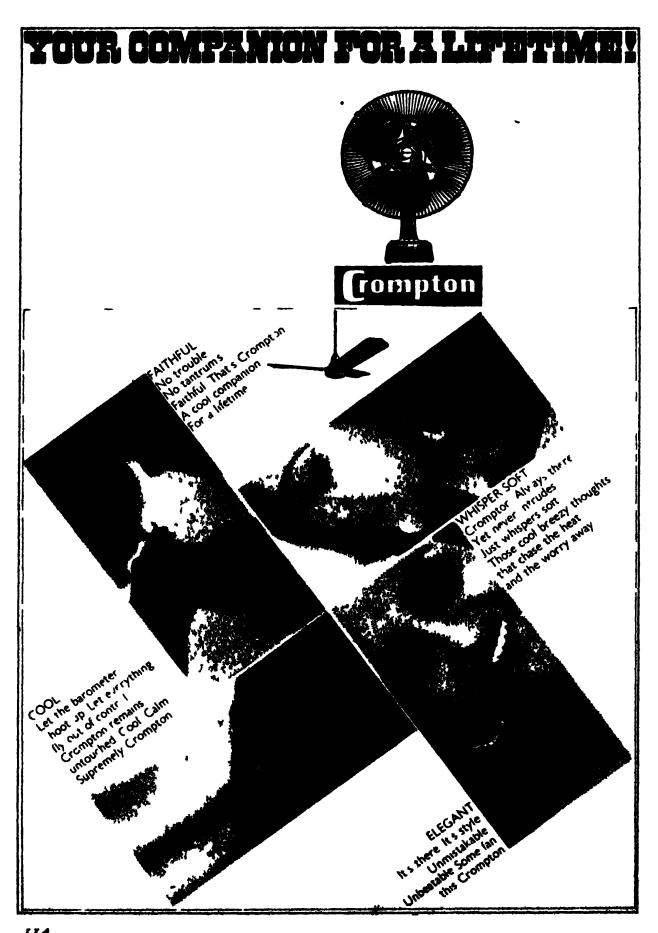
Special orders account for about 15 per cent of Stern's total business. They range from the most extravagant frivolity to the solemn purposes of state. Among them have been an enormous pink tourmaline



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ring ordered by an American to match her Cadillac, a gold dog collar studded with aquamarines and diamonds ordered by a Mexican woman, and most of the official decorations given by the Brazilian Ministry of Foreign Affairs in the past year.

Stern buys most of his raw stones from that strange breed of back-woodsman, the garimpeiro (free-lance gem hunter). Thousands of garimpeiros wander across the near-sterile back country of Goiás and Minas Gerais states, grubbing in the parched earth for bits of coloured stone which might some day adorn the crown of an empress.

Unlike diamonds, which in Brazil are found in river gravel, the coloured stones are scattered lavishly throughout the interior: aquamarines of a dozen subtle shades of blue; tourmalines in a riot of greens, blues, purples, pinks, yellows and reds; violet amethysts; glowing, sherry-brown imperial topazes—and a score of other decorative but less valuable gems.

Garimpeiros find many of the stones in the plains around low mountains, where they have been washed by the torrential wet-season rains. Sometimes others are found actually sticking up out of the tops of such hills, where rain and wind have eroded the surrounding earth.

To be made ready for jewellery, the rough stones must, of course, be subjected to the stone-cutter's art. At Stern's gem-cutting shop in Rio, we watched in fascination while a dozen intent lapidaries bent over their cutting, grinding and polishing wheels. Each worked on one stone, changing it magically from a small, often drab pebble to a spectacular blaze of colour that trapped and concentrated the light and hurled it back in a score of iridescent hues.

Unique Artistry. Once a stone is cut and polished, it is ready to be set. Design is almost as important as the quality of the gems. Not only must the setting be beautiful; it must also lend itself to easy casting in precious metals. Thus, when Stern finds among his metalsmiths one with imagination and an interest in drawing, he is apt to transfer the man to the art department to begin a long, slow training process.

To discover new talent, Stern periodically holds a national design contest, awarding the winner a cash prize. If the artist's further work shows promise, he or she gets a chance to work as an apprentice at Stern's. In addition, Stern created an international design contest in 1965. Artists from Brazil and ten other countries competed, with the first award going to a young Finn.

The Stern designs are frequently inspired by the tropical flowers, plants and creatures of Brazil. This gives a light and playful aspect to the jewellery that customers obviously find delightful.

Sometimes Stern will sink a great

deal of money into a design that cannot sell, aiming to boost Brazil's prestige. His representation of Brazilian flora—eight and a half pounds of gold, diamonds and coloured gems-was displayed at the New York World's Fair in 1964.

For the Fourth Centenary of Rio's founding, three years ago, Stern put Rs. 2-10 lakhs into a soaring design of gold, platinum, tourmalines and Brazilian diamonds. Despite the cost, he would rather keep such pieces as examples of the jeweller's art than break them up for use in conventional jewellery.

To become the Brazilian gem king was the last thing in 16-yearold Hans Stern's mind when he



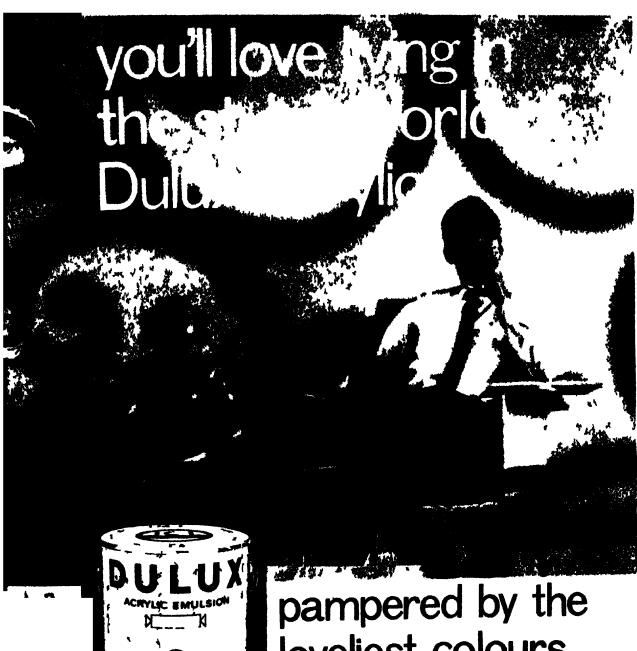
"Brazilian Flora," displayed at the New York World's Pair in 1964 116

came to Rio from Essen, Germany, in 1939. The only son of a prosperous Jewish electrical-engineering consultant, Hans had been planning a similar career when his father's assets were seized by the German Government and the family fled the country, almost penniless.

Hans' father got a job operating a hydro-electric station in Brazil's remote Piauí state, and Hans went to work handling German and English correspondence for a company that exported mica and coloured gems. ("I survived only because my boss knew even less English than I did," Stern recalls.)

Fascinated by the brilliant and varied pebbles, Hans hung around the lapidarics, who showed him how to cut stones. Although within three years he was managing the firm, he soon left to become a buyer for a company that specialized in gemstones. For two years he spent weeks at a time travelling on horseback through the wilderness. He was cheated by unscrupulous garimpeiros, stalked throughout an entire night by a prowling jaguar, nearly killed by alligators when trapped by a sudden flood. But he learned the business.

In 1945, at the age of 23, Stern decided to set up shop for himself. His entire capital: the Rs. 1,500 he got for an accordion he had brought from Germany. At first, he worked as a broker selling stones wholesale on consignment. Then he began to buy on credit and sell for



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his own account. Soon word of Hans' meticulous honesty—in a field where buyers were not noted for the quality—got around. Garimpeiros and buyers began to trust him, and he gradually became the leading broker of the hinterland.

Almost without realizing it, he eased into retailing. Friends occasionally asked him to make up rings or bracelets for them, then gradually brought other customers. Finally, with a loan from a young banker friend, he was able to open an office in Rio. Business grew slowly. Then, one day in 1951, President Anastasio Somoza of Nicaragua purchased an aquamarine necklace from Stern. The price was nearly Rs. 1-65 lakhs—and Stern was on his way.

Today, Stern's inventory of uncut aquamarines runs at about Rs. 37.5 lakhs, and his stock of finished

jewellery consists of some 30,000 pieces, priced from Rs. 7-50 to Rs 1-875 lakhs. (A computer keeps track of every stone from the time it comes in as a rough piece of crystal until it is delivered to a cusomer.) Although the total volume of business is a closely guarded secret, it clearly amounts to a good many millions of rupees a year. Stern feels that the best prospect for further expansion lies in foreign sales, which he is plugging hard.

One of Stern's keenest satisfactions comes from the feeling that he has done something to repay Brazil for its long-ago hospitality to three penniless refugees.

"Brazilians are the kindest people on earth," he says. "For their sake, I want the world to think of Brazilian gems as automatically as it now thinks of Brazilian coffee."

What Was That?

"Appointments may be made beforehand by ringing the hospital and asking for the blood bank. This will avoid needles waiting."

-Charlottesville, Virginia, Progress

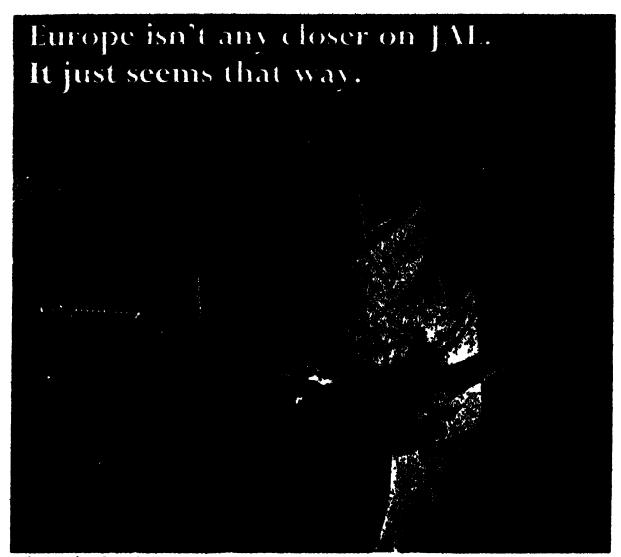
From the newsletter of a club in Hawaii: "Sorry to hear about Edith feeling poorly these days. We hope that you are feeling your usual porky self soon, Edith."

Among the notices: "I want to say thank you to all the friends who have continued to remember me with prayers, cards, letters and gifts. I am still under the doctor's car. Please continue to pray for me."

-Belton, South Carolina, News

SITUATIONS vacant advertisement: "Drivers, school bus. Add to income or supplement retirement tension."

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch



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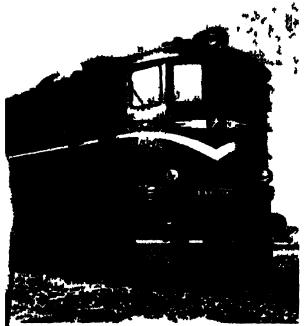
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Pineapple Toffee-Creamy Rolls



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What it's like to make the astonishing 5,800-mile train trek through the heart of the Soviet empire

By GORDON GASKILL

All Aboard the Trans-Siberian Express!

I, 100 miles east of Moscow, the Trans-Siberian Express rushes past a great granite monument bearing two arrows. One arrow points west and says Europe; the other points east and says Asia. To untold millions of doomed Russians, this "monument of tears" was the point of no return, for it marks the exact beginning of Siberia, long the very synonym for terror and hopelessness.

To most foreigners, Siberia's enormous mass, almost one-tenth of the world's land surface, still remains as mysterious, forbidding and inaccessible as the far side of the moon. But today it is thawing. Now

the Soviet Government not only permits, but invites, foreign tourists to come for a look. As a result, last summer I made one of the longest, strangest and least expensive trips I've ever undertaken, travelling the Great Siberian Transit Route from Japan to Moscow I spent two days aboard a neat little Soviet ship that took me from Japan to Nakhodka, the booming new Soviet Pacific port 60 miles east of Vladivostok. Then, after a connecting train ride, I was seven days and six nights aboard Russia's proud Express, makes the world's longest continuous rail run—close to 5,800 miles.

If you have a little tolerance and

pioneering spirit, this is an unforgettable trip. The Express's food is mediocre. Its compartments are Victorian—and crowded, since you usually share with three other people. But what you lose in privacy and comfort you certainly gain in togetherness.

There is no better way to meet Russians—male or female. And it is an amazingly cheap way to get to Europe from the Orient. A one-way economy plane ticket, Tokyo to Moscow, costs about Rs. 11,542. This package deal, ship, train and all food for ten days, cost me just over Rs. 2,100 first class.

All kinds of people make the trip. The group boarding the train included 40 Americans, 12 Britons, a sprinkling of Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, Dutch and Germans. Some stopped here and there; others went straight through to Moscow. A young Princeton graduate who'd been studying in the Far East was bound for home. An Australian lawyer was heading for London. A dozen North Vietnamese were going to Russia to learn to fly MIGS.

What fellow travellers you find sharing your compartment is a matter of luck. The Princeton man had the berth over mine, and we watched eagerly for our other

companions.

The first was a 28-year-old Red Army licutenant, who was also a pianist and an orchestral conductor. He bounced with energy and

friendliness; he sang; and he laughed himself sick trying to pronounce English words. For a night or two, one berth went to a burly sailor from Kamchatka, brought along a big bag of fresh eggs and from time to time gulped down a couple, raw.

Next came a very pretty and sparkling Russian girl off to Irkutsk for an important university exam nation. The Princeton man's eyes 13 up. Within minutes they were sit ting side by side, giggling over phrase book, murdering each other language and calling each othe "you capitalist" or "you commu nist!"

Getting ourselves ready for bed¹ was no problem at all: the three men either discreetly went out into the corridor, or turned and faced the wall, while the girl undressed.

Language was a problem. But the Russians were eager to help when I pulled out a phrase book. Some spoke English. Talk in the diningcar tended to be pretty general and safe, but was much freer in the

privacy of a compartment.

Lazy Summer. The June weather was so mild that some people lived in pyjamas, not only in their compartments but in the corridors and occasionally even in the dining-car or strolling along station platforms when we made one of our 82 stops along the way. Like a fool, I had brought along red flannel underwear and fur-lined boots. In winter, though, it really is cold,—be degrees

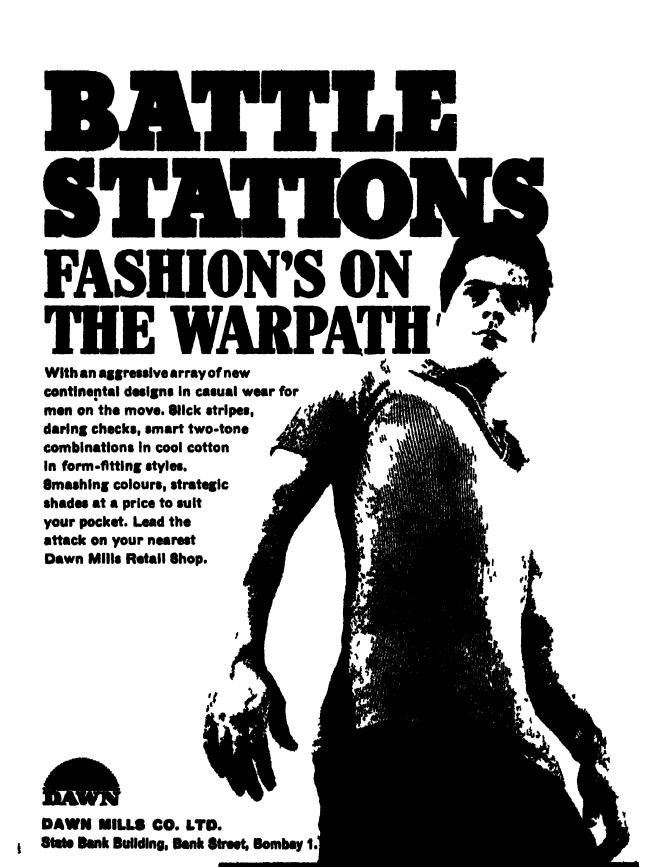


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below zero and more—and huge ploughs are needed to keep the tracks clear.

The train became my rolling home. The coach attendant, the provodnik, never seemed to sleep. He (or more usually she) was eternally cleaning away soot, vacuuming the carpets, tidying up, bringing me tea from a big samovar kept hot over a charcoal fire in our carriage. In time, the train became a kind of movable house party, as people dropped into our compartment for a drink, or we dropped into theirs, or we met in the dining-car which soon became like a club.

I acquired the Russian habit of having caviare for breakfast (a goodly portion of red costs about 35 cents) and of dashing off the train at every stop to see what the old peasant women had to sell at little stands: radishes, onions, fried fish, pastries, cottage cheese, boiled potatoes.

The 12-coach Express smoothly run. A huge detailed timetable in each carriage showed exactly when we were due at a given station, exactly when we'd leave, and the schedule was scrupulously observed. (To avoid confusion, the whole system works on Moscow time.) The Express could do 75 m.p.h., but because the line is fantastically overburdened—trains . seem to pass every few minutes—it covered the 5,777 miles in 158 hours 12 minutes, averaging just under 37 m.p.h., including stops.

Russia built the Trans-Siberian line under the Tsars in the years between 1891 and 1904. No nation ever needed a railway more. Siberia is bigger than China and India put together!

Before the line was built, a man in Vladivostok could reach St. Petersburg, west of him, much faster if he went east—sailing across the Pacific to San Francisco, taking a train to New York, then shipping across the Atlantic into the Baltic. This might take three months. Overland across Siberia, it was quite possibly a year's trip.

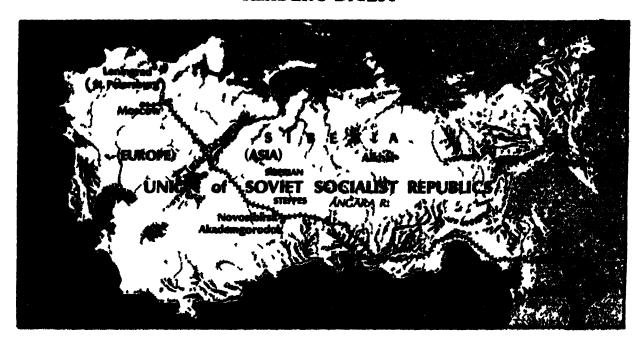
Mammoth Task. The building of no other great railway ever faced such obstacles. The line had to be hacked through the taiga, a "green sea" over 3,000 miles wide, full of swamp, some quicksand and dense virgin forest.

More than 4,000 bridges had to be built, one of them nearly a mile and a half long over the Amur River at Khabarovsk. The piercing Siberian winter cold made full-time outdoor work possible on only 120 days a year, and picks and shovels bounced back from eternally frozen earth as if it were rubber.

One dishonest contractor laid a stretch of track on a hill of solid snow: it looked fine until the summer thaw set in. Such thaws brought terrible floods; one drowned hundreds of workers, washed out 230 miles of track, and destroyed 15 bridges.

During the bloody Russian civil

READER'S DIGEST



war which confirmed the communists in power, the Trans-Siberian was a sought-after prize. Not until 1920 did the communists win full control of the line. They neglected it until the 1930's, when Stalin had much rebuilding and strengthening done—and finally ordered it to be double-tracked all the way, a task that was finished in 1939.

From its beginnings, the railway virtually recreated Siberia. Millions of Russian peasants, lured by grants of 140 acres of free land per family and by a period of exemption from army service and taxes, swarmed into western Siberia. To help them, fares were set so low that a family of five immigrants could travel about 2,500 miles for just over Rs. 11-25 each.

Thanks to this immigration—and later ones—today's Siberian population of 25 million is roughly

nine-tenths of European Slavic blood, only about one-tenth native Siberian blood.

In the Second World War, to save her industry from the Nazis, Russia transferred huge factories to safety behind the Urals. She could never have done it without the railway. One factory alone required 8,000 wagons for its machinery and equipment.

Today the centre of gravity of Soviet industry remains and grows in Siberia, still fed and serviced by this same line. Bleak and backward though it may appear, Siberia has become the true heart of the whole Soviet empire.

The Trans-Siberian road is a headache to Soviet military planners, for crammed together just to the west and south of the Pacific end of the line are some of the 700 million Chinese, scratching every inch



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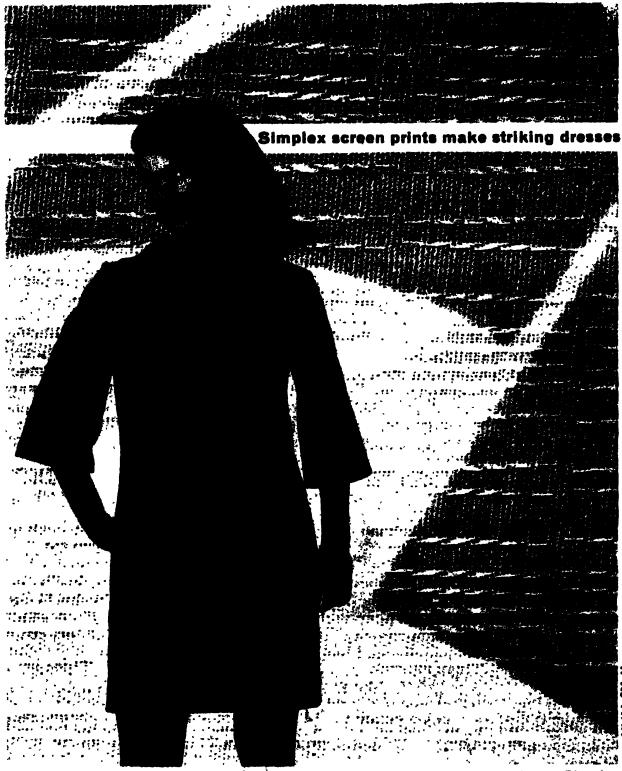
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of tillable soil. What must they think when they peer across the border and see those vast, almost empty, stretches of land—some of it Chinese territory until Russia grabbed it in the 1850's?

A year ago Mao Tse-tung said China wanted this land back. Hundreds of miles of the railway lie within range of guns and missiles inside China. A single tunnel blown up, a single major bridge destroyed, might cut the line for weeks. And there is no other fast way to move large quantities of men and material from one side of Russia to the other by land—no ice-free Arctic route, no highway network. Here is the headache.

Primitive Land. Siberia seen from the train is by no means spectacular. Outside the towns, there are hardly any paved roads. There are unpainted rude shacks, tumbledown fences, occasional flowers, endless miles of potatoes, hardly ever a car in sight, rarely a bicycle. People are so rare that we'd point them out: some boys swimming naked in a stream; a girl, surprisingly in a bikini, working in a potato field; men round a campfire making tea.

But it isn't mere propaganda that Siberia is incredibly rich. New fields of oil, diamonds, gold, coal and bauxite are still being discovered. Coal reserves of Eastern Siberia alone are expected to come to more than all the reserves of all the Western countries put together.

For years even experts thought the awful cold, especially in the north, would keep the treasures frozen for ever. No more. Science is finding ingenious ways to unlock the doors, even in the dead of winter. The startling new city of Aikhal, far to the north, is almost finished—all enclosed, under one roof! Even if the thermometer says 60 below, you can walk around inside Aikhal in shirtsleeves. In the near-by diamond mines, work goes on round the clock, winter or summer.

Or take the city of Novosibirsk, now the largest east of the Urals. Novosibirsk'is bleak and ugly, with miles of factories and shops, forests of power pylons, great barracks-like living quarters for workers. But it is a dynamo of production, turning out ever higher mountains of equipment of all kinds: consumer goods, great turbines, precision instruments.

And there are dozens of smaller boom cities, many of which were empty patches of forest only ten years ago--like the remarkable "Science City" of Akademogorodok, where live something like 30,000 scientists, engineers and technicians. This fantastic beehive of concentrated brainpower is assigned to a vast array of problems—notably on how best to exploit Siberia.

An hour's drive from Irkutsk lies the great strange lake called Baykal (bai kal means "rich lake"). It is 395 miles long and over a mile deep. In it there are some 1,800 kinds of vegetable and animal life, of which about 1,000 exist nowhere else on earth.

Oil and gold are found around Baykal's shores, and the water is so pure that it can be poured straight into batteries. But the true value is not the quality of Baykal's water, but its quantity. Baykal is already the world's largest single source of hydro-electric power, and there are more dams to come.

West of Baykal the train enters the great Siberian steppes, the largest plain in the world, nearly as large as all Western Europe, and flat as a table. There are more towns, more people, and you begin to sniff Europe in the distance. Then come the Urals and the great granite monument marking the boundary between Europe and Asia. The railway kilometre markers had been reading 9,000 . . . 8,000 . . . 7,000 kilometres so long that when I saw a mere 1,778, I felt like packing my bags.

I stood by the provodnik as we rolled through Moscow, and at the exact moment the train sighed to a stop, we both glanced at our watches. For almost a week this train had been moving steadily westward, it had traversed six time zones—almost a quarter round the whole planet. But the provodnik, looking up from his watch, shook his head in dismay. Today the Trans-Siberian Express was almost go seconds late.

Here Comes the Bride

THE Wedding March has been so distorted that its composer would have difficulty in recognizing it, says musicologist Maurice Zam.

The March comes from Wagner's opera Lohengrin, and the tempo of it as indicated by Wagner was andante con moto. This means "faster than a walk." It should be a joyful rhythmic swing towards the altar. Instead, the Wedding March today is played so slowly that only an acrobat could keep his balance in the promenade up the aisle. Better keyed for a murderer in his last walk towards legal extinction, it has become the most agonizing march in the history of civilized man.

Wagner's directions were siegreicher Mut, which means courageous spirit, and schreit voran, which means advance forward. "A courageous spirit," Zam concludes, "is the mood and tempo which should motivate

anyone getting married."

The cure? It involves the reformation of all future organists and musicians so that they play a wedding march andante con moto, meaning "Let's speed this thing up and get on to the main business, which is a happy honeymoon."

—Frank Scully

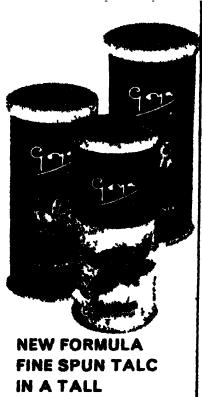






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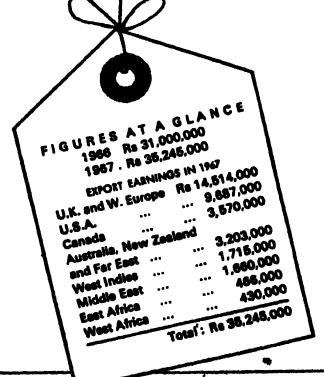
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MANNERS MAKETH ENGLISHMEN

A New World visitor encounters the Old World courtesies of Britain

By John Crosby

Polish of old wood. Ask an English secretary if you may speak to Mr. Jones, and she says, "Oh, I'm so sorry! He's out for the day"—as if she'd like to kill herself because she can't deliver him.

Or phone for a cab on a rainy night, and the lady says, "Oh, I'm afraid there isn't one available just now," her voice trilling with heart-break.

The English even "cop" you with the utmost courtesy. The parking tickets say something like, "We have reason to believe you have committed an offence."

These marvellous manners rub off on the accused. The other day detectives arrested a merchant seaman in connexion with a robbery. "You are just in time," said the man. "In another 15 minutes I would have been on my way."

When the police do put the screws on, they do it with delicacy. Alistair Cooke tells of watching a cricket match at Lord's on a hot day. Some of the spectators took off their coats, and one chap stripped off his shirt, an unimaginable breach of decorum. A policeman strolled over and looked the fellow right in the eye.

"Hal-lo!" he said.

The man put his shirt straight back on again.

Hollywood writer Nunnally Johnson tells of a night drive when his chauffeur came up behind an old man on a bicycle. Just as they passed, the old gentleman swerved into Johnson's car and was knocked down.

"We picked the old gentleman up, and while we were dusting him off," says Johnson, "he denounced us in the most meticulous English, getting the subjunctive in all the right places and with all the conditional clauses perfectly correct. Later, I said to our driver, 'It wasn't your fault. The old gentleman swerved right in front of you.' The driver replied, 'It is our duty to protect these old gentlemen from themselves. I should have watched him more carefully.'"

When there's a breach of manners in England, everyone feels it most awfully. The other day, a Mr. Peter Wolf left his wife. She explained: "He went out leaving a note saying the maid had been rude to him, and he couldn't stay any longer. I haven't seen him since."

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THE PARENTS of a rising young American executive who lives in Texas received this notice from him:

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To enter contest, just complete the following sentence in 25 words or less: "We would like to come to El Paso and take care of three nice children for a week while Chan and Mary go to Acapulco because"

-L. J. C. Williams

Who Shall Be Nameless

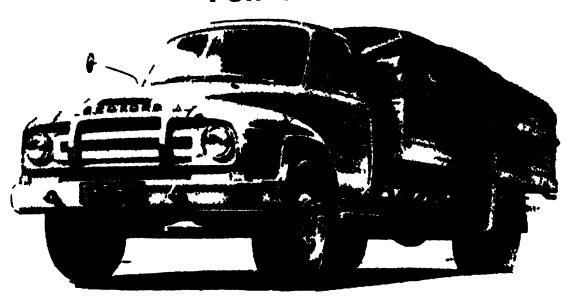
Most of us long for recognition as individuals in our own right, but all too often we are known as the Jones' kid, then Sally Jones' husband, then Johnny Jones' father. But the biggest blow came recently when I visited the vet to pay a bill for our dog. "Oh, yes," said the secretary when I gave my name. "King's owner!"

—A. B. C.

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Tackling a problem faced by schools the world over, an American teacher describes how she helped a group of teenagers to understand the true values in sex and marriage

An Experiment in Sex Education

By Jo Gorsuch

became pregnant in one year at our 350-pupil high school, the administrators decided to add a course in sex education to the curriculum. I was given the job of teaching the class—not because I had any special training in this field (I taught English literature), but because I had been married 23 years, had a daughter of 20 and a son of 18, and was said to inspire confidence in my pupils.

At the first lesson, I found myself standing in front of 34 blandly youthful faces belonging to senior boys and girls, not knowing how to begin. It seemed a typical group—from average to brilliant, from problem child to school leader. And they were a cross-section of our local

community. Yet in this "normal" group, I was to learn, 55 per cent had had the experience of a broken home; at least one girl had attempted suicide; two had had illegitimate babies; nine pupils complained of drinking parents; two were on probation, one for stealing a car, the other for vandalism; three were married—unions forced by pregnancy.

I began by admitting that I didn't know what the course should cover, that we'd have to learn together. Said one boy, "I hope you won't preach to us. Our parents preach enough. We just want the truth."

I asked the class to write down their reasons for taking the course their problems, ambitions, anything they felt strongly about. "This is going to be your course," I told them. "All I intend to do is act as moderator and pass on any answers I can find to the questions you ask."

Several students mentioned plans to marry as soon as they left school. Others? Surprising. One girl said, "My older sister got into trouble and had to get married, and it wasn't only a terrible blow to the family, it is a miserable marriage. I want to avoid the same." A boy wrote, "I see married men who can hardly wait to get out of town and pick up another woman. That isn't the kind of marriage I want."

A girl confessed, "Any mention or thought of sex makes me feel sick. I hope to find out what's wrong with me." (Variations of this ranged from "I'm scared to death of sex" to "I think of sex all the time, maybe I'm mentally ill.")

Vital Issues. Some problems were far from inconsequential. "I can't date any boy more than three times without my father accusing me of sleeping with him," one girl wrote. Said a boy, "My mother and our vicar tell me we should be pure until marriage, the same as girls. But the most respected and well-liked girl in our class is promiscuous. What am I to believe?"

The truth underlying most of the reasons was in the answer: "My parents have never talked to me about marriage but, if they had, I would still want other people's views. I need to sort out and put together all I feel and know. I believe

this course is to help each other."

Help each other. Tomorrow I would put the classroom chairs into a circle and form a discussion group so that we could talk with each other instead of reciting.

I made a list of local people—doctors, lawyers, psychologists, welfare workers, mothers, newly marrieds, divorced people—whom I could call on to talk to the class. I asked the school librarian to order books that looked useful, and found films to go with the books. The students collected related magazine articles.

We began by exploring parent-child conflicts, and ways in which the pupils could get on better with self and family. We met with a psychologist several times, and held joint discussions with groups of parents. We also tried to act out parent-child conflict situations in front of the class. Afterwards, one pupil said, "I never before saw myself as my parents see me. Putting myself in their place makes me appreciate them."

One thing becomes obvious to the group: If they were not to wander aimlessly into adulthood, perhaps into disaster, and if they were not willing to accept the standards, values and judgements of their elders, they were going to have to establish some of their own.

We split the class into six panels, each to investigate a common problem of teenagers. We followed this research with talks from experts on

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our list, and ended with class discussion, after which each pupil wrote his own conclusions.

The panel on the problem of premarital sex brought up all sorts of questions. "Why is it spoken of as a girl's problem, when boys get trapped into marriages they don't want if the girl gets pregnant?" "Doesn't one or the other get hurt in breaking off a premarital sex relationship?" There were no satisfactory answers to most questions.

The class split 50-50 on the assertion that premarital sex was all right as long as the couple were in love. But the counsellor who came to lecture challenged this. He pointed out that first engagements more often than not fail to flower into marriage. "What if the two people break up?" he asked. "Do they just go from one 'love' partner to another until they must be called promiscuous?"

Representatives of each religious faith gave us the churches' views. And we had a film picturing what happens in a forced teenage marriage.

The conclusion the class came to was that it might not pay to dissipate sex relations in temporary, selfish or perhaps meaningless intercourse. But what if a boy and girl were in love? What was love, anyway?

Next, the class took up marriage. To discuss sex in marriage, I called on a doctor. Each pupil wrote down questions he wanted answered. As

both the boys and the girls were primarily interested in matters relating to their own role, it made sense to segregate them for this one session.

Questions ranged over anatomical facts, childbirth, abortion, venereal disease, Rh factor. "The ignorance in some of their questions nearly floored me," the doctor said later. "What old wives' tales they must have heard!"

The next day, the class discussed the doctor's talk. A slight, fair-haired girl said, "Through his drawings, the doctor cleared up many parts of the anatomy that I was confused about." But another protested, "I think he expected us to know more than we do. He would say, 'and so forth,' and expect us to know what he meant." A boy commented, "He made me see that marriage isn't just sex. Sex only adds to the sharing and consideration and all the other stuff that is necessary."

New Concepts. In conjunction with our study of parenthood, we watched a film on reproduction. "Boys don't get a chance to learn about reproduction or babies," one boy wrote afterwards. "I've never even held a baby." So the class visited a nursery school. This boy did not actually hold a baby, but, in helping three-year-olds, he did at least sample the father role.

We also saw films showing what to expect of children from birth to the age of six. "I used to think having children was a girl's problem," one boy said. "Now I realize it's not a thing a boy can enter into lightly."

Every pupil claimed he didn't want to make a mess of his life, and knew too many adults who had. Still, none could distinguish clearly between sex and love. I invited along a panel of three young married women who were willing to treat teenagers as equals and help them feel free to ask questions.

Regarding premarital sex, a very mature wife of 24 said, "We waited. It was difficult." Another said, "My husband is ten years older than I am. He may have had premarital experiences. All I ask now is that he be faithful and loyal." The third said, "My husband and I were both each other's first partner, and it made our sex life a special adventure never shared by another person."

In discussion later, it was clear that the class was beginning to grasp the distinction, to see that love involves selflessness, sharing and giving, while sex is a basic drive which, intelligently used, can add much to the love relationship.

"I can see now that married couples find a deeper love than unmarried ones," said one girl.

Like the wife on the panel, they all wanted to be the exclusive partner of their spouse. The question became, "How can I expect this if I myself have had a lot of sexual partners before marriage?" Love, they finally decided, depends upon exclusiveness, and sex contributes more when it is exclusive.

Deeper Understanding. The final conclusions of these modern teenagers might strike some people as old-fashioned. But who was I, from the camp of the enemy (adults), to point this out to them?

At the end of the course, every one of the pupils felt that it had been profoundly worthwhile, and their enthusiasm encouraged the school board to continue it. Incidentally, the previous year's figure of 17 pregnancies in the school had dropped to five.

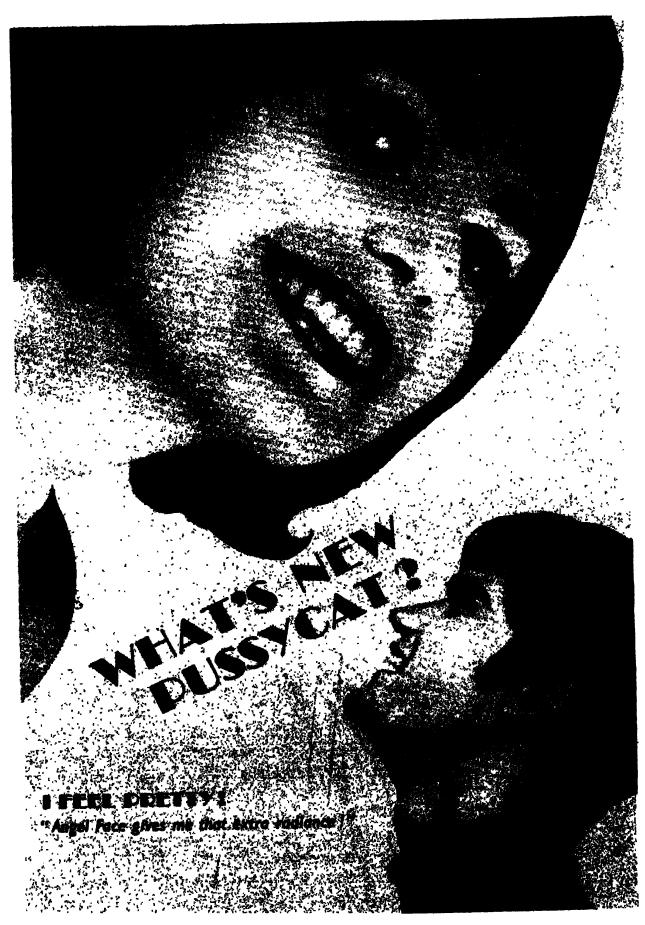
My own conclusions are threefold. First, it isn't just sex facts that young people want to know, but how to find meaning and value not only in sex relations but in life.

Second, it doesn't take much academic training to teach a course like this when experts are available in every community. It does take a person who respects young people and will accept them on an adult level.

Third, such a course won't solve all adolescent problems. But the foresight and fact-based judgements it encourages will help young people to make wiser decisions in the years ahead.

It's a funny thing—you work all your life towards a certain goal and then somebody moves the posts on you.

H. C.





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—Aaron Hill (1685-1750)

Do The Thing You Fear

By Dr. Henry Link

hesitancy, because many of the fears from which people suffer are undoubtedly due to the voluminous writings on this subject. I wish, for example, that the term inferiority complex had never been printed, because then millions of people would not even know they had an inferiority complex. There would be one less idea for them to fear.

Most fears are actually generated by too much reading, thinking and talking. They do not, as a rule, just happen. We nurse them and feed them until, from an inconsequential trifle, they have grown to monstrous proportions.

The mother who avidly reads the extensive literature on bringing up children becomes increasingly fearful of how to deal with them, and

well she may. The young woman too fussy about her appearance soon worries too much over what people will think of her. Groups of people who learnedly discuss the state of the country often turn pessimism into fear.

Before me as I write is a letter from a young woman, beginning: "Ever since I was 16 years old I have been afraid to talk to people I don't know well." The letter goes on to enumerate other fears—fear of her employer, fear of losing her job, a fear of men, fear of cars.

All of them are fears on a common level, experienced by millions of people. In almost every case, the result of these fears is the same—a sort of creeping paralysis, a feeling of misery, of suffocation, of panic, of defeat.

A young man told me that he

could not sleep. He gave me a long psychological explanation of how this had come about.

"Can you help me get rid of this obsession?" he asked.

"No," was my reply.

"Then what can I do?" he implored.

"Go running at night until you are ready to drop. What you need is exertion. You have put too much of your physical energies into thinking and imagining things. If you run hard enough, you will automatically relax and go to sleep. You have thought yourself into this fear with your mind, you can run yourself out of it with your legs." And he did.

A mother not long ago gave this significant summary of her life: "As a young woman I was troubled with many fears, one of which was the fear of insanity. After my marriage these fears still persisted. However, we soon had a child, and ended by having six.

"Whenever I started to worry, the baby would cry or the children would quarrel and I would have to straighten them out. Or I would suddenly remember that it was time to start dinner, or that the ironing had to be done. My fears about myself were continually being interrupted by family duties, and gradually they disappeared. Now I look back on them with amusement."

The moral of this episode may not be to have six children, but it is true that the smaller families and increased leisure of our time are conducive to the generation of fears. It is equally true that many people who are obsessed by nagging fears might find a new interest in life if they became concerned about other people through participation in community activities.

You don't like such activities? Then you must remember that every step in the conquest of fear requires, at the outset, an act of will. Remember how you learned to dive. You got yourself poised, then leaned forward, hesitated, and drew back in fear. Again you made the attempt and withdrew. With each hesitation your fears mounted. Finally, in angry disgust with yourself, you plunged in, arms and legs askew, and with a terrific flop. You came up humiliated and embarrassed, the laughter of your friends making you feel still worse.

Success Formula. If your fears had prevented you from making further attempts, you might never have learned to dive; your fears might have become insurmountable. If, however, you persisted, and continued making awkward and painful dives, you finally went in smoothly and came up feeling pleased. You were becoming an expert.

This is the basic psychology of overcoming fear and gaining confidence in every phase of life, and there is no escape from this process. Again and again we must plunge into the stream of life, adding one conquest to another, overcoming first this fear and then that. As



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Emerson said, do the thing you fear and the death of fear is certain.

The first step in overcoming fear is sometimes a very elementary process. I remember a certain young man so overwhelmed with various fears that he could scarcely talk audibly. He worked in a large bank and knew a dozen men in his office, but as he went to his desk in the morning he greeted no one. We suggested that he began by saying a hearty "Good morning, Frank! Hallo, Keating! Good morning, Mr. Eaton," to the men as he passed. He tried it with such gratifying results that he was encouraged to try more difficult tasks, one conquest leading to another.

New Pursuits. Fears—of insanity, of persecution, of strangers, of inferiority, are usually the result of one's failure to conquer enough minor fears by such practice. Sometimes, however, they are due to the fact that a person for some reason—disappointment in love, the death of a dear relative, financial reverses, loss of a job—withdraws from his accustomed activities.

After a catastrophe, especially, you should not only keep up old activities, but bend your will and energies towards beginning some new and preferably strenuous pursuit. After losing his job, a man of 56 who had been with one company

for 30 years began to mope and to withdraw from all contacts with his former friends. Within six months he had become a bundle of fears, both small and great. Finally he was persuaded to visit a relative living on a farm. Soon he was drawn into the routine of the establishment; in six months he was himself again.

Although generalizations are dangerous, I venture to say that at the bottom of most fears, both mild and severe, will be found an over-active mind and an under-active body. Hence, I have advised many people, in their quest for happiness, to use their heads less and their arms and legs more—in useful work or play. We generate fears while we sit; we overcome them by action. Fear is nature's warning signal to get busy.

In its mild and initial stages, fear takes the form of aversion to, or criticism of, certain activities and people, constituting an alibi by which the individual justifies his continued inaction.

The world is full of malcontents and theorists who, because they will not change themselves, talk about changing the entire system. They do not seem to realize that in any social order there would still be misfits. They rationalize their anger with the world, instead of becoming enraged with themselves and flying into worthwhile action.

For some time Southport, North Carolina, has had three parallel roads named after British generals—Lord, Howe and Dry. Recently the city named the next road "Iam." That's right: "Lord, Howe, Dry, Iam." —AP

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Heart transplants and artificial organs are extending the frontiers of medical science. But each advance brings new problems for doctors; no longer can they define with certainty the moment of death

By Dr. Carl Kt nath

accepted that when a man's heart stopped beating and he stopped breathing, he was dead. Today these criteria aren't good enough. The stopping of the heartbeat no longer means certain death. There are many cases of cardiac arrest where, through new techniques, hearts have been started again, and their owners have gone on to many years of productive living.

Recent advances in the field of medical science, especially surgery, create complex questions for the practising physician. Increasingly he finds himself groping around in a twilight zone of uncertainty for answers to questions involving metaphysics or theology or law that he has not been prepared to deal with.

For example, when did Henry Mitchell die? Mitchell was hurrying

down the corridor of a hospital he had been visiting, when he suddenly grasped at his chest and slumped to the floor. A nurse saw it happen, found him pulseless and apparently dead. He had stopped breathing, and his pupils were dilated and fixed.

The cardiac-arrest team, which arrived within minutes, applied the technique called "external cardio-pulmonary resuscitation." After a few minutes the doctors were rewarded by the resumption of a heartbeat and the return of a measurable blood pressure.

Mitchell was removed to the intensive-care unit where he remained unconscious; breathing had to be maintained by a mechanical respirator. He continued like this for several hours. Then his heart stopped beating for the second time, and Henry Mitchell was officially pronounced dead.

Had he died twice? Are there two types of death, one temporary or reversible, the other permanent or irreversible? Usually, as in Mitchell's case, these questions are academic, and no medico-legal judgements rely on answers to them. Nevertheless, in the interval between the two "deaths," certain events might have occurred that would have concerned Mitchell's lawyers or the executor of his estate.

His wife might have died, and the question might have been raised as to whether his death preceded or followed her death. Or a child might have been born during the interval, either to Mitchell's wife or to a daughter, again raising the question of precedence.

Defining Death. Thus the doctor is faced with clarifying the condition that existed between Mitchell's two "deaths," an interval that might have lasted from hours to days. The tendency today is to define death as the death of brain tissue. An instrument called an electro-encephalograph monitors the electrical current produced by the brain; a dying brain shows a gradual decrease in the amplitude of the brain waves, until a flat line results.

But is there a difference between medical death and legal death? Or perhaps the doctor should differentiate between what could be called *clinical* death and the permanent or irreversible state, which might be called *biological* death.

Here the doctor finds himself in a twilight zone. During the interval in which Mitchell's life was kept going by machines, was he really a person? And if the doctor is religious, he will ask himself what Mitchell's soul was doing during this period. Did it leave the body and return, or was it there all the time?

The doctor has now entered the realm of theology and metaphysics. He has encountered the most profound of questions: What is a person, anyway?

Closely connected with the problem of defining death is a large area of medical ethics concerned with the "unjustified" preservation of life. The medical profession has been criticized for prolonging life in so-called hopeless cases. Most of the cases involve elderly patients with terminal diseases who are being kept alive by such measures as intravenous feeding, stomach tubes and oxygen tents.

Traditionally, the doctor's job is to preserve life regardless of the circumstances, and not to get himself involved in philosophy. But any procedure that aims at prolonging life is faced with the inevitable question: When to end it? The responsibility for deciding when to pull out the plug on machines that keep a brain-damaged, elderly stroke patient alive is apt to become a game

THE DOCTORS DEBATE

Dr. Alfred Byrne, Medical Correspondent of *The Sunday Times*, London, recently highlighted a grave issue facing doctors in the current controversy over surgical transplants.

He points out that one of the most suitable sources for the healthy organs needed for transplants is the irreversibly brain-damaged young adult maintained on a respirator. Yet as the patient deteriorates, so do his organs. Should doctors therefore be allowed to withdraw the respirator, thereby ending the patient's life, in order to remove organs from the body while they are still healthy?

Professor Keith Simpson, Head of the Forensic Medicine Department at Guy's Hospital, London, thinks they should. In brain-damaged patients, he says, not only the brain but the whole body should be considered dead. He has proposed that doctors should be allowed to "remove material for the purposes of medical or surgical treatment whilst tissues are being maintained artificially."

But Roy Calne, Professor of Surgery at Cambridge University, disagrees. In his view, to meddle with the donor for the sole purpose of ensuring that his organs are suitable for transplantation is entirely wrong.

of passing the buck from doctor to doctor, relative to relative.

This reluctance to pull out the plug is probably a result of our Judeo-Christian heritage, which condemns euthanasia or mercy killing as a crime, an attempt to "play God." Yet a man may also be said to "play God" when he employs extraordinary measures to prolong life.

This problem has been extensively discussed in joint meetings of doctors and clergymen, and the consensus is that there is no divine injunction that obligates a doctor to use extraordinary measures in hopeless, terminal cases. Rather, they

say, it is his duty to exercise respect for the patient's dignity as a human being.

Several Protestant theologians have expressed the belief that euthanasia is morally justified if it ends the suffering of someone who is hopelessly ill, especially when the patient himself desires it. The trend seems to be to differentiate between an "active" and "passive" euthanasia. Passive euthanasia—letting nature take its course—has been advocated by many doctors.

The physician again finds himself in the twilight zone on the subject of artificial organs. By means of the artificial kidney, for example, and a



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procedure called dialysis, it is possible to maintain almost indefinitely a patient whose kidneys are not functioning.

In cases where injury to the kidney is temporary, no ethical problem arises. It is in the chronic cases, where the kidney has been permanently damaged and rehabilitation is impossible, that the decision can change from medical to philosophical. In these cases, the machine merely keeps the patient alive. And at present there are simply not enough machines or trained personnel to go round.

Who Decides? So who selects the patients to be treated? Who decides when to stop treatment? At one U.S. dialysis centre these questions are put to a panel of doctors, clergymen and businessmen. At best, this is merely a way of sharing the awesome responsibility, for the basic dilemma still remains.

Now that researchers are well on the way to developing a practical artificial pump to take over the function of ailing hearts, these same questions arise. And what next? Artificial livers? Lungs? Brains? Are we heading towards a nightmare world in which half our population will be kept alive by machines operated by the other half?

In the twilight zone of medicine

there are many questions and few answers. Already we are attempting to alter life before birth by operations on the human embryo. No idea today seems too wild to contemplate, for if life can be created in the laboratory, it should also be possible to modify life and to change identity. Then we must grapple with the question of what happens to man's uniqueness, his integrity, his dignity?

These are not problems for the doctor or scientist alone, but for all mankind. As we ponder them we are aware of an overwhelming need for guidance by some intellect greater than our own. We fall to our knees in humility. We would prefer that the Creator take us by the scruff of the neck and tell us what to do.

But that isn't His job. He gave us minds and freedom of choice. It is our destiny to grapple with these problems as a part of life. Indeed, it may be God's will that man, in his search for truth, so increases in stature and maturity that he eventually becomes the near-divine creature he was originally intended to be.

Perhaps this is what Robert Louis Stevenson meant when he said, "Man is condemned to some nobility."

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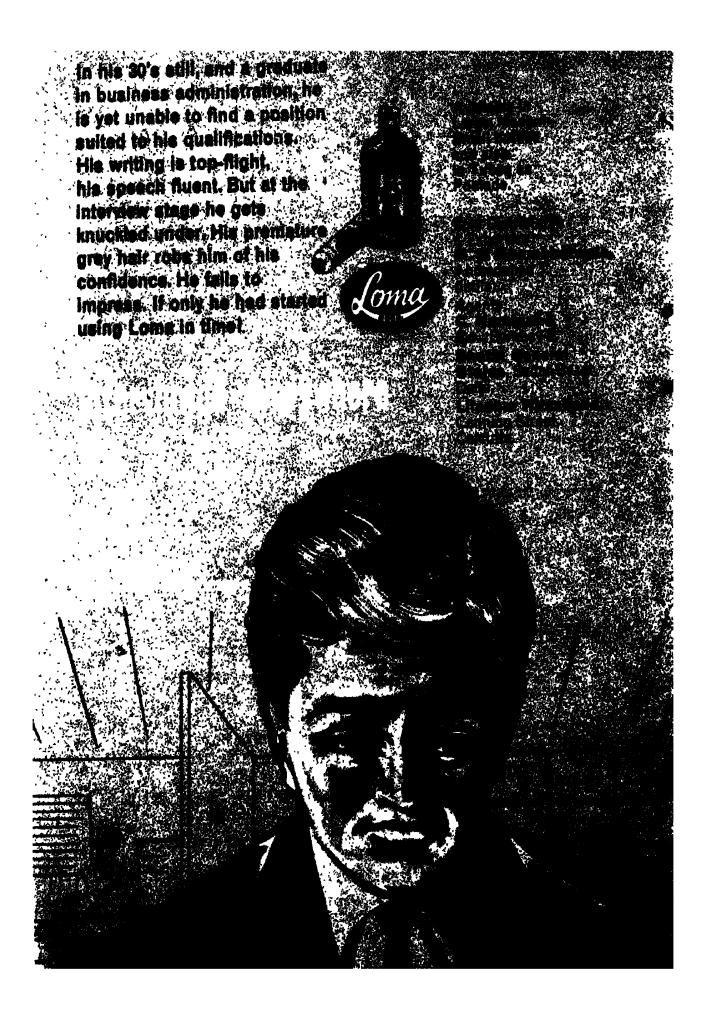
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Many of the younger generation feel that adults have made a mess of the world. What strategy should they adopt to cope with it?

Four Choices for Young People

By John Fischer

N THE last few years I have listened to scores of young people who are nervous about the adult world. They look at the society they are entering with bewilderment and mistrust—if not, like the hippies, with loathing, incomprehension and despair—and increasingly they tend to reject it. Their attitude—perhaps that of a majority of Americans under 25 might be summed up:

"The world is in a mess, full of injustice, poverty and war. The people responsible are, presumably, the adults who have been running things. If they can't do better than that, what have they got to teach our generation? We can do without that

kind of lesson."

These conclusions strike me as

reasonable. The world is an unfair and often a terrifying place. It is also true that the conventional wisdom, which the elders try to ladle into the young with such overwhelming generosity, will often have little relevance to the increasingly complex problems of the next two decades. The grown-ups might argue, a little defensively, that the reasons for the mess are somewhat different from what most young people think they are, and that adults are neither so stupid nor so corrupt as their youthful critics often assume.

The relevant question, however, is not whether our society is imperfect (we can take that for granted), but how to deal with it. For all its harshness and irrationality, it is the only world we've got. Choosing a

strategy to cope with it, then, is the first decision a young adult has to make, and usually the most important decision of his lifetime.

There are, I find, only four basic alternatives.

r. Drop out. This solution was not invented yesterday. It is one of the oldest expedients, and it can be practised anywhere, at any age, with or without the aid of LSD or some other reality-blunting drug. It has always been the strategy of choice for people who find the world too brutal and too complex to be endured.

The hermit of Mount Athos and the millionaire recluse in his Caribbean hide-away are both dropouts. So were Diogenes and Lao-tze. So, too, is the suburban matron whose life centres on her daily bridge game.

In one way or another, practitioners of this way of life thrive on the society which they scorn, and in which they refuse to take any responsibility. Some of us find this distasteful—an undignified kind of life, like that of a leech or a kept woman. But for the poor in spirit, with low levels of both energy and pride, it may be the least intolerable choice available.

2. Flee. Ever since civilization began, certain individuals have tried to run away from it, in hopes of finding a simpler and more peaceful life among primitive people. Unlike the drop-outs, these escapees are not parasites. They are

willing to support themselves, and to contribute something to the general community—but they simply don't like civilization, with all its ugliness and tension.

The trouble with this solution is that it is no longer practical on a large scale. Our planet is running out of unsulled landscapes; except for the polar regions, the frontiers are gone. A few gentleman farmers with plenty of money can still escape to the bucolic life—but in general the stream of migration is flowing the other way.

3. Plot a revolution. This strategy is always popular among those who have no patience with the tedious workings of the democratic process, or who believe that basic institutions can be changed only by force. It attracts some of the more active and idealistic young people of every generation. To them it offers a romantic appeal, usually symbolized by some dashing and charismatic figure—a Byron, a Garibaldi or a Trotsky. It has the even greater appeal of simplicity: "Since this society is hopelessly bad, let's smash it and build something better on the ruins."

Some of my best friends have been revolutionists, and a few of them have led reasonably satisfying lives. These are the ones whose revolutions did not come off; they have been able to keep on cheerfully plotting their holocausts right into their old age. Others died young. But the most unfortunate are those



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whose revolutions succeeded—men like Djilas and Trotsky. They lived, in bitter disillusionment, to see the establishment they had overthrown replaced by a new one, just as hardfaced and stuffy.

I am not suggesting that revolutions accomplish nothing. Some clearly do. But the idealists who make the revolution are bound to be disappointed. For, at best, their victory never dawns on the shining new world they had dreamed of, cleansed of all human meanness. Instead it dawns on a familiar, workaday place, still in need of groceries and sewage disposal and experts in the management of bureaucracies. For the violent romantics, this discovery is a fate worse than death.

For the idealists who are determined to remake society, but who seek a more practical method than revolution, there remains one more alternative:

4. Try to change the world gradually, bit by bit. At first glance, this course is far from inviting. It lacks glamour. It promises no quick results. It depends on the exasperating and uncertain instruments of persuasion and democratic decision-making. It demands patience, which is always in short supply among the young. About all that can be said for it is that it sometimes works.

Thirty-five years ago, for example, the generation then leaving university also found the world in a mess. The economic machinery had broken down almost everywhere; in America nearly a quarter of the labour force was out of work. Hideous political movements were burgeoning in Europe and Asia. A major war seemed all too likely.

As a university newspaper editor at that time, I protested against this just as vehemently as students are protesting today. I pointed out to my parents' generation that war was insane and inhuman—and that it was stupid to close down factories when people were starving.

The older generation who ran the country were obviously bunglers. If they would just step aside, we youngsters would soon straighten things out.

Oddly enough, something like that actually happened. The generation which came of age in the 1930's did get the U.S. national economy working again—not by revolution, which was widely recommended by the advanced thinkers of the time, but by slow, pragmatic tinkering.

As a consequence, though poverty has not yet disappeared in America, it has been shrinking dramatically for the last thirty years. The same generation demonstrated, at considerable cost, that fascism was not the wave of the future.

It even created diplomatic machinery for working out peaceful settlements of international disputes. It is true that this machinery has operated only moderately well; still, it has forestalled any worldwide war

for more than 20 years—no trivial achievement.

At the same time, my generation was discovering that reforming the world is a little like fighting a military campaign in the Apennines: as soon as you capture one mountain range, another looms just ahead. As the big problems of the 1930's were brought under some kind of rough control, new problems took their place—the unprecedented problems of affluent society, of racial justice, of keeping cities habitable, of coping with war in unfamiliar guises, of dealing with the population explosion.

So the new generation has a formidable job on its hands. But not, I think, an insuperable one. If a reasonable number of its members choose the fourth strategy, they will probably accomplish more than they now expect. The real heroes will not be revolutionary demagogues, but the obscure teachers who work out better ways to train underprivileged children; the businessmen who manage to upgrade

unskilled Negro workers; the politicians who devise new institutions to govern metropolitan areas; the journalists who persuade a reluctant citizenry that change is not only necessary but inescapable.

These individual efforts may add up to a surprising sum of accomplishment. For the arriving generation, from what I have seen of it, shows more potential than its predecessors. It is healthier and better educated. It is more willing to work for the common good, rather than for purely selfish ends. It certainly is not complacent.

As its members get on with the job, in step-by-step fashion, they can be sure of only two things. First, that they will get no help from the drop-outs, and precious little from the escapees or the professional revolutionists. Secondly, that about 25 years from now they will be upbraided by their children because they have not done enough, and because they will have failed to foresee the arising problems of the next century.

Final Fling

A Derby bride-to-be cancelled her wedding a few hours before it was to begin—because her fiancé had lost all his money betting on a horse named "Wedding Expenses."

—UPI

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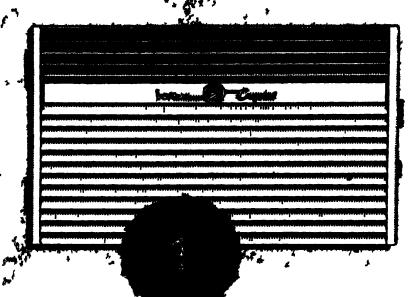
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Pope John Laughs

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Revealing sidelights on a well-loved figure whose warm humour reflected his deep humanity

Roncalli left Venice on October 12, 1958, to attend the conclave at Rome, he took along a few personal effects and told the Venetians that he hoped to be back soon.

On October 29, as Pope John XXIII, he watched somewhat mournfully as one limousine after another departed, carrying away the red-robed cardinals. Then, with a sigh, he murmured to bystanders: "Oh, I couldn't have gone back anyway; I haven't got my identification papers."

CARDINAL Wyszynski, the Polish Primate, had a 45-minute train stop at Venice on his way to Rome, so Patriarch Roncalli invited him for a

boat trip. The Cardinal, enthusiastic in his appreciation of the Grand Canal, forgot the time. Suddenly he looked at his watch and cried, "My goodness, my train has gone!"

A mischievous glint appeared in Roncalli's eyes. "Don't worry," he said. "That man in the motorboat behind is the station-master. I have kidnapped him. As long as he's here with us, the train can't leave."

Pope John never forgot his parents' hard life as small wine-growers. On hearing a politician's gloomy prediction of ruin after a lost election, the Pope remarked encouragingly that politics always has ups and downs. He added, "There are only three ways a man can be ruined: women, gambling and farming. My

father chose the most boring of the three."

CARDINAL Tardini, Pope John's Secretary of State, had a habit of saying when his busy programme was interrupted by a summons from the pontiff, "I must go. The one up there is calling me."

Pope John, when he heard about it, corrected the Cardinal. "The 'one up there,' " he said gently, "is the Eternal Father in Heaven. I am merely 'the one on the third floor.'"

ALWAYS concerned with the welfare of others, Pope John once asked what wages were paid to his sediari (chair bearers). On being told, he pondered a moment, as if he were recalling the ethereal figure of his predecessor, Pius XII. Then he said, "They should receive a bonus to compensate for the increase in papal weight."

To RECEIVE the then First Lady of the United States, Pope John wanted to know the proper way to greet her in English. Cardinal Tardini's successor as Secretary of State, Cardinal Cicognani, drawing on the experience gained during his years of service in Washington, explained to the Pope that she should be addressed as "Madam" or "Mrs. Kennedy."

Pope John made use of the few minutes before the wife of the American President entered his private library to practise a few times, "Madam, Mrs. Kennedy, Madam . . ." But the minute she crossed the threshold, he went towards her with arms outstretched and cried out in joy, "Jacqueline!"

When a newlyappointed bishop was received by the Pope in a private audience, he complained that the burden of his new office prevented him from sleeping. "Oh," said John kindly, "the yery same thing happened to me in the first few weeks of my pontificate, but then one day my guardian angel appeared to me in a dream and whispered, 'Giovanni, don't take yourself so seriously.' And ever since then I've been able to sleep."

A story of one Pope who, when he entered the bronze doors of the Vatican after his coronation, had become haughty and remote from the people, prompted Pope John's comment: "It is true that I live on this side of those doors, but I left my heart on the other side."

THE WHOLE world followed the suffering and death of Pope John XXIII with deep compassion.

At the end, John himself dispelled the oppressive atmosphere of his death chamber, and tried to cheer those around him. He tried to smile, while he spoke with an almost pleading voice: "Don't worry so much about me... I am ready to take the great journey. My trunks are packed. I can go at any time."

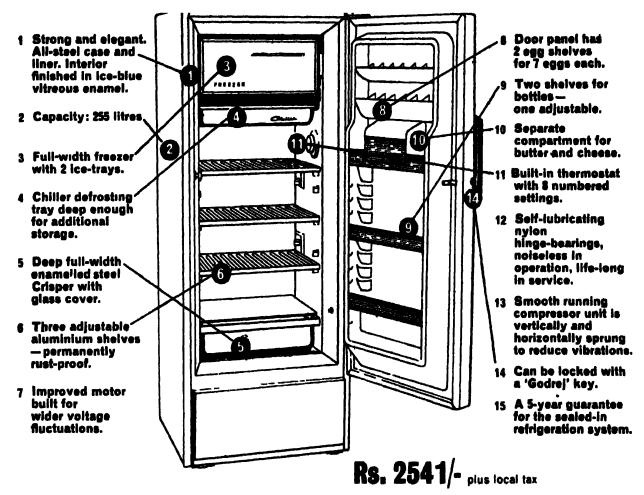
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The need to provide food for the world's growing population is turning farms into factories. Thanks to the efforts of farmer-scientists, the new agriculture is fast becoming Britain's most progressive—and humane—industry

Tomorrow's Farmers Wear White Coats

By Don Everitt

panel in a giant cattle shed near Maldon, Essex, stockman Walter Finch starts a machine which unloads, mixes and distributes a ton of feed for 240 Friesian steers in 15 minutes. To do the same job by hand would take two men a full morning.

In a Rs. 1.26 lakhs Hertfordshire piggery, equipped with an automated six-hourly feeding plant, David Hakewill raises 1,400 pigs a year single-handed. In West Lothian, sheep breeder J. Brian Cadzow doubles his output of lambs by using artificial daylight patterns that bring his ewes into season not once but twice a year.

Such men are in the forefront of the biggest agricultural revolution since Robert Bakewell popularized cross-breeding in the eighteenth century. Over the last 12 years, Britain's farm labour force has dwindled by a third, while half a million acres of arable land has disappeared under bricks and concrete. Yet British farmers have raised their output of meat, milk and eggs by a third. Astonishingly, since the cost of everything the farmer needs has risen, prices for his produce are little higher than they were in 1955.

How has the farmer accomplished this modern miracle of the loaves? The answer lies in specialization and better husbandry as well as intensive farming methods—the application of modern industrial techniques to agriculture—which enables today's chicken to lay 40 eggs more a year than its 1955 forebear, today's dairy cow to give in a year an extra



100 gallons of milk, and today's farm worker to step up his productivity by an annual six per cent—double the growth for industry in general.

Even so, agricultural output is only just keeping pace with demand. By 1975, Britain will consume some 650,000 tons more meat a year. By the year 2,000, there will be 19 million more mouths to feed. In view of these figures it is obvious that, to satisfy our snowballing food needs, science and electronics must be exploited to the full.

Britain's Rs. 54,000-million-a-year, agricultural industry is rising to the challenge. With the widespread introduction of modern techniques, the old picture-book image of farming—chickens in the barn, sheep in the meadows—is beginning to

disappear from the countryside. Increasingly, stock is reared indoors. At over Rs. 1,260 million a year, expenditure on farm buildings is some three times the 1955 figure. No corrugated lean-to or thatched barn, today's livestock building looks what it is, a prefabricated industrial unit that bristles with devices to keep animals dry, clean, well-fed, free from flies, with plenty of fresh air yet at a constant temperature.

As Northamptonshire farmer Arthur Clarke told me, "We can provide a healthier environment for our cattle, sheep and poultry than he British climate." At Isham, Clarke fattens 1,400 beef cattle a year. Calves, bought when a week old, are reared in air-conditioned, heated nurseries. With each animal in its own stall, stockwoman

Josephine Smith can give them individual care. "Calf mortality here," she says, "is only a fraction above one per cent, ten times better than the national average."

At 16 weeks Clarke moves the stock into a gigantic 800-beast finishing house, built two years ago for Rs. 4.5 lakhs. Heaters and fans, thermostatically controlled, prevent the ailments that afflict herds enduring weather extremes; floors of concrete slats, one and a half inches apart, allow manure to pass into storage tanks below; a fully automatic feeding system supplies four tons of mix a day in a two-sided "cafeteria" down the centre of the house.

Clarke feeds the stock mainly on barley, which brings them to their market weight of 900 pounds at 11 months—more than a year sooner than they would achieve feeding outdoors. "Old-fashioned farmers maintain that this method is extravagant, but we've found it increases our profits by 20 per cent."

Only by such methods can agriculture make good the loss of Britain's diminishing farm lands. Every year, some 45,000 acres are lost to urban development. With grazing land at a premium—it may fetch Rs. 3,600 an acre. Geoffrey Field has built a "cowtel" for his 600-strong Guernsey herd at Halsham, Yorkshire. Living in a well-ordered complex of concrete yards, covered ways and milking parlours, the cattle have their meals brought to them twice

a day, freshly cut from the fields. Field lists the advantages: "The stockmen, working in comfort, handle far more animals. The cows eat less but give as much milk because they don't waste energy keeping warm and dry. Untrampled fields produce better pasture; I can run this herd on 300 acres instead of 600."

New Methods. At the Glanmiheli Farm, Montgomeryshire, where Ben Alderson keeps the oldest flock of Kerry Hill sheep in existence, a Rs. 72,000 maternity unit with 28 "private wards" takes the hardship out of lambing time for man and beast.

"Gone are those bitter nights tending ewes and lambs by torchlight," shepherd Leslie Bayliss told me. "Now I have a central observation room, equipped with bed, hot and cold water, radio and electric fire."

Five years ago, lamb output per ewe stood at about three lambs in two years. Then science stepped in. At the Grassland Research Institute in Hurley, Berkshire, Dr. Colin Spedding has injected ewes with harmless hormones that increase ovulation and result in litters of up to six lambs. Twenty-four hours after birth, Spedding separates lambs from ewes and feeds them on cold milk, "little and often from an automated ring of teats." This has phenomenally increased the ewesper-acre rate. I saw dry ewes grazing contentedly on stubble at 25 to

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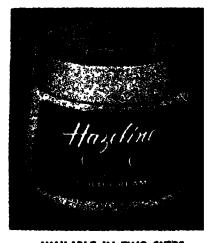
Most women will not use ordinary cold creams in summer because these are thick and greasy. Amazing new "HAZELINE" Cold Cream is light, soft and silky, and is so completely absorbed by the skin that it is invisible, it penetrates deeply—to lift deep-seated dirt that is the cause of pimples and other skin blemishes. It works overnight, conditioning the skin, to leave it glowing, smooth and radient. I now recommend new "HAZELINE" Cold Cream to my pupils...for summer skin-care."

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the acre, while their lambs, all equally strong after artificial rearing, thrive on the best pasture at 35 to the acre.

For quick answers that nature's way would take years to get, goahead stock farmers are beginning to use computers. Since no pedigree stock combines all the attributes of the perfect sheep, information on different breeds is fed into a computer which "mates" them electronically. From the list of crossbreeds, the sheepman chooses the one best suited for his farm and market needs.

Machine Matched. Britain's poultrymen also use computers. Yorkshire's Cyril Thornber explains: "Using a flock of 300 simulated computer chickens [holes punched in computer tape], we can produce a new generation every ten minutes, faster than nature by 25,000 times." Already the results are dramatic. In ten years, hybrid chicks have been developed that increase egg yields 15 per cent.

Once the Cinderellas of agriculture, poultrymen are now spear-heading its automation. In his constant drive to improve productivity, Thornber employs geneticists, veterinarians, statisticians and biologists. Already his vast incubators hatch 20 million chicks a year.

"If it weren't for scientific breeding, automated feeding and cleaning," Thornber asserts, "eggs today would cost the housewife nearly 18s. a dozen instead of 3s. 6d. Not long ago, it took 15 pounds of food

and 15 weeks to produce a threepound chicken. Now it takes seven pounds of food and nine weeks. Mass-production techniques have transformed the chicken from a luxury into an everyday meal."

To meet the competition of big operators like Thornber, many of Britain's 400,000 farmers have formed co-operatives, sharing machinery and marketing costs. In Shropshire, 20 farmers have made themselves independent of seasonal price fluctuations by building a store for 4,000 tons of grain, with a mill and 36 grain bins, at a cost of Rs. 7.2 lakhs. Others are seeking guaranteed outlets for their produce. Hampshire farmer Geoffrey Crowther is one of a thousand across Britain who have contracts with T. Wall and Sons, the meat and handy-food processors.

"A guaranteed market--my contract is for 2,000 pigs a year-lets a farmer get on with his real job, growing food," says Crowther.

For their farmers, Wall's test and make available breeding stock, then buy the fattened offspring. Says Bill Bolitho, who is in charge of the firm's pig buying and research, "Modern farmers, like ourselves or any other businessmen, must plan their output. Our aim now is to increase our share of the home bacon market at the expense of Danish imports, which cost the country £95 million in foreign exchange."

One problem which the intensive

livestock farmer faces is the psychological stress among animals adjusting to their new environment. To counter this, Horstine Farmery of North Newbald, Yorkshire, spent months studying pig psychology. Deciding that they required both open air for feeding and a covered area for sleeping, Farmery designed special two-storey "flatlets." "Since the pigs moved into their new homes," says Farmery, "we have had a significant increase in their meat production. More important has been the marked reduction in fighting among the animals, so characteristic of traditional piggeries."

His experience confirms the view of poultryman Thornber: "Sentimental critics of intensive farming ignore the most significant fact. If animals are unhappy or uncomfortable they do not thrive."

Farmery, an engineer by profession, sees farming as today's "most exciting growth industry." He is typical of many of Britain's new agricultural specialists; so is Tom Eason, who once ran his own heavy-machinery-transporter business and now operates a highly successful farm at Calverton, outside Nottingham. He has spent Rs. 18 lakhs on a farm block where the only concession to tradition is the thatching of the staff quarters. The modern

offices and specially designed chicken and pig houses are surrounded by immaculate lawns and flower beds. "There is no excuse for a dirty farm," Eason explains. "Since muck harbours disease, it costs money."

Backing Eason's management expertise is a high level of stock-manship. "My 500 breeding sows are contented and successful, producing 10,000 weaners a year," says Eason. "But it's only because I've got the right men caring for them."

Progress at Home. This efficient use of automation plus top-class manpower symbolizes the continuing revolution in British agriculture. "Skilful management and modern methods must be used," says Britain's Minister of Agriculture, Cledwyn Hughes, "if our farmers are to continue to provide the housewife with the food she wants at prices she can afford. Last November's devaluation has underlined the importance of growing at home as much food as we reasonably can. The increase in farming output is already saving the country many millions a year in imports.

"To help meet the growing demand for food, our farmers must make the most of scientific and technical developments in their industry. I am convinced they will."

Most people believe that the Christian commandments are intentionally a little too severe—like setting a clock half an hour ahead to make sure of not being late in the morning.

—Soren Kierkegnard

Sunav, in Gujarat, has 5200 inhabitants. 1811 of them bank with the Union Bank!





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A4P/# # 5



By Le Xuan Chuyen, with Nicholas Turner

Le Xuan Chuyen, a much-decorated lieutenant-colonel of the North Vietnamese People's Army, here explains why he defected to the Saigon Government. He is the highest-ranking communist officer ever to do so. Today he is director of South Vietnam's National Returnee Centre, which handles a growing number of defectors. This is his story as told to Nicholas Turner, former chief of Reuters' Saigon office.

what I believed was right for the Vietnamese people. For 20 years I was a communist. I was thoroughly indoctrinated. But I am also a man who tries to keep his eyes open.

As a result of my observations I finally decided that I could not

accept communism any longer. But I do not now embrace capitalism or neutralism. What matters is my country—that's all.

Most of the fighting men of the Liberation Armed Forces—the LAF, or Vietcong—do not believe in communism. But they do not believe in the South Vietnamese Government's cause either. I think

there is only one key to victory in this war; that is to have a flexible, practical and just policy that meets the aspirations of the people. And of course you must have the military force to back it up.

I was born 38 years ago—the third of nine children—just north of the present border between North and South Vietnam. My father had a small piece of land; we were neither very rich nor very poor. In 1944 there was a terrible famine. Many people died, including several of my brothers. The French were blamed for having neglected the irrigation facilities. At 16 I left school and joined the resistance to fight the French. I joined the Communist Party the next year—not because I believed in the doctrine, but because the communists led the resistance.

In 1947 I commanded a company which annihilated a French battalion on the bridge over the Ben Hai River, which now separates North and South Vietnam. Altogether, I was in 200 military actions between 1946 and 1954.

At the time of Dien Bien Phu, I commanded a battalion. We marched over the mountains into Laos to stop French forces there from coming to the relief of Dien Bien Phu. We made shoes out of the bark of banana trees, chopsticks and rice bowls out of expended napalm canisters. I am proud to have lived this way. Our revolutionary spirit was high; the people were

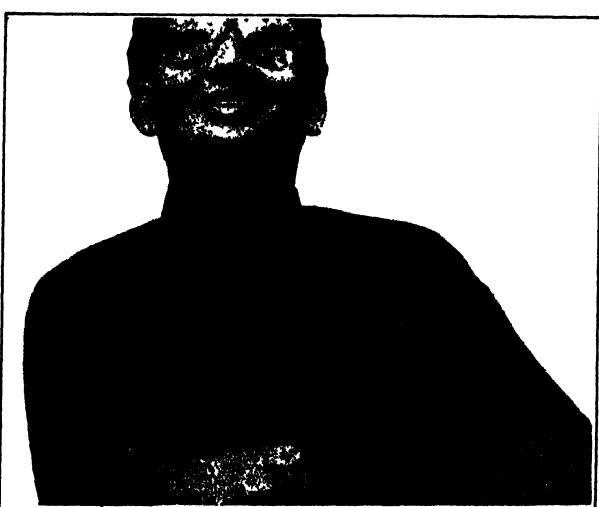
with us. That is why we were victorious.

After the Geneva Conference in 1954, I stayed in the army. I got married, had a daughter and a son. As a senior officer, I was quite well looked after. Our home at Nam Dinh provided by the army, had two rooms, with water and electricity, and there was a small garden where the children could play. But the junior officers and the men were not at all well off, and this made me start thinking about the "new class" in North Vietnam.

In mid-1964 I was ordered to South Vietnam as an officer attached to the staff of the LAF. At Haiphong, on July 5, I boarded a ship loaded with military supplies. We carried various identification markings that were changed from time to time, and we had both North and South Vietnamese flags. Several times we sighted enemy aircraft and warships, but they did not halt us.

Safe Landing. We arrived in the Mekong Delta, 60 miles due south of Saigon, on July 13, stopping 200 yards offshore. About 15 small boats came alongside, and the two or three men in each worked feverishly under bright lights to unload our cargo of guns and ammunition. It was all very well organized, and I presumed that many other ships came to the same place from the North.

It took 20 days' travelling on foot and by sampan to reach Headquarters R—the supreme headquarters of the Liberation Front—70 miles

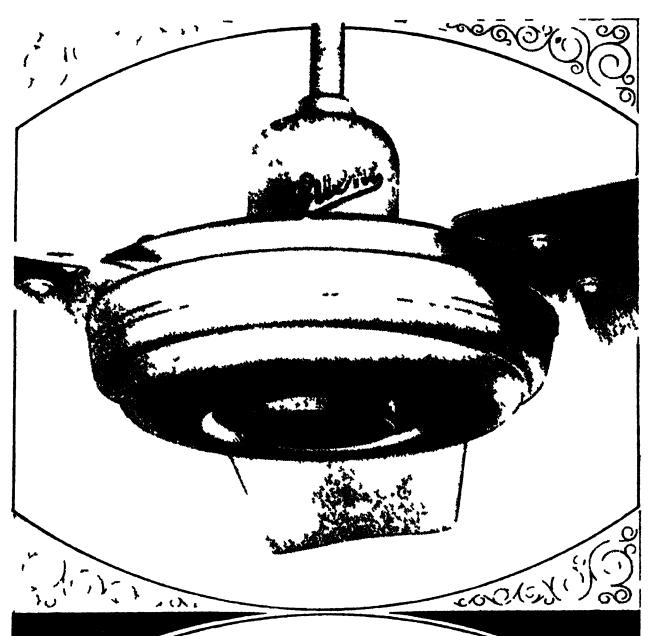


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north-west of Saigon, near the Cambodian frontier. Guided by local guerrillas through Vietcong-liberated areas, we walked by day and slept by night, often stopping to look at things that interested us. From all that I saw, we did not have tight control over the population politically, economically or militarily.

When we reached headquarters, I reported to General Tran Van Tra, the over-all commander in the South at that time. I was told that the situation was very favourable, and that the LAF was ready to take over Saigon. From what I'd seen so far, this seemed much too optimistic.

My assignments over the next two years included the formation and training of new LAF regiments for regular, large-scale warfare. We constructed mock-ups of our targets to rehearse our attacks. Deep in the jungles we built roads, blockhouses, watch towers, barbed-wire fences and entire hamlets.

The first of our large-scale battles was that of Binh Gia, which began on December 28, 1964. The Saigon Government committed 3,000 men and suffered almost 500 casualties. It was a major defeat for them. The two regiments I prepared for the operation lost about ten per cent of their men, fewer than normal for this type of operation.

The recruits I had to work with were a mixed lot. About 50 per cent were trained volunteers with fairly high morale. About 30 per cent were conscripts from the "liberated areas," or government deserters. The rest were assorted adventurers just there for kicks. Their discipline was bad, and they were likely to run away at the first shot.

Life in the jungle was not good. Often my soldiers were better off than I was, because they received money from their families in Saigon. They always had plenty of beer and whisky, cognac and cigarettes. Prices were outrageous. The traders who brought the stuff into the jungle made spectacular profits. Some of our medical supplies came from the North, but we had to buy the rest from these crooked traders.

More Problems. With the buildup of Northern forces in the South, starting in 1965, our troubles increased. The Southerners resented us. They argued that regular training was not necessary. Between battles they just slept, ate and drank. It took them three weeks to prepare an operation that would take a Northern unit two days to launch.

To make things worse, many Northerners resented being sent to fight in the South. The people of North Vietnam wish to reunify the country, but not by force of arms; they do not want this war. Also, I think the Northern troops' morale began declining in 1966 as they became discouraged by their lack of success against the Americans, and by the American B-52 raids. I have seen several B-52 raids. They are a terrifying experience.

I don't know exactly when I

began to contemplate defecting. For a long time I had thought about the futility of the war, and the North's plan to impose communism on the South. My own observations helped the idea to crystallize. I realized that the Vietcong were not the majority of the people, as we had been told, but only a small minority. They can influence many, through terror, but they do not have popular support, as the Vietminh did in the war of resistance against the French. I also began to notice that the new government in Saigon had young leaders of dedication and goodwill who showed readiness to tackle the basic problems facing the South.

In March 1966 I received orders to return to Headquarters R for reassignment. By this time I had made up my mind to escape; this was difficult, because as a senior officer I was always under guard. However, on the trail to headquarters I began perspiring heavily with a fever, and then fell and hurt my leg. The local Vietcong took care of me, but after a few weeks their village was bombed and almost wiped out. We fled into the jungle and began build ing new houses.

During this time, under the care of a village couple, I became a good friend of their daughter, a young woman named Thi Hiep. When she asked the Vietcong for permission to go to Phan Thiet, 40 miles east, to buy medicine for me, they consented. We laid our plans carefully, and she set out. After a while, I

slipped out of the village quietly and followed.

I was running a high fever and felt sick. Sometimes, in the heat of the blazing sun, I wondered if I could make it. I was to walk about 20 miles; then, if all was well, a bicycle would be waiting for me. I passed through several Vietcong checkpoints without difficulty, showing my transfer orders. When night came, I kept walking; I had to be careful, though, because both sides had patrols out and would shoot at anything moving.

Last Lap. The bicycle was waiting, and soon I was passing through hamlets flying the government flag. At last I reached Phan Thiet. I felt a strange exhilaration despite my weakness. The city was alive with the noise of traffic and the market, and the smell of fish and the sea, and the glare of the sun beating on white walls. I had been in the jungle a long time.

I found the house where we were to meet, and in a moment Thi Hiep greeted me. That was noon on August 2, 1966—just over two years since I had landed in South Vietnam.

Since that day I have spoken to my former comrades-in-arms by radio and have written letters to be air-dropped in both North and South Vietnam. I believe that many others fighting for the communist cause have contemplated doing what I did, but are unsure of how they will be received. Now, more and



more of them are defecting—last year alone the number exceeded 20,000.

This is partly because the tremendous technological superiority of the Americans has put the communists in a very bad position. There has been talk about the communists reverting wholly to guerrilla warfare, but our Northern troops are conventionally trained, and I do not think you can turn them into guerrillas so easily; any regular soldier considers it degrading to be told to become one. Moreover, guerrillas can succeed only if they have the support of the local population, and now the people are turning against the Vietcong.

But although the communist

structure in the Mekong Delta has grave defects, it will take five or ten years to root it out. Remember, the communists have been working there for 25 years. The Saigon and American governments must keep up their military pressure as much as possible. They have been doing this recently, and I think they are on the right track.

South Vietnam is going through a tremendously difficult period of working out a new political system during a time of war. Tensions and turmoil cannot be avoided. But if the government has a good policy and a just cause, the people will support it. All they want is justice and good government, and something for themselves.

IN THE London I know and love, people, no matter what their station in life, are kind and polite to other people. It is amazing how well-mannered the station porters, taxi-drivers, waiters and bus conductors are.

When, at the age of 12, I was in my first show at the London Hippodrome, my mother and I were walking to the theatre for the opening night. We stopped by a flower Eller, who had a beautiful basket of boutonnières, carnations and roses.

"I'll buy you a flower for good luck, Julie," said my mother. The flower lady asked why I needed good luck. Pointing proudly to the sign above the theatre, my mother said: "She's going to be in that show and tonight's the opening night."

"In that case," said the flower seller, "you don't buy the flower. I give

it to you for good luck."

The next day, with the best luck in the world, I got good notices from the critics, and as I passed the flower seller she said, "What did I tell you? My flower brought you luck." It wasn't only the gift that touched me, but the fact that she was interested enough to buy a newspaper to see how a young girl had fared in her first show.



The DAM BUSTERS

Twenty-five years ago this month, 617 Squadron of the RAF struck a daring blow at Germany's industrial heart. It was a unique raid, a bold adventure by heroes, vividly described by Paul Brickhill in his worldwide best-seller "The Dam Busters." Now, in this special condensation, Brickhill completes his story. For the first time he explains the hitherto-secret working of the incredible "bouncing bomb" which made the dam busters' raid such an awesome triumph.

ORD BEAVERBROOK, the firecracker Minister for Aircraft Production. summoned Barnes Wallis, the gentle-looking scientist, for an interview. The date: July 20, 1940. German air raids had started in earnest, the Luftwaffe "stick bombing" London with clusters of 1,000-pounders and smaller. The RAF believed in the same technique, as did all the world's air forces at that time. But Wallis, ever the rebel against conventional theories, had been campaigning in Whitehall with a new and much more devastating idea for striking back at the enemy.

"What's this about a ten-ton bomb?" barked the minister.

Wallis explained his plan for shortening the war with a revolutionary "earthquake bomb." It would destroy the hydro-electric dams which were key power sources of the German war effort.

Three dams in the industrial Ruhr, said Wallis-the Moehne, the Eder and the Sorpe—stood out as promising targets. They not only generated electricity but also supplied foundries with water. One hundred and fifty tons of it were needed to make a single ton of German steel. Deprive the Ruhr of power and water and there would be critical bottlenecks in manufacturing tanks, locomotives, guns, aircraft and almost anything else one cared to name. Breaches in the dams would send enormous floods down the valleys, tearing away roads, bridges, railway lines.

Beaverbrook, bright-eyed, sitting slightly hunched in his chair, was instantly intrigued by these possibilities. A major problem, Wallis went on, was the sheer size of the dams. The Moehne, for example, soared to 130 feet, tapering from a thickness of 112 feet at its base to

25 feet at the top. The Eder was even bigger. The largest bombs at present with the RAF, 1,000-pounders just ordered by the Air Staff, would hardly scratch the concrete.

The answer, said Wallis, was "shock waves." These waves from a bomb exploding at ground level were largely dissipated into the air (one reason for the wastefulness of stick bombing against reinforced targets). But drop a ten-tonner accurately to explode in the water deep behind a dam wall and the waves would "earthquake" through the water to punch out a hole in the wall 100 feet across.

The next problem: how to get the bomb to the target? No plane then in existence could carry such a monster. However, Wallis, who had been designing for Vickers since 1913, and helped to create the Wellington bomber, had drawn up specifications for a 50-ton giant

PAUL BRICKHILL was born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1916 and was a reporter on the Sydney Sus before enlisting in the RAAF in the Second World War. Shot down while piloting a Spitfire over Tunisia in 1943, he was sent to the notorious German POW camp, Stalag Luft III, where his experiences as a prisoner inspired his first best-selling book, The Great Escape.

Brickhill's home, in Sydney, overlooks the Middle Harbour. He is writing Hollywood film scripts and spends his leisure time

fishing and water

which would do the job. He called it the "Victory."

"You know how short we are of stuff," said Beaverbrook. "This thing's only a theory. We'd have to stop work on other projects to make it, and then it might be a flop."

Wallis refused to consider failure. His air of benevolence—at 53 he had crisp white hair, a pink, unlined face, and mild grey eyes behind glasses — concealed horn-rimmed great stubbornness. "We can do it in stages," he told Beaverbrook. "I've got drawings for two-ton and sixton bombs on the same principle. My Wellingtons can carry the twotonner. The new four-engined Lancasters can carry the six-tonner. They'll be operating in a year."

"I'll see my experts," Beaverbrook promised. "If it means diverting too. much effort I don't like your chances."

Wallis returned to his office at Weybridge, in Surrey, with a sigh of hope. Now, with Beaverbrook interested, anything could happen.

"Fiddle-faddle!"

Behind the scenes, movement began in a ponderous Government way. Wallis heard that So-and-So had consented to look into the idea; that So-and-So had expressed curiosity. On November 1 Sir Charles



Dr. Barnes Wallis, CBE, FRS

Craven, managing director of Vickers, felt confident enough to write to Beaverbrook suggesting that the goahead be given on both the ten-ton bomb and the Victory bomber. Then Wallis lost his keenest supporter in Whitehall; Arthur (later Lord) Tedder, chief of research and development at the Air Ministry, left for the Middle East. Soon afterwards Sir Charles sent for Wallis.

"I haven't very encouraging news," he said. "Air Council seem wary of big bombs. They still believe in stick bombing."

"Could they understand my calculations, sir?" Wallis asked.

Craven replied diplomatically that he doubted if individual members

had the time to go through all the calculations. He added gently: "They say that anyone who thinks of ten-ton bombs is mad."

Next morning Wallis, in outraged refusal to be diverted from his purpose, started writing a treatise on his bomb. He called it "A note on a method of attacking the Axis Powers," the kind of obscure title favoured by scientists, but was careful to explain each step so lucidly that a layman could follow it if he accepted the mathematics. "note"—a book-length tour de force backed up with pages of graphs, formulae and equations—took Wallis several months. He sent copies to 70 influential men in science, politics and the Services.

Results were not long coming. The first was a pained-looking Secret Service man who called with one of the copies and reprimanded Wallis for sending it through the post. "This is vital and very secret!" he protested.

"Is it?" said Wallis mildly. "I'm supposed to be a crackpot and this is regarded as fiddle-faddle."

The Secret Service man said, "Oh!" and returned to London to investigate further. A few days later there was another result. Sir Henry Tizard, scientific adviser to the Ministry of Aircraft Production, had been impressed by the note and told Wallis: "I'd better form a committee to study this more fully. We've got to be reasonably sure it would be worthwhile."

"Of course," Wallis said. He felt

like singing.

The upshot was the Air Attack on Dams Committee. A member suggested building a model to test the theories with scaled-down charges, and Wallis accepted delightedly. Over the next few months, whenever he could spare time from his arduous work at Vickers, he went to the Road Research Laboratory at Harmondsworth, on the western outskirts of London. There, secluded from prying eyes by a high wall, he helped design and painstakingly build, with tiny cubes of concrete to represent huge masonry blocks, a model dam one-fiftieth the size of the Moehne. It was about 30 feet long, 33 inches high and up to two feet thick. The ground at one side was flooded to simulate the 134million-ton lake.

At first the experiments were disappointing. Gelignite exploded under water four feet from the model (equal to a ten-tonner going off 200 feet from the real dam) and then one foot away (equal to a distance of 50 feet) caused only cracks in the outer structure.

Wallis built another model and tried bigger charges to see what would smash the model. Extra ounces of gelignite one foot from the dam produced the breach he wanted. But when he calculated the scaled-up charge required to smash a hole in the Moehne it amounted to something like 30,000 lb. of the new explosive RDX. Add the weight of

a thick steel casing and this meant a bomb weighing more than 30 tons. Not even the Victory bomber could carry such a load.

Wallis refused to give up. Supposing, he thought, a bomb could be exploded against the wall? Less explosive would be needed. How, though, could the bomb be placed at exactly 30 feet—the depth which experiments had shown to be best for exploiting the shock-wave punch and making a breach? A torpedo? The German dams had dual screens of torpedo netting in front of them, suspended from floating casks.

The idea that finally came to Wallis was to put the explosive charge against the wall by "bouncing" a spherical bomb across the surface of the water. The bomb's momentum would carry it through the lines of

casks.

Wallis resolved to test his theory by bouncing a marble borrowed from his young daughter Elisabeth. He dragged a tub into his garden, filled it with water to the brim and rigged up a catapult to stand a few inches above the water-level. Then he stretched some string across the tub, to measure the height of the bounce, and shot the marble from the catapult. It hit the water, bounced —and, excitingly, cleared the string.

Many months had passed since the first hopeful meeting of the Air Attack on Dams Committee. Reluctantly they authorized the building of one more model dam for testing explosives. This time the effect was literally shattering. Wallis smashed wall after wall, seeking the smallest charge required. Soon he knew that, in a contact explosion tamped by water, a tiny plug of gelignite blasted a satisfying breach in a wall six inches thick. He would need only 6,500 lb. of RDX to breach the Moehne dam, and, with his latest "bouncing" idea he could cut the casing weight to about 3,000 lb., making the complete bomb less than five tons. The Lancasters would carry that to the Ruhr.

The Green Light

Armed with sums and theories, Wallis reported to Sir Henry Tizard. "The main thing to establish," said Sir Henry, "is whether this freak of yours will work in practice."

Wallis, whose "damology" researches had been fanatical, replied, "I know of a small disused dam in Radnorshire owned by Birmingham Corporation. We could try and knock it down."

Birmingham Corporation, with a little prodding, agreed. Their dam was an ideal test model, about 150 feet long and quite thick. Wallis estimated that it had one-fifth the resistance of the Moehne. He calculated the smallest charge of RDX that should burst it, tamped the charge in a sealed casing and lowered it deep into the water against the wall. Behind some rocks, his mouth dry with anxiety, he pressed the plunger. Water spurted 100 feet

high, the lake whipped into fury, the concrete crumbled and a hissing flood burst through the dam. With glee, Wallis saw a ragged hole 15 feet across and about 12 feet deep.

The bomb took shape in Wallis's mind: it was to be spherical, bouncing on the water-surface like the ricochet cannonballs of Naval gunnery centuries ago. Six prototypes were made for experiment. A Wellington was specially adapted to carry the new missile. Its bomb doors were taken off and clamping arms were constructed in the fuselage to support the bomb's slightly flattened sides. An hydraulic motor rotated the bomb, giving it a fast backspin when it was dropped; this increased the number of bounces by making the bomb "climb" as it travelled forward. The backspin would cause the bomb, on hitting the top of the dam, to spring back a few yards and change direction downwards through the water, rolling against the dam's inner wall to the critical depth of 30 feet.

On December 4, 1942, the converted Wellington, piloted by Mutt Summers, chief test pilot of Vickers and Wallis's devoted friend, flew from Weybridge with the first four bombs. Wallis lay in the nose as bomb-aimer, to test-drop off Chesil Beach, Dorset. The strange shape of the bombs hanging underneath changed the plane's outline so much that Naval gunners at Portland opened fire—a hostile gesture that Wallis wryly thought was carrying



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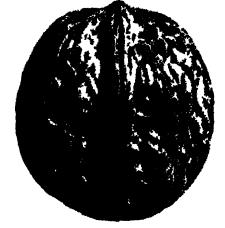
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official obstructionism a little too far.

The casings, he decided after the first drop, needed strengthening. When this had been done the subsequent drops were entirely successful. The bombs soared across the water.

On February 2 permission came for Wallis to design a full-size bomb. There was still just time to mount the attack on the German dams in May, the best month. Then, the storage lakes would be full and the greatest loss of water might be effected.

Wallis had virtually finished his plans when he was ordered to stop. He went grimly to Summers and demanded an interview with Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, chief of Bomber Command. Summers knew Harris well enough to call him by his first name, which few people dared to do. As Wallis entered Harris's office the booming voice hit him like a shock wave: "What do you want? My boys' lives are too precious to be wasted by crazy notions!"

Wallis almost baulked, then pressed on. "I have an idea for destroying German dams," he said. "The effects on Germany would be enormous."

Harris stared coldly over his half-moon glasses. "I've heard about it. It's far-fetched."

Wallis said he'd like to explain it, and took Harris's grunt for yes. At the end, the bomber chief said bluntly: "If you think you're going to get a squadron of Lancasters out of me, you've made a mistake. You're not!"

Wallis started to bristle, and Summers, knowing Wallis's obstinacy and Harris's explosive temperament, kicked Wallis's shin under the desk. "We don't want a squadron . . . yet," Wallis said. "We'd like a chance to prove the bomb in trials with one Lancaster first."

"Prove it and I'll arrange a squadron," Harris said. "But I'm tired of half-baked inventors trying to run things."

Summers broke the tension by saying: "We've got films here that show clearly how it works."

When the lights went up again in the Command projection room Harris had his poker face on. "Very interesting," he grunted. "I'll think it over."

On February 26, 1943, Wallis was summoned to Whitehall and told. "Your dams project is to go ahead immediately with a view to an operation at all costs no later than May." It took some time for Wallis to take this in. The Chief of the Air Staff had sanctioned his plan. And Churchill was enthusiastic about it.

A Squadron Is Born

In the weeks that followed, I'fe was work from dawn until midnight, planning, draughting and discussing. The bombs, which had to be cylindrical because spherical casings couldn't be made in time, were 5 feet long and 4 feet

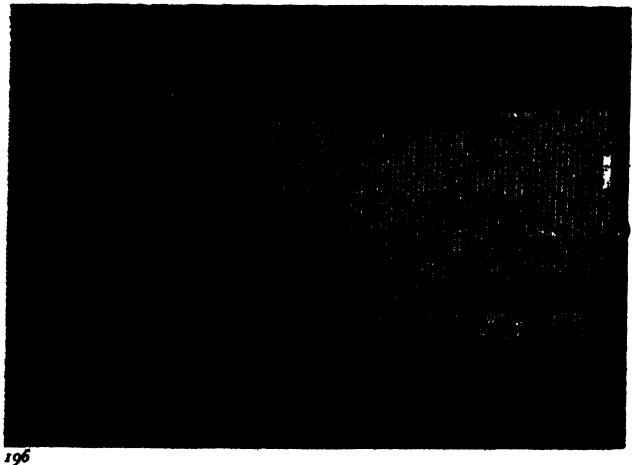
2 inches in diameter. Wallis never revealed what they were to do, or when, or where. Each craftsman worked on one part and knew nothing of the others.

Daily a fast Mosquito, flying at 25,000 feet and taking a devious route to allay German suspicions, crossed the dams to photograph the level of the rising water and the defences. Disturbing signs were soon detected in these photographs. The Moehne alone had six gun positions, and some of the guns were on top of the dam, in two ornamental towers between which the bombers would have to fly. Furthermore the Moehne's anti-torpedo boom was being repaired—though perhaps this

was only a routine check; with luck, the Germans weren't doing anything significant.

And therein lies a story! A certain Oberburgermeister—chief mayor named Dillgardt in the Ruhr was plaguing the Wehrmacht in Münster to strengthen the defence of large dams like the Moehne and Eder. Uncannily, his layman's mind worked along the same path as Wallis's. He said that a large bomb exploded deep in the water near the dam might blow a large hole in it by compression. He even predicted that any attack would be made in May, when the dams were full.

From time to time the German authorities placated him by posting



flak and searchlights around the Mochne, only to remove them a few weeks later. Dillgardt kept sending fresh reminders until one day a tormented general wrote tersely:

Dear Sir,

There is no further need for regular reports to this office regarding storage level of these dams.

Heil Hitler!

As far as the Wehrmacht were concerned the matter was closed.

On March 15, Sir Arthur Harris sent for Air Vice-Marshal the Hon. (later Sir) Ralph Cochrane, a lean man with a crisp, incisive mind, who had recently become Air Officer Commanding No. 5 (Bomber)

Group. Cochrane knew Barnes Wallis well, having flown his experimental airships in the First World War and tested the world's first airship mooring mast, which Wallis had designed.

"You know how he works," Harris said. "I want you to organize the raid. What I have in mind is a new squadron composed of experienced people who are just finishing a tour. Some of the keen chaps won't mind doing another trip. And I want Gibson to command it."

Next morning a nuggety little man with a square, handsome face woke late, his head still ringing with engine noise. The night before, 25year-old Wing Commander Guy

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Gibson, DSO, DFC, had piloted a Lancaster back from Stuttgart on only three engines, thus completing his 173rd trip, the last of his third tour. He lay curled up, half-dreaming of leave in Cornwall. To his dismay the leave was cancelled. He was posted to 5 Group headquarters at Grantham, Lincolnshire, where Cochrane broke to him the news: "This will be no ordinary sortic and it can't be done for two months. Training is going to be very important."

"What sort of training, sir?" Gibson asked. "And . . . what sort

of target?"

"Low flying," Cochrane said. "At night. You've got to be perfect at it. I'm sorry, but I can't tell you the target yet. The immediate problem is to get your crews and get them

Gibson formed his special "X Squadron," at the bomber base at Scampton, near Lincoln. In five days he and staff officers not only picked 147 aircrew (21 complete crews, seven to a crew, together with ground crews and staff), but also organized the thousands of different items of equipment that the squadron needed, from lorries, blankets and bootlaces to sparkplugs and starter motors, plus—not least—an initial delivery of ten Lancasters. More would follow.

Shortly before dinner on March 21, Gibson arrived at Scampton to take over formal command. At his heels was his dog Nigger, a big black

Labrador, who accompanied him everywhere on the ground and sometimes even flew with him, though not on ops. Some of Gibson's crews, including his own and three others he had brought from his old 106 Squadron, were already in the officers' mess. The average age was 22 but all had done at least one tour; some two. DFC ribbons were everywhere.

In the morning Gibson called the crews to the briefing room. "You're here as a crack squadron to do a special job which I'm told may shorten the war," he said. "I can't tell you the target. All I can tell you is you'll have to practise low flying day and night until you can do it with your eyes shut."

There was murmuring as they heard "low flying." A voice said distinctly, "Tirpitz!" The 45,000-ton "unsinkable" battleship was lying in a Norwegian fiord, a menace to Russian convoys and a

lethal target to tackle.

Gibson warned, "Don't jump to conclusions. Maybe it's *Tirpitz*, maybe not. Whatever it is, I want you to be ready. If I tell you to fly to a tree in the middle of England I want you to be able to do it. Discipline is going to be essential. So is security. Rumours are flying round already, but you've got to keep your mouths shut. If we can surprise them, everything'll be fine. If they're ready for us..."

Three days later, by which time the Air Ministry had allocated "X



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Asswers to quiz:

1. The prong of a fork. 2. Omit a vowel or syllable in speech or writing. 3. A reptile. 4. The study of wind.

5. TURNER—phth, as in phthisis, is pronounced T;

olo, as in colunel, is pronounced UR; gn, as in gnat, is pronounced N; yrrh, as in myrrh, is pronounced ER. (Give yourself a summa cum laude if you got this one!)



It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Peter Funk

In the list below, tick the word or phrase you believe is nearest in meaning to the key word. Answers are on the next page.



- (1) concession (kon sesh' ŭn)—A: yielding. B: readjustment. C: prerequisite. D: limitation.
- (2) inveterate (in vet' er ăt)—A: used. B: fickle. C: habitual. D: stubborn.
- (3) ornate—A: complicated. B: beautiful. C: unpleasant. D: showy.
- (4) contemptuous (kon temp' tū ŭs) A: disdainful. B: satisfied. C: conceited. D: quarrelsome.
- (5) apostasy (a pos' ta see)—A: vision. B: desertion of faith. C: firm statement. D: missionary zeal.
- (6) eclectic (čk lčk' třk)—A: brief. B: diverse. C: brilliant. D: exciting.
- (7) bulwark (bull' work)—A: firmness. B: compartment. C: design. D: safeguard.
- (8) dudgeon (dŭj' ŭn)—A: anger. B: prison. C: ingratitude. D: desperation.
- (9) bevy—A: sloping edge. B: group. C: scattering. D: tax.
- (10) succour (suk' er)—A: to cheat. B: overwhelm. C: help. D: give up.

- (11) chasten (chase' 'n)—A: to simplify B: discipline. C: quieten. D: sadden.
- (12) shackle (shak' 'l)—A: to pursue. B: furl. C: dangle. D: restrain.
- (13) chronic (kron' ik) $-\Lambda$: acute. B: widespread. C: continuous. D: eccentric.
- (14) glutinous (gloo' ti nus)—A: greedy. B: fat. C: sensual. D: sticky.
- (15) grandiloquent (grăn dil' o kwent)— A: dignified. B: bombastic. C: forceful. D: vivid.
- (16) flair—A: knack: B: signal. C: enthusiasm. D: intelligence.
- (17) opiate (ô' pee ate)—A: illusion. B: superstition. C: soother. D: substitute.
- (18) static—A: inactive. B: leisurely. C: positive. D: confusing.
- (19) malinger (ma lin' ger)—A: to disobey. B: prolong. C: slander. D: shirk.
- (20) forestall—A: to postpone. B: predict. C: prevent. D: relieve.

 (Now turn to the next page)

Answers to

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

- (1) concession—A: Act of yielding, conceding or granting; as, a concession to public opinion. Latin concessio, from concedere, "to yield."
- (2) inveterate—C: Habitual; deep-rooted; firmly established by long experience; as, an inveterate tea drinker. Latin inveterare, "to make old."
- (3) ornate—D: Showy; elaborately adorned; flowery; as, ornate prose. Latin ornatus, from ornare, "to adorn."
- (4) contemptuous—A: Disdainful; full of contempt; scornful; insolent; as, a contemptuous remark. Latin contemptuosus.
- (5) apostasy—B: Desertion or rejection of one's religious faith, party or principles; defection; as, to charge with political apostasy. Greek apostasia, "revolt."
- (6) eclectic—B: Diverse; collected from various systems, sources, doctrines, styles; broad in matters of taste; as, an eclectic work of art. Greek eklektikos, "selection."
- (7) bulwark—D: Safeguard, fortification, defence; any protection against injury, danger, annoyance; as, a bulwark against insurrection. Middle English.
- (8) dudgeon—A: Anger; resentment; sullen displeasure; as, in a fit of dudgeon.
- (9) bevy—B: Group or gathering; collection; as, a bery of housewives.
- (10) succour—C: To help; relieve; aid; assist; as, to succour the wounded. Latin succurrers, "to help, support."

- (11) chasten—B: To discipline; correct; chastise; also, to purify; refine; as, to be chastened by hardship. Middle English chasten.
- (12) shackle—D: To restrain; restrict freedom of movement or thought; impede; hamper; as, to shackle with complicated rules. Old English sceacul, "fetter."
- (13) chronic—C: Continuous; constant; prolonged; acute; as, a chronic invalid. Greek khronikos, "affected by time."
- (14) glutinous—D: Sticky; resembling glue; viscid; as, a glutinous substance. Latin glutinosus, from gluten, "glue."
- (15) grandiloquent—B: Bombastic; pompously eloquent; speaking in a showy, flashy manner; as, a grandiloquent speech. Latin grandiloqueus, "speaking loftily."
- (16) flair—A: Knack; aptitude; natural talent; ability; as, a *flair* for business. Old French *flairer*, "to smell."
- (17) opiate—C: Something that soothes, induces sleep or causes lethargy; narcotic; as, lulled by the *opiate* of endless promises. Greek *opion*, "opium."
- (18) static—A: Inactive; at rest; showing little or no change; dormant; as, the dangers of a static foreign policy. Greek statikos, "causing to stand."
- (19) malinger—D: To shirk; pretend sickness or infirmity to avoid work or duty. French malingre, "sickly."
- (20) forestall—C: To prevent or guard against by counteraction; also, to act in anticipation; as, to forestall a murder plot. Middle English.

Vocabulary Ratings

20-19 correct		cellent
18-16 correct		.good
15-13 correct	. <u>.</u>	fair

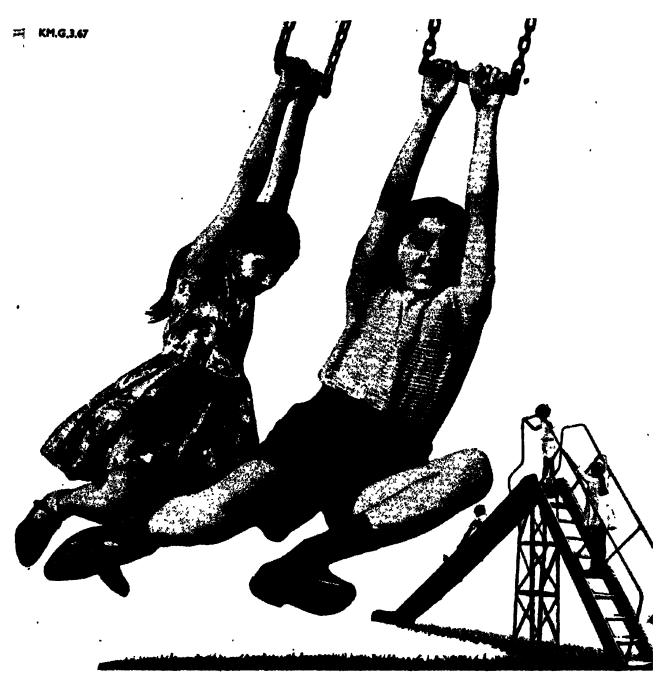


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However, Wallis led Gibson into a tiny projection room, where a flickering screen lit up with the title "Most Secret Trial No. 1." A Wellington dived into view over water and a spherical object fell from it. To Gibson's amazement the object bounced across the water for what seemed an incredibly long time before it vanished.

"That's my secret bomb," Wallis said. "That's how we—how you—are going to put it in the right place."

"Over water?" asked Gibson.

"Yes. Over water at night or in the early morning when it's very flat, and maybe there will be fog. Now, can you fly at roughly 240 m.p.h. at 150 feet over smooth water and be able to drop accurately?"

"It's hard to judge height over water," Gibson replied, "particularly smooth water. How much margin of error is allowed?"

"None," said Wallis. "That's the catch."

Low and Dangerous

GIBSON FIXED ten practice routes and his Lancasters began nosing out over the fens of Suffolk, Norfolk



Wing Commander Guy Gibson, VC, DSO, DFC

and Lincolnshire at 100 feet. Low flying, with its exciting temptations to slip between chimneys or lift a wingtip just over a tree, was normally forbidden in the RAF, so Gibson's pilots were delighted to do it on orders.

After a few days the Lancasters came down to 50 feet and flew longer routes, threading through the valleys of the Pennines, climbing and diving over the Welsh mountains, then down to Cornwall and up to Scotland, eventually as far as the Hebrides, winging low over the waves. Gibson flew his own Lancaster, G for George, to the Lake District. Several times he flattened out above Derwent Water and

found he could keep his altimeter needle steady at Wallis's stipulated height of 150 feet. But barometric pressures, by which altimeters work, were not easy to forecast accurately, particularly over Germany. There had to be a way of judging height without relying on an altimeter. Practice might help.

Gibson returned to Derwent Water at dusk for another try. It was foggy. The smooth water merged with the gloom and judging height was difficult. They very nearly went into the lake. As Gibson pulled sharply up over the hills at the far end, a startled grunt came over the intercom. The rear turret gunner had seen the surface rippled by their slipstream. Even "Spam" Spafford, Gibson's chunky bomb aimer, was shaken. "God," he said, "this is bloody dangerous!" The only "crew member" not perturbed was Nigger, dozing near navigator.

Gibson reported to Cochrane that unless height could be judged accurately the raid was off. "There's still time to worry about that," Cochrane replied. "I want you to look at models of your targets." He waved a hand at three packing cases. "You'll be the only man in the squadron to know."

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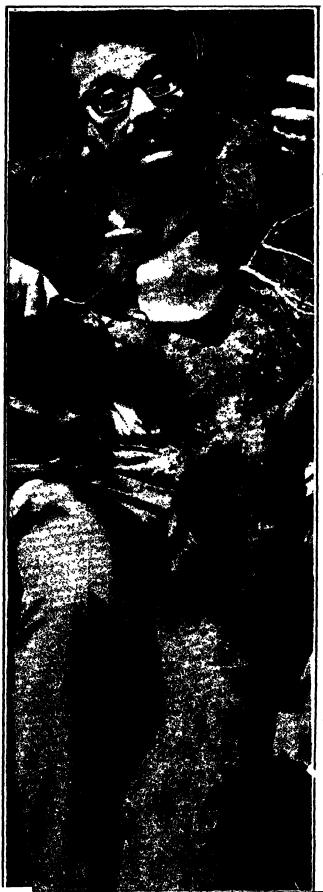
"That's in about six weeks."

"Yes. You've got to be accurate or you might overshoot and the bomb will hit the parapet and go off. That won't hurt the dam."

"It would hurt us, though," Gibson said. "The aircraft would be just above it." Thoughtfully he returned to Scampton.

Natural moonlight being too infrequent for training purposes, the effect was simulated exactly during daytime flights. The Lancasters' cockpit windows were fitted with amber screens and the pilots donned blue glasses. They flew thousands of practice miles; then Gibson took away the screens and glasses and sent the planes on low-level night cross-countries. Two came back with leaves in their radiators.

The squadron did not know it, but security men had infiltrated Scampton to check leaks. Mail was censored; phones were tapped. When one of the aircrew rang to



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"It would hurt us, though," Gibson said. "The aircraft would be just above it." Thoughtfully he

returned to Scampton.

Natural moonlight being too infrequent for training purposes, the effect was simulated exactly during daytime flights. The Lancasters' cockpit windows were fitted with amber screens and the pilots donned blue glasses. They flew thousands of practice miles; then Gibson took away the screens and glasses and sent the planes on low-level night cross-countries. Two came back with leaves in their radiators.

The squadron did not know it, but security men had infiltrated Scampton to check leaks. Mail was cansored; phones were tapped, When one of the aircrets many to



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13. Rajendra Nath Mukherjee Road, Calcutta-1 Offices at: Bangaiore, Bombay, Coimbatore, Hyderabad, Jullundur, Kanpur, Madras, Nagpur, New Delhi tell his girl friend he couldn't see her because he was flying that night on special training, Gibson called the whole squadron together and ordered the offender up on a table.

"Look at him!" Gibson bawled. "Hundreds of men's lives in danger because one bloody fool can't keep his trap shut."

There were no more lapses.

The crews practised bombing on the Wainfleet range, near Skegness, using low-level sights which were standard for Lancasters. The drops were not nearly accurate enough, though. Gibson took the problem to Cochrane. Two days later an expert from Beaverbrook's Ministry of Aircraft Production arrived at Scampton and announced to Gibson, "I think I can solve your trouble."

His solution was absurdly simple: a small triangle of plywood with a peephole at one corner and a nail stuck in each of the other corners.

"The two towers on top of each dam are 600 feet apart," said the expert. "You look through the peephole. When the towers are in line with the nails you are 425 yards from the dam and you press the trigger."

Gibson was dubious. To test the gadget, workmen erected two dummy towers on a dam in the Midlands and anchored a target buoy 1,000 yards short of it. A bomb aimer, on his first eight attempts, dropped practice bombs with an average error of only four yards.

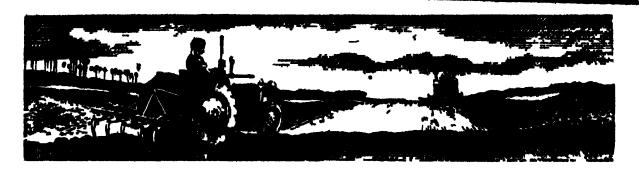
Down at Weybridge Wallis was suffering last-moment crises of his own. Wooden spars bolted round a cylindrical test bomb to form a sphere had broken on impact. The steel cylinder, 5 feet long and 4 feet 2 inches in diameter, had continued to bounce, but for a much shorter distance. Wallis decided to use cylindrical bombs, for the raids. Because of this he had to ask Gibson to reduce the height of the drop to 60 feet—and the difficulty of judging height became even more critical.

Gibson had already tried dangling a long wire under G for George with a weight on it to skim the water at the required height, but the idea didn't work. At speed the line trailed out almost straight behind. Cochrane set Beaverbrook's back-room boys to work on the problem. Again, the answer was elementary.

"Put a spotlight under the fuselage near the nose," said one of the experts, "and another underneath near the tail, both pointing down and inwards. When the two spots converge on the water, forming a figure eight, you're at 60 feet!"

Gibson joyfully told the crews, whereupon Spafford remarked casually, "I could have told you that. Last night at the ENSA show, when the girl was doing her strip-tease, two spotlights were shining on her. The idea crossed my mind and I was going to tell you."

Henry Maudillay, one of the



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squadron's flight commanders, had spotlights fitted to his Lancaster and made test runs across the aerodrome. The idea worked splendidly. The rest of the planes tried it over Derwent Water and found they could fly to within two feet with wonderful consistency. Everyone was pleased but not ecstatic. An aircraft pelting up to a defended target at a rock-steady 60 feet and showing lights isn't a good insurance risk.

On April 29, a cold squally day, another bomb was tested in the sea off Reculver, near Herne Bay, England. Wallis, out on the bare dunes, watched anxiously as the Lancaster dived towards two steel towers which represented those on the dam. The plane tucked down neatly to 60 feet. The bomb hit cleanly and soared out in one piece, bounding and bouncing in majestic, perfect flight.

Take-off

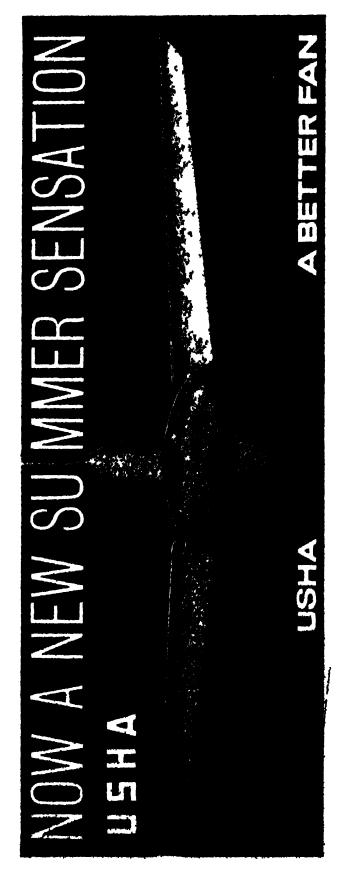
EARLY IN May everyone in 617 Squadron realized that something tremendous was about to happen. Modified Lancasters arrived at Scampton looking like designers' nightmares. The bomb doors were gone; so were the mid-upper turrets and some of the armour. Extratordinary bits and pieces jutted out from underneath.

But while the aircrews at Scampton goggled at the strange attachtions in wonder, there was secret dispay at Bomber Command. For three days the reconnaissance Mosquito had brought back photographs that showed mysterious structures rising in clusters on top of the Moehne. Visible as short black rectangles, they puzzled the interpretive experts for hours. Only one answer seemed possible—new gun positions. There must have been a security leak.

On May 13 a convoy of covered lorries rolled into Scampton bringing Wallis's new bombs. Micky Martin, a slight but good-looking Australian with a wild glint in his eyes and a monstrous moustache that ended out raggedly by his ears, watched the armourers winching a bomb up into his aircraft, "P for Popsy." Half an hour later, with the bomb in position, he and his crew were crawling about inside when the release mechanism snapped. The giant bomb fell. It crunched through the concrete, embedding itself in the earth below.

The bomb aimer yelled madly: "Get out of here! It'll go off in less than a minute!"

Bodies tumbled from the escape hatches. Martin jumped into the flight van near by and roared off to fetch the chief armourer. He had his foot down hard on the accelerator but swears that a terrified man passed him on a push bike. Martin panted out the news to the armourer, who calmly drove over to the descried plane. Anxious faces peered at him from air raid shelters hundreds of yards away—then



emerged, thankfully, when he bellowed, "O.K. Flap's over. It's not fused."

Gibson consulted an expert on German flak to plan the routes for the raid. They spread out their maps and carefully pencilled in two separate routes that wound in and

out of known flak positions.

The attack would be in three waves, Gibson leading nine aircraft, in three groups of three, on the southern route to bomb the Moehne and then the Eder; a loose formation of five aircraft taking the northern route to attack the Sorpe, and five more taking off two hours after Gibson to act as a reserve. If the Moehne, Eder and Sorpe were not smashed in the first two waves, Gibson would call up the reserves. If the big dams were smashed the reserves would bomb four smaller dams in the same area.

Gibson knew he wouldn't be able to take his beloved Nigger on the raid but could not bear to leave him out altogether, so he gave his pet the greatest honour he could devise. When (or if) the Moehne was breached he would radio back the one code word: "Nigger."

On the morning of May 15, Air Vice-Marshal Cochrane arrived at Scampton. He was concise and businesslike with Gibson. "If the weather's right you go tomorrow night," he said. "Start briefing your crews this afternoop."

Some to men gathered for this rat briefing, attlong them Gibert's

senior flight commander, "Dinghy" Young, a calm, thickset man who had ditched twice and got back in his rubber dinghy; David Maltby, another large, thoughtful Englishman; John Hopgood, fair and handsome; Dave Shannon, a babyfaced Australian; and Les Munro, a solemn, blue-chinned New Zealander. Towering above them all was blond, 210 lb. Joe McCarthy, a former lifeguard at Coney Island who had joined the RAF before America entered the war. They sat on the benches and waited in silence. The base commander, Gibson and Wallis filed down the centre of the room to the dais.

Gibson faced them, feet apart, a ruler in one hand. He said, "You're going to have a chance to clobber the Hun harder than a small force has ever done before. Very soon we're attacking the major dams in Western Germany." A murmuring broke out—and some deep, relieved breaths—at his mention of the target. Gibson explained the tactics, pointing to a map with his ruler. Then Wallis took over. He described the dams, what the bombs were supposed to do, and what the effect would be on the industry of the Ruhr.

Gibson stood up. "Any ques-

Malthy saked, "What are the dams defences like, sir?"

"They seem to be confined to late this feets be shown that making "Gibses wande, et



uneasily about those ominous new structures on top of the Moehne.

When someone asked if there were any nets on the lake, Gibson described the torpedo booms. A navigator wanted to know how effective they would be against the bomb. Gibson, with a sidelong glance at Wallis and a fierce grin declared, "Not a sausage!"

He crossed the room to a couple of trestle tables where dust covers hid the models of the three dams. "All of you come over and look at these," he commanded. "Look till you've photographed every detail in your minds, then go away and draw them from memory. Come back and check your drawings, correct them, go away and draw them again."

In the mess that evening they drank shandy and went to bed, taking little white pills which the doctor had doled out to make them sleep well. Gibson was going along to his room when the base commander, looking worried, button-holed him.

"Guy," he said. "Nigger has just been run over outside the camp. He was killed instantly."

The car hadn't even bothered to stop.

Gibson sat for a long time on his bed staring at Nigger's scratch marks on the door. Nigger and he had been together since before the war, It seemed an omen.

The morning of May 16 was sunny. Pilots swung their compasses while the engineer officer and

the chief armourer dashed around busily. All six guns on each Lancaster were loaded with tracer rounds that would shoot out at night like a stream of angry meteors, 12 per second.

Towards noon a Mosquito touched down with the latest photos of the dams. The water in the Moehne was now four feet from the top. The Group's meteorological officers forecast clear weather over Germany, and at about 4 p.m. the Tannoy sounded, ordering the squadron s entire crews to the briefing room. Soon 133 hushed young men (two crews were out because of illness) sat on the benches, the gunners, engineers and wireless operators hearing what had already been told to the others.

After a subdued supper they drifted down to the hangar in two's and three's to change. It was not yet 8 p.m. still an hour to take-off. Martin had stuffed a little koala bear into a pocket of his battledress jacket. Given to him by his mother as a mascot when the war started, it had as many operational hours as himself. The men lay on the grass, smoking and talking, waiting.

Gibson drove up and walked over to Flight-Sergeant "Chiefy" Powell, the squadron's disciplinary NCO and confidant: "Chiefy," he said, "I want you to bury Nigger outside my office at midnight to night. Will you do that?"

"Of course, sir." Powell was annoted at such andramatic request

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from the hardbitten wing-commander. Gibson did not tell him that he expected to be 50 or 60 feet over Germany then. He thought that he and Nigger might be going into the ground at about the same moment.

At exactly 9.10 a red Very light curled up from Gibson's G for George, the signal for the second wave of the attack, led by McCarthy, to start. Their northern route was longer and they were taking off early. At 9.25 the engines of G for George started. Martin in P for Popsy turned slowly in on Gibson's left; Hopgood in M for Mother came in on his right.

"Prepare for take-off," said Gibson. He leaned forward with his thumb up. Martin and Hopgood raised their thumbs in acknowledgement. The nine Lancasters of the first wave, each with nearly five tons of bomb and over five tons of petrol aboard, gathered speed.

First Casualties

In operations room of 5 Group at Grantham, the chief signals officer sat by a telephone, plugged in to a radio, which would receive messages in Morse; the bombers were too far away, and flying too low, for contact by ordinary speech. Near him, Sir Arthur Harris, Cochrane and Barnes Wallis walked up and down, the scientist as fidgety as an expectant father, At 10.35 Cochrane remarked, "They ought to be coming to the Dutch coast."

Martin and Hopgood eased their

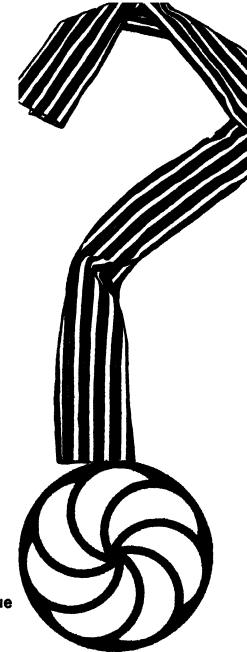
aircraft out wide and rose abreast of Gibson to make a less concentrated target for flak. The sparkling moonpath they had followed across the North Sea ended abruptly as they tore across the white line of surf and were over enemy territory.

The five Lancasters of McCarthy's northern formation began to make landfall at about the same time. Les Munro was first across the narrow Dutch island of Vlieland. There were flashes below, and Munro felt the shock as they hit his aircraft, but he flew on over the Zuider Zee.

Then his wireless operator was standing by his shoulder shouting, "No radio. No intercom. Flak's smashed it." Munro continued for several miles, trying to fool himself he could still carry on, but without radio he could not get bombing instructions or direct the attack on Sorpe; without the intercom he could not even direct his own crew.

Inside the Zuider the water was dark and quite flat, treacherously deceptive for judging height. Geoff Rice, in McCarthy's formation, tried to level out his Lancaster at 60 feet by using his bombing spotlights, but they weren't working properly and lured him lower. A hammer seemed to hit the aircraft. With a roar her belly was ripped out; her bomb went with it. Rice managed to drag her aloft again, the guitted fuselage scooping up a couple of tons of water which nearly drowned the rear guiner. Market lously, she still flew with water

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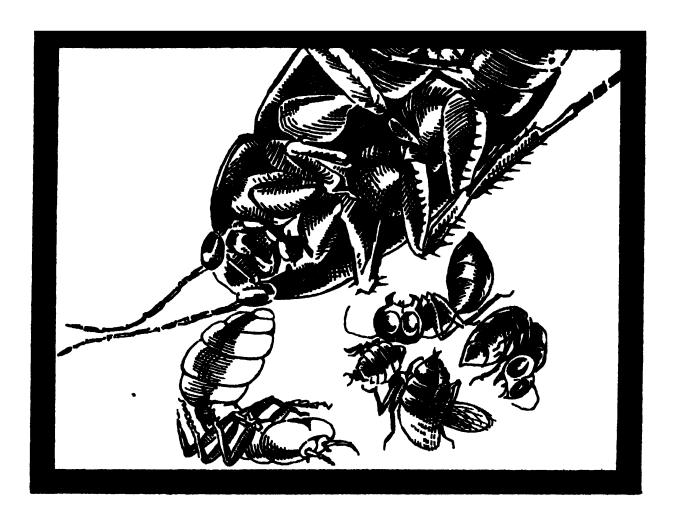
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No one knows exactly when it was that two other planes in the northern formation were hit by flak, but there is a report that as one of them hit the ground her bomb went off with a blinding flash, lighting the countryside for ten seconds before it died and left nothing. Then, or soon after, the other plane crashed. Only McCarthy was left of the Sorpe team.

Over Holland, Gibson, Martin and Hopgood were down as low as 40 feet, playing hide-and-seek with the ground, the bomb aimers calling terse warnings as houses and trees loomed up. Once the three had to climb fast as the pylons of a power line rushed at them, and they only just cleared the wires.

They could expect night fighters now; the German operations rooms for miles around must be buzzing. Martin and Hopgood closed in on each side of Gibson for mutual protection. Just past Eindhoven, Gibson led them in a gentle turn to the north-east on a course that would take them round the bristling guns of the Ruhr.

A Lancaster in Gibson's last group of three, uncertain about a turning point, fell half a mile behind and was a fraction off track. They did not see him again. A fighter, or flak, got him.

Fourteen left.

Fillsche's leading three slid screes

the border into Germany. There was no light or movement anywhere, only darkness filled with the beat of engines. A barge on the Rhine spat out a thin line of tracer. Two minutes later more guns opened up and the an became crisscrossed with bullets. Every gun was firing, the aircraft juddering A searchlight sprang into life and caught G for George, but a long burst of tracer from her forward turret whipped into the beam. It flicked out And as they went over in the dying glow they saw the gunners scattering.

Gibson, with throttles wide, swung north round Hamm; then they were hugging the ground on the last leg. Now the moon was high enough to light the hills that cradled the flat sheet of Moehne Lake.

It was like looking down on the model; the same saucer of water, the same dim fields and across the neck of the lake the squat rampart crowned by the towers. In the half-light the dam looked like a battle-ship, but more impregnable.

Martin's bomb aimer said, "God, can we break that?"

Attack!

Suddenly the Moehne came to I fe. Lines of tracer streamed up into the sky and swayed as the Germans blindly hosed the area. The Lancasters headed round the lake in wide circles, keeping out of range. There seemed to be about ten guns,

some in the fields each side of the dam and some in the towers.

Gibson told his crew, "We'd better start the ball rolling." He flicked his transmitter switch. "Hallo, all aircraft. I am going to attack. Stand by to come in when I tell you. Hallo, M for Mother. Take over if anything happens."

"O.K., Leader. Good luck." Hopgood's voice was a monotone.

Gibson turned wide, clinging to the hills at the lake's eastern end. He said tersely: "Bomb on!" Spafford flicked the switch to start the motor. The bomb turned faster and faster, reaching 500 revolutions per minute. They came out of the hills towards the rampart of the dam, coming down to 60 feet. Gibson rattled off the orders:

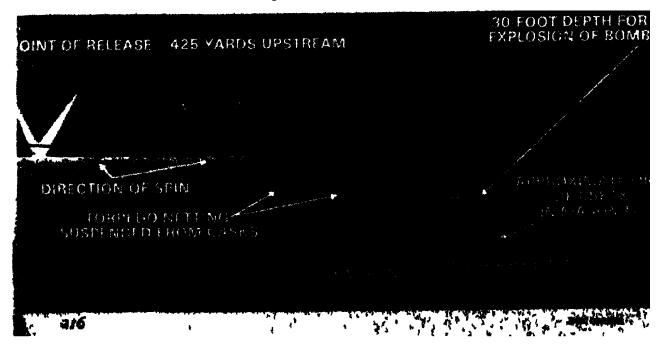
"Check height! Speed control! Gunners ready!" The navigator turned on the belly lights, peered

at the water and started droning: "Down...down...up a bit...steady, steady-y-y." Streams of glowing shells from the dam swivelled, lowered, and seemed to come straight at the cockpit as the aircraft plunged into them.

Gibson kept her steady. Spafford held the plywood sight to his eye; the towers were closing in on the nails. There was a snarling clatter up in the nose as the front turret began spitting tracer. Gibson shouted to the engineer, "Stand by to pull me out of the seat if I get hit!"

The dam was now a rushing giant, darkness split with flashes, the cockpit stank of cordite, and thought was nothing but a cold alarm shouting, "In another minute we'll be dead." Spafford screamed, "Bomb gone!" Then they rocketed over the dam, the rear-gunner opening up at the towers. The wireless

A bounce-by-bounce diagram, based on a Barnes Wallis drawing. His bomb rolled down inside the wall of the dam





operator fired a red Very light to

signal "Attack successful."

The lake was writhing. A white column of water erupted between the towers and hung 1,000 feet high, like a ghost against the moon. They watched in awe as sheets of water spilt over the dam. For a wild moment they thought it had burst. But the fury past; the dam was still there, the huge column slowly dying.

Gibson called: "Hallo, M for Mother. You may attack now. Good

luck." '

"O.K., Leader." Hopgood was still carefully laconic.

He disappeared into the darkness over the hills at the far end of the lake while the others waited. They saw his spotlights come on and the two little yellow pools sliding over the water, joining as he found his height. He was straight and level on his run; the Germans noticed him and the venomous fireflies darted.

A red glow blossomed round the inner port wing tank. Flame in a long, long ribbon trailed behind M for Mother. She was past the dam, nose up, straining for height so that the crew could bale out, when her tanks blew up with an orange flare, a wing ripped away and the bomber spun to the ground in burning, bouncing pieces. The bomb went off near the powerhouse like a brilliant sun. It was all over in seconds.

A voice said over the radio "Poor old Hoppy."

Gibson called: "Hallo, P for Popsy. Are you ready?"

Martin answered, "O.K., Leader.

Going in."

"I'll try to draw the flak."

Gibson flew parallel to the dam, just out of the Germans' effective range. Seconds elapsed before the tower-gunners spotted Martin. They threw up a gleaming fan of bullets through which he would have to fly. He headed directly at it, across the middle of the dam, his tracer lacing and tangling with the flak.

A sharp "Bomb gone!" and in the same instant a shudder as two shells smacked into Martin's starboard wing, one exploding in the outer petrol tank—but Martin's was empty. The lake boiled again by the dam. Another great white column climbed to 1,000 feet. More water cascaded over the parapet but it cleared and the dam remained.

Dinghy Young came on the air. "A for Apple making bombing run."

This time, as Young came storming across the lake, Gibson and Martin accompanied him, higher up. The flak gunners didn't know where to shoot. Young swept past the dam. The massive explosion was against the wall again, beautifully accurate. But the dam stayed intact,

Gibson next called David Meltby, in I for Johnny, ordering him in. As Maltby crossed the water Gibson and Martin acted as escorts, switch

ing on their enrigation ligher to encurrage in Granate it and p

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the wrong target. A red cartridge soared up from Maltby.

Again a mountain of water erupted. Spray from the explosion misted the valley. It was hard to see what was happening by the dam. Gibson called Shannon to make his attack and the words were barely out of his mouth when an excited voice filled his earphones:

"It's gone! It's gone! Look at it!"
Wheeling in front of the dam,
Martin had seen the masonry
crumble and collapse under the
weight of water. Gibson swung in
close. He was staggered."

The lake was pouring out of a ragged breach 100 yards across and 100 feet deep. It crashed into the valley in a jet 200 feet long, smooth on top, foaming at the sides where it tore at the rough edges of the breach and boiling over the scarred earth where the power-house had been. Gibson told Shannon, "Skip it."

An excited babble of intercom chatter broke out. The only man not looking was Gibson's wireless operator, at his keyboard, urgently tapping Morse to the 5 Group operations room.

Soon spray completely blurred the valley. Gibson called Martin and Malthy to set course for home. He total Young Shannon and the two others, leleury Matthias and Les Knight, in follow son may so the

room at Grantham, and during the tense quiet that followed they all heard the Morse crackling into the receiver. It was fairly slow and Cochrane, bending near to the signals officer, could read it.

"'Goner,'" he said. "From G for George."

The code word meant that Gibson had released his bomb and it had exploded in the lake. A long silence. Nothing came through when Hopgood crashed. The phone rang: "Goner" from P for Popsy. Another "Goner" from A for Apple. Wallis swears there was half an hour between each signal but the log shows only about five minutes. "Goner" from J for Johnny. That was Maltby.

"It's Gone!"

THE PHONE rang again with a message from G for George. This time the Morse crackled so fast the others could not read it. The signals officer printed it letter by letter on a pad and let out a cry. "Nigger! Nigger! It's gone!"

Cochrane grabbed Wallis' hand and started congratulating him. Harris, with the first grin on his face that Wallis had ever seen, said:
"I must tell Portal."

Six That less fortal, Chief of the RAS was in Washington on a new and a second of the second of the

READER'S DIGEST

didn't know about the highly secret raid, or the identity of the great man who was speaking. "Yes, sir," she said automatically, and dialled the White House—a jolly roadhouse near Grantham.

Extraordinary comedy ensued as "Bomber" Harris asked for Portal, and the landlord, testy at being hauled out of bed, insisted he had nobody of that name on the premises. Harris went red; there

The morning after the Moehne Dam raid, water still gushes from the great breach



were explosive exchanges. Eventually someone slipped along to the switchboard and had a word with the WAAF, who tried in terror for the next hour to raise Washington, but without success.

About two miles down the valley from the Moehne dam lay the sleeping village of Himmelpforten, which means Gates of Heaven. The bombing had wakened the local priest, Father Berkenkopf, and he guessed instantly what was happening; he had long been afraid of it. He ran to his small stone church. Porta Coeli (Latin for "Gate of Heaven") and began tugging grimly on the bell rope, the signal he had arranged with his villagers. He was pulling at the bell when the thundering flood crushed church and village and rolled them down the valley.

It went for many miles and took more villages: a tumbling maelstrom of water and splintered houses, beds and frying pans, the church chalice and bell, the bodies of cattle and horses, pigs and dogs, the bodies of Father Berkenkopf and other humans.

JOE McCarthy, the sole survivor of the second formation, fought his way through to the Sorpe. The lake has a hill at each end, which meant he had to dive steeply find his aiming point quickly and pull up in a hurry. On his third which all plunging through mist which all



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READER'S DIGEST

but obscured the dam, he nearly hit the water before levelling out very low. His bomb aimer yelled, "Bomb gone!" and they were climbing over the far hill when the bomb exploded by the dam wall. The crest of the dam was destroyed for 50 yards. They turned for England.

Joe Brown of the reserve force, in F for Freddy, reached the Sorpe after McCarthy had left. The mist was swirling thicker and he made eight unsuccessful runs. On the ninth he dropped a cluster of incendiaries in woods beside the dam. The trees caught fire and burned dazzlingly, so that on the tenth run

Brown and his bomb aimer knew exactly where the target was and dropped their load accurately.

Of the other four reserve Lancasters, S for Sugar was directed to the Sorpe but did not answer. Her pilot and crew were dead. Y for Yorker got there, only to find the valley completely hidden under mist; the plane turned back. O for Orange reached one of the secondary dams, the Ennerpe. He made three runs before he could drop his bomb. It was accurate. C for Charlie acknowledged "Message received" when ordered to the Lister but that was the last ever heard of him.

The Eder was hard to find

An aerial view of the Moehne Dam as it looked before the raid and, right, the next day. The dam has been breached and the power station below is completely engulfed by the flood



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because of fog filling the valley. There was no flak; probably the Germans thought the Eder didn't need such protection. It lay deep in the hills and was no place to dive heavy aircraft at night.

Gibson said to Shannon, "O.K.,

Dave. Start your attack."

At his first attempt Shannon overshot and only just cleared the mountain on the far side. "Sorry," he said breathlessly. "I'll try again."

Five times more he dived into the valley but failed every time to get into position and nearly stood the Lancaster on her tail to get out of the hills again.

Gibson said, "Hallo, Z for Zebra. You have a go."

A minute later the purposeful Henry Maudslay, an ex-Etonian, was diving down the contour of the hills, only to overshoot and go rocketing up again like Shannon. He tried again but the same thing happened. The third time they saw him level out; then he was tracking for the dam.

His red Very light curled up as the bomb aimer called, "Bomb gone!" but they must have been going too fast. The bomb hit the parapet of the dam and blew up with a tremendous flash. In the glare they saw Z for Zebra for a moment just above the explosion. Then only blackness.

Gibson said painfully, knowing it was useless: "Z for Zebra. Are you all right?"

There was no answer. He called

again and, incredibly, a faint voice said, "I think so..." They all heard it, Gibson, Shannon and Knight, and wondered that it was possible. Maudslay never came back.

Gibson called, "Dave will you

attack now?"

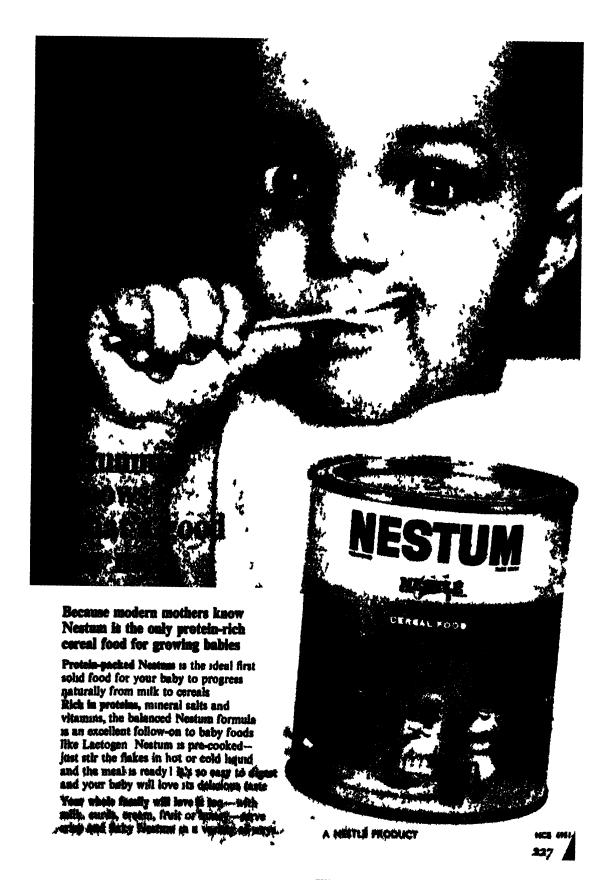
Shannon tried and missed again; came round once more, dived into the darkness and made it. Under the parapet the bomb spewed up a plume of white water. But the dam stayed intact.

Only Knight, a quiet young Australian, was left. He had the last bomb. Knight tried once but couldn't make it. He tried again; a perfect run. They saw the splash as his bomb dropped. Seconds later the water erupted and as Gibson slanted down to have a look, the wall of the dam burst open. Out crashed the torrent.

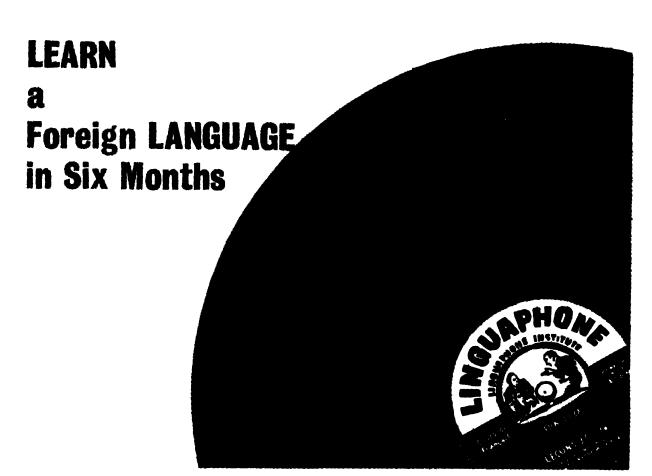
Knight, more excited than he had ever been, was yelling over the R/T. This was even more fantastic than the Moehne. The Eder valley was steeper. The water must have been rolling at 30 feet a second. They saw a car in front racing to get clear; only the lights they saw, like two frightened eyes spearing the dark, and the car was not fast enough. The foam crawled up on it, the headlights turned opalescent green as the water rolled over, and suddenly they flicked out.

Gibson called, "O.K., all gircraft.
You've had your look. Let's go,
home."

directions prove of them







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Sombley

dodged the flak on their way back; lucky this, because dawn was coming. Already the sky was paler in the east. To shake off enemy fighters Gibson dropped G for George till he was scraping the fields and could see cattle running in panic.

It was over Holland that he called Dinghy Young. There was no answer. Flak had hit Young as he crossed the coast and he had

ditched—once too often.

The Reckoning

ELEVEN of the 19 were now returning at their maximum cruising speed of nearly 250 m.p.h., not worrying about petrol, only about getting home. To meet the survivors, Harris drove Cochrane and Wallis to Scampton. While waiting, Harris at last got through to Washington and told Portal the great news.

Maltby was first back, arriving in the dawn to find that the station had been waiting up since dusk. One by one they landed. Gibson, his hair pressed flat from eight hours under his helmet, declared, "It was

wizard!"

They had bacon and eggs and stood round the bar with pints. An hour after the last bomber had landed Wallis asked anxiously, "Where are they? Where are all the others?"

Mutt Summers assured him, "They'll be along. Give 'em time. ...
They've probably landed some where else."

But after a while it was impossible to cover up any longer, and Wallis knew they were standing round getting drunk for the ones who were not coming back. Except himself; he didn't drink. Martin made him take half a pint but he merely held it and stood there blinking back tears, saying, "If I'd only known, I'd never have started this . . ."

Gibson left early, but not to sleep. He went and helped Chiefy Powell with the casualty telegrams to the next of kin. Only three men had managed to get out by parachute to spend the rest of the war in prison camp.

Next morning 617 Squadron went on leave, three days for the ground crew and seven days for the aircrew survivors—except Gıbson, who stayed on for two days to write to the mothers of the dead. He refused to send out the usual typed letter but wrote them all in his own hand, different ones each time, 56 of them.

A reconnaissance Mosquito arrived back with the first pictures of the damage and they were breathtaking. The Moehne and Eder lakes were empty, their 330 million tons of water spreading like a cancer through the western Ruhr valleys, the bones of towns and villages ashowing lifeless in the wilderness.

The Ruhr, which had been enduring its ordeal by fire, was having it now by water. For 50 miles from the Mochne and 50 miles from the Eder coal mines were flooded and factories had collapsed. At Fritzlar, one of Hitler's largest military aerodromes was under water. Roads, railways and bridges had disappeared. The Unterneustadt industrial suburb of Kassel, 40 miles from the Eder, was inundated. Canal banks were washed away, power stations had vanished and the Ruhr foundries were without water for making steel. The Germans in their official report on this "dark picture of destruction," as they called it, estimated that they had lost the equivalent of 100,000 men's output for several months.

A moral price had to be paid; 1,294 people were drowned in the floods, and most were civilians. A Russian POW camp had been in the

valley below the Eder.

The Germans repaired the dams and diverted hundreds of soldiers with flak guns to guard all dams in Germany. High across the Moehne lake, 2,000 yards back from the dam wall, they strung a cable. From this, other cables dangled to the water, and lashed to them were contact grenades to catch low-flying aircraft.

Oberburgermeister Dillgardt was vindicated. Too late.

Celebrities

GIBSON spent his leave quietly with his wife, Eve. All the time he had been at 617 he had told her he was resting at a training school, so she had a shock when she opened the papers and saw Guy's name and photographs splashed over the at pages.



May 27, 1943. King George VI at Scampton with Air Vice-Marshal Ralph Cochrane (left) and the victorious Guy Gibson (centre)

The others of 617 Squadron found themselves celebrities, too. Australian Air Force Headquarters wrote to Micky Martin requesting a souvenir of the dams raid for a war museum. Martin, irreverent where headquarters were concerned, replied:

Sir,

I am very interested in your rouseum and am sending you, enclosed, the Mochne dam.

Yours faithfully.

Under his signature his forward gunner, a fellow-Australian, scrawled in red ink: "Opened by censors and contents confiscated."

Then the decorations thinks through—33 of them. Gibeen was

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awarded the Victoria Cross. Martin, McCarthy, Maltby, Shannon and Knight got DSOs. Four got bars to their DFC's. There were ten DFC's, two Conspicuous Gallantry medals and 12 DFM's.

On May 27, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth visited the newly famous squadron. The crews, in freshly pressed uniforms, stood in front of their aircraft to be presented. Gibson had organized a competition for a squadron badge design, and after the parade he asked the King to choose one of the roughs. The King called the Queen. Together they picked a drawing of a dam breached in the middle with water flowing out and bolts of lightning above.

Underneath, borrowed from Madame de Pompadour, ran the motto:

"Après nous le déluge."

Epilogue

Not until after the war were those mysterious dark shapes on top of the Moehne, spotted by reconnaisance aircraft, finally explained. They were trees fixed there by the Germans to camouflage extra guns.

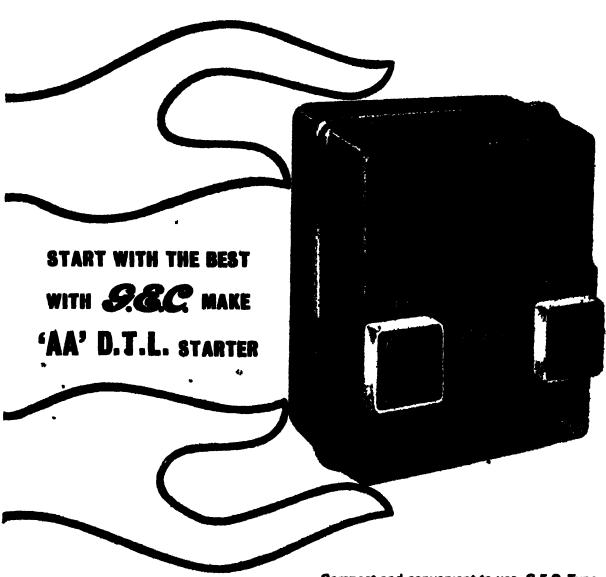
for Squadron still flies. Little is left of the old days, though, except the spirit and the number. Seven months after the dam bustess' raid. David Maltby and Les Knight were dead. So were Spain Spafford and the rest of Gibson's crew; they were builted while assigned to another the Gibson had been taken of forms, and the worried his scales.

letting him return to operations. In the summer of 1944 he was shot down by anti-aircraft fire and his Mosquito crashed on to a low hill in Holland. His grave is meticulously cared for the Dutch.

Joe McCarthy, Dave Shannon, Joe Brown, Les Munro, Geoff Rice and Micky Martin survived the war. Martin, who distinguished himself as a night-fighter pilot, broke the London Cape Town return record in a Mosquito. Today he commands 38 Group of the RAF.

At Weybridge, Wallis is the white-haired patriarch, now 80, an old-fashioned doyen with new-fangled vision browsing over the same drawing-board. When a Royal Commission awarded him £10,000 for his wartime work he would not touch the money for himself. Instead it was used to create a foundation at his old school, Christ's Hospital, for educating the children of men who died on RAF service.

The Mochne dam has been repaired and once again the lake is a haven for small boats and swans. The valley below, scoured as if by a giant rake, has healed. As far as far is miles away the surviving vallegers of Himmelpforten found their church's crucific and sume of the stones. Round the present church's alter is a Latin inaccipcion, restrained and unmalicious: The treckings of the church of Filts of the church of Filts of the church of Filts.



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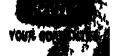


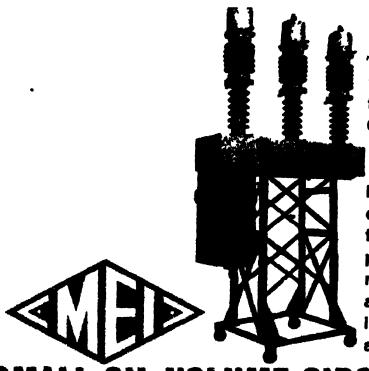
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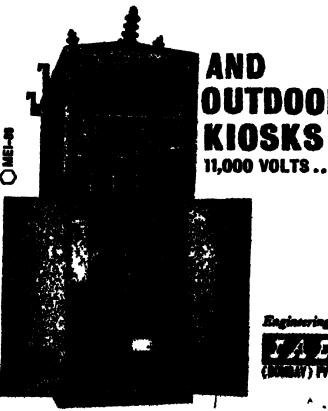
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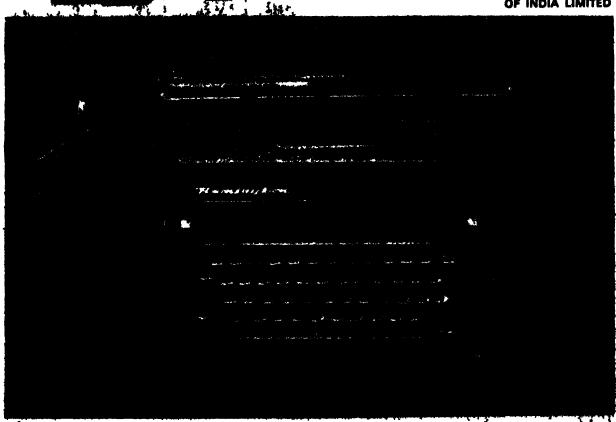
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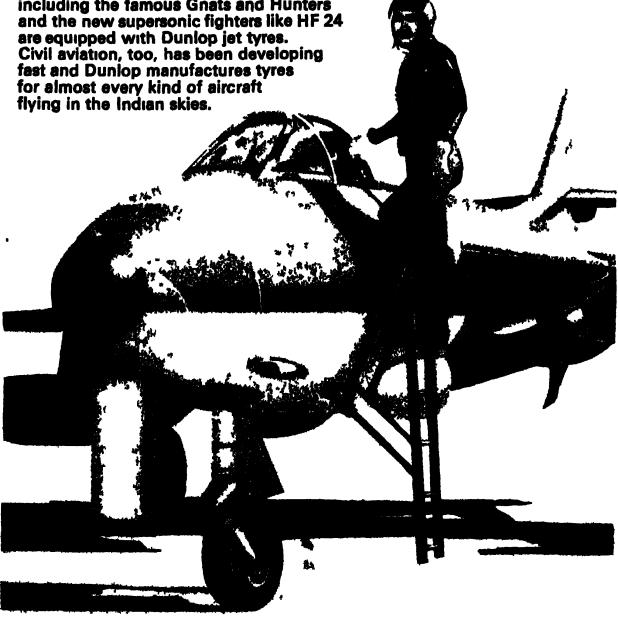
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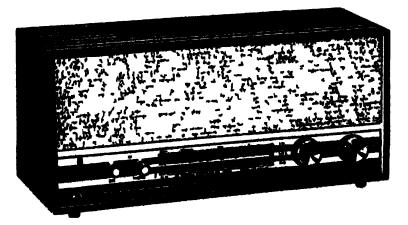
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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By PETER FUNK

Improving your vocabulary is child's play. Start with the list below, and tick the word or phrase you believe is nearest in meaning to the key word. Answers are on the next page.



- (1) perennial (pë rën' i al)—A: persistent. B: early. C: infrequent. D: dècurring every two years.
- (2) apropos (ăp ro pō')—A: possible. B: near by. C: pertinent. D: stylish.
- (3) omnipotent (ŏm nǐp' ŏ tent)—A: all-powerful. B: wise. C: clustered. D: effective.
- (4) plausible (plaw' zi b'l)—A: undisputed. B: satisfactory. C: misleading. D: believable.
- (5) query (kweer' ē)—A: to search for. B: question. C: scrutinize. D: suspect.
- (6) pilfer—A: to beg. B: loiter. C: trifle. D: steal.
- (7) misnomer (mis no mer)—A: wrong name. B: blunder. C: incorrect address. D: contretemps.
- (8) aggregate (ag' rĕ găt)—A: mixture. B: average. C: total. D: increase.
- (9) penache (pă nash')—A: wig. B: plume. C: cure-ali. D: hodge-podge.
- (10) rapier (ray' pi er)—A: sexual offender. B: surgical knife. C: grain cutter.

 Di sword.

- (11) negate (në gate')—A: to blacken, B: discriminate. C: nullify. D: shame.
- (12) xenophobia (zen o fo' bia)—A: concern for health. B: fear of strangers. C: rigidity. D: zealousness.
- (13) ordinance—A: donation. B: agenda. C: authoritative direction. D: military weapons.
- (14) virtuosity (vir tue ŏs' I tē)—A: skill. B: tension. C: effort. D: morality.
- (15) hostage—A: inn. B: person held as a pledge. C: multitude. D: prisoner of war.
- (16) couplet (kup' let)—A: musical composition. B: close-fitting jacket. C: unit of verse. D: linking device.
- (17) coincidence (kō in' si dens)—A: trick. B: equality. C: probability. D: concurrence.
- (18) tutelage (tue të lij)—A: indulgence. B: guidance. C: duty. D: weakness.
- (19) connotation (kon o tay' shun)—A: ., implication. B: knowledge. C: proof. D: description.
 - (20) invariable (in vair' i s b'i)—A: stubborn. B: usual. C: changeable. D: constant.

(Now turn to the most jungs)

Answers to

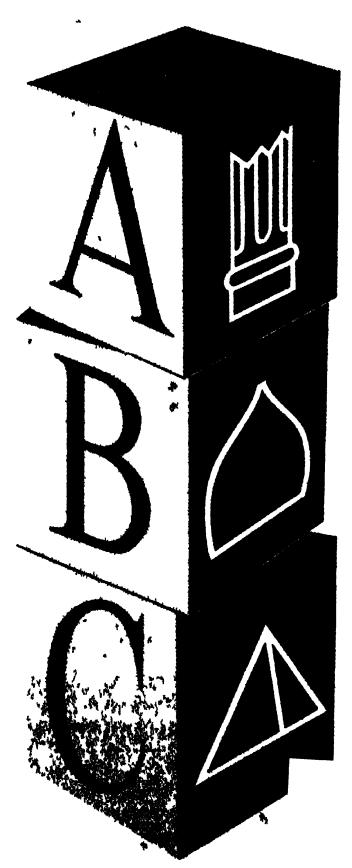
It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

- (1) perennial—A: Persistent; enduring; recurring regularly; as, perennial good humour. Latin per, "through," and annus, "year."
- (2) apropos—C: Pertinent; suited to the occasion; apt; as, an apropos remark; also, concerning; with respect to; as, apropos your suggestion. French a propos, "to the purpose."
- (3) omnipotent—A: All-powerful; having unlimited authority or force; as, an omnipotent ruler. Latin omnipotens.
- (4) plausible—D: Believable at the moment; superficially fair, reasonable and credible; as, a *plausible* argument. Latin *plaudere*, "to applaud."
- (5) query—B: To question; enquire into; as, to query a decision.
- (6) pilfer—D: To steal in small amounts. Middle French pelfrer, "to rob."
- (7) misnomer—A: Wrong name; mistake in designation of an object or a person. Old French mesnommer, "to misname."
- (8) aggregate—C: Sum total; as, the aggregate of human knowledge. Latin aggregate, "to herd together."
- (9) panache—B: Ornamental plume on a helmet; also, heroic flourish, swagger, verve. Old Italian pamacchie, "plume of feathers."
- (10) ray D: Straight, thin two-edged used in duelling. French replies.

- (11) negate—C: To nullify; contradict; invalidate; as, to mean previous testimony. Latin means, "to deny."
- (12) xenophobia—B: Fear or hatred of strangers, foreigners, or unfamiliar things. Greek xenos, "stranger," and phobia, "fear."
- (13) ordinance—C: Authoritative direction; decree; regulation by municipal or other local body. Latin *ordinare*, "to put in order, arrange."
- (14) virtuosity—A: Expert skill or mastery of an art; as, a cellist renowned for his virtuosity. Latin virtuosus, "full of excellence."
- (15) hostage—B: Person held as a until specific conditions are met. French.
- (16) couplet—C: Unit of two successive lines of verse, usually rhymed and with the same measure. Middle French diminutive of sople, "pair."
- (17) coincidence—D: Concurrence; simultaneous occurrence of similar events without apparent connexion. Latin eo, "together," and incidere, "to happen."
- (18) tutelage—B: Guidance; instruction; also, guardianship; as, a boy under the tutelage of his uncle. Latin tutela, "protection, guardian."
- (19) connotation—A: Implication; suggested meaning of a word or phrase in addition to its explicit meaning; as, "motherhood" has a complation of love. Latin complatio, "marking in addition."
- (20) invariable—D: Constant; without variation; unfailing; sa, invariable honesty. Latin in-, "not," and variabilis, "changing."

Vocabulary Ratings

20-18	correct
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14-18	CORRECT



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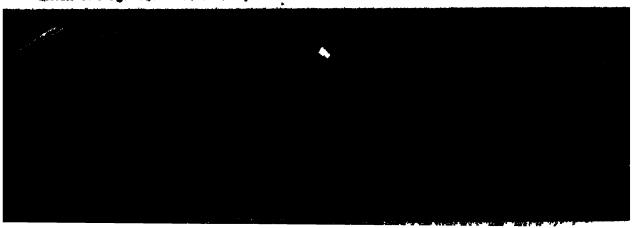
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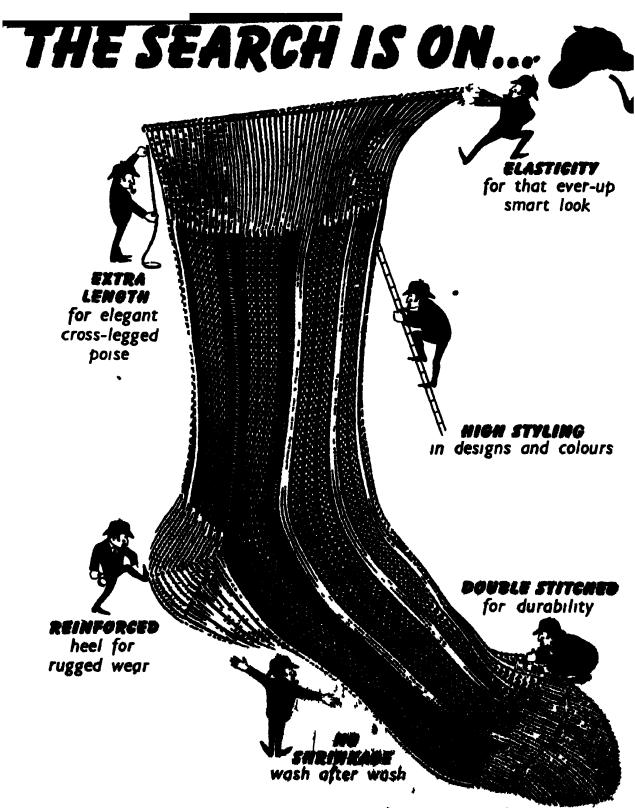
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ONE MORNING my husband shared a bus seat with a pretty young woman who was wearing a scent that struck him as particularly appealing. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but would you mind telling me the name of that perfume? I'd like to buy some for my wife."

After looking him up and down haughtily, she told him. Then, rising to leave the bus, she added, "I wouldn't buy it for her, if I were you. If you do, all kinds of strange men will try to talk to her."—W. Woods

My DAUGHTER's algebra teacher was setting homework. "Do the first ten problems on page 116"—pens jotted that down swiftly and silently—"and from 1 to 15 on the next page"—more jotting, with some audible sighs—"and ..." Here one young miss said, in a magnificent stage whisper, "My poor father!"

+-Mostgomery Browns

A man writing at a post-office desk shaken. She had just been to the docwas approached by an elderly follow a tor, she said, and had asked him if he who extend, "She could I get you to thought it would be a boy or a girl, while this descript for the?"

the main file to willingly and then

sign it. He then asked, "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

The old fellow thought a moment, then said, "Yes. Add this at the end: 'P.S. Please excuse the handwriting.'"

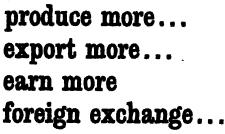
-A. B

We were shorthanded, and those of us who were running the machines couldn't leave our posts to answer the phone. We were forced to let it ring and ring. Suddenly, the door flew open and a corpulent book-keeper from the office four flights below burst in. He was furious, red-faced and panting. "Damnation," he yelled, "will someone answer that phone! That's me on the other end!"

-M. W. Tucker

During the time when the newspapers seemed to be full of reports of multiple births, my sister-in-law was undergoing her first pregnancy. She rang me one evening, apparently quite shaken. She had just been to the doctor, the said, and had asked him if he thought it would be a boy or a girl.

"You never can tell about these things," the doesor replied nonchalanting, "It's six of one, half a dozen of the



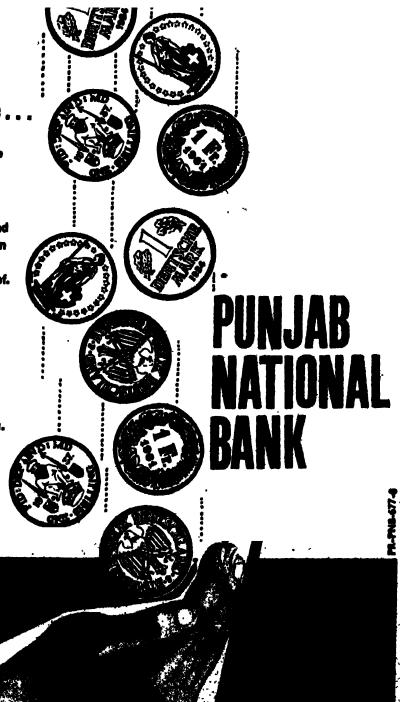
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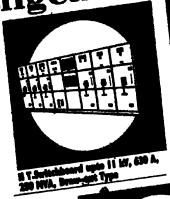
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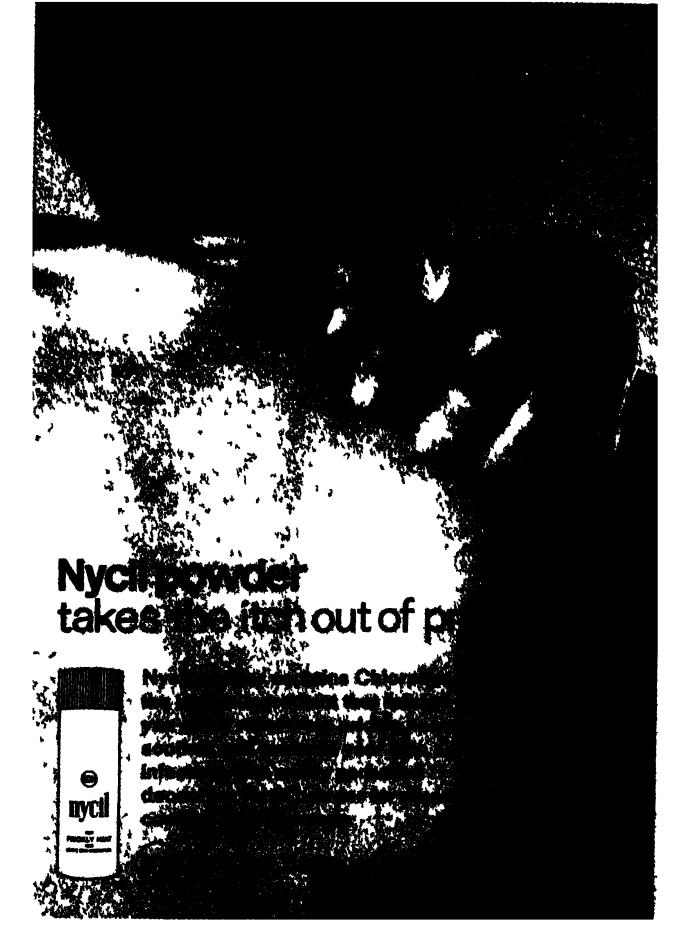












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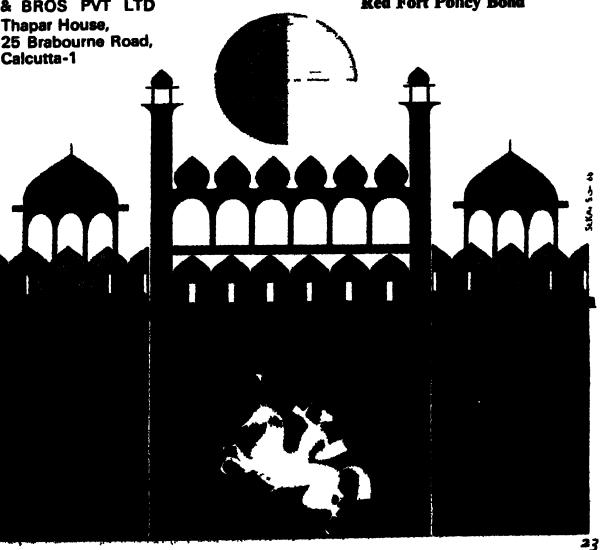
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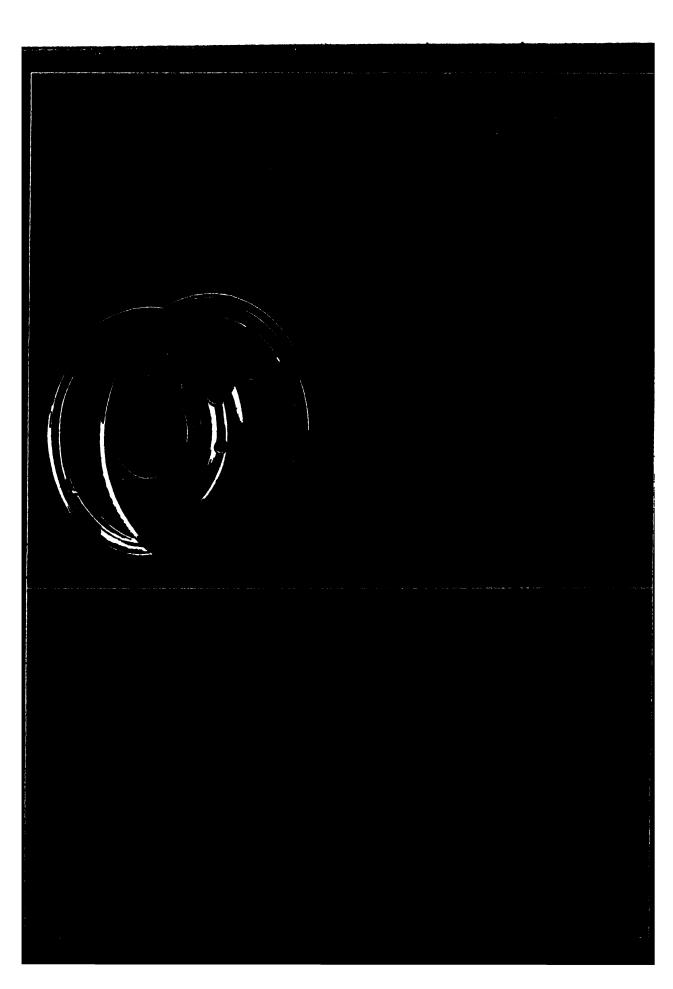
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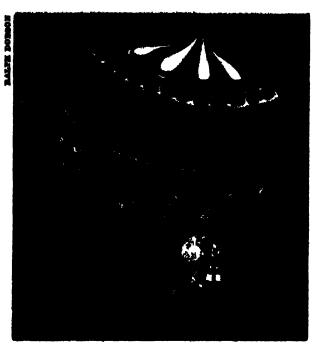
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Personal Glimpses

John Kenneth Galbraith, economist, author and former U.S. Ambassador to India, is, at six foot eight, an enormous figure who tends to dominate every group with a combination of size, intellect, humour and sheer gall. He revels in his height: "It greatly enlarges your options in life. You are twice as visible, and when people think of someone to write a paper or do a job, they are much more likely to remember you. I have gone through life with the comforting belief that everyease else is abnormally short." —D. H.

OPERA STAR Ezio Pinza conquered new worlds when he opened opposite Mazy Martin in the Broadway production of South Pacific.

Early in the record run of that show, Pinza dropped into a favourite restaurant and ordered his customary dinner about 12 courses, topped by three piaces of apple pie. The waiter looked at him in amazement. "What's the

matter with you?" demanded Pinza angrily. "I may be singing musical comedy these days—but I still eat grand opera!" —B. C.

THE Duke of Windsor was telling a group of admirers how to keep their wives happy. "Of course," he concluded with a smile. "I do have one slight edge over the rest of you. It helps in a pinch to be able to remind your bride that you gave up a throne for her."

—C. C.

Famous U.S. lawyer Clarence Darrow once told me of an occasion when he was asked to state for a magazine article the principal cause of his success. Most of the men the interviewer had questioned attributed their success to hard work. "Put me down for that, too," said Darrow. "I was brought up on a farm. One very hot day I was distributing and packing down the hay which a stacker was constantly dumping on top of me. By noon I was completely exhausted. That afternoon I left the farm, never to return, and I haven't. done a day of hard work since."

-Thurman Arnold, Fair Fights and Foul

AFTER one golf-tournament victory, Roberto De Vicenzo, last year's British Open champion, was approached by a woman with a tragic story about her daughter. It seemed the daughter had leukaemia, and the mother was asking for money. De Vicenzo gave it to her. Later, a friend came up to him angrily and said, "Roberto, what did you do that for? Her daughter hasn't got leukaemia!"

Roberto answered, "My friend, that is the best news I ever heard in my life!"

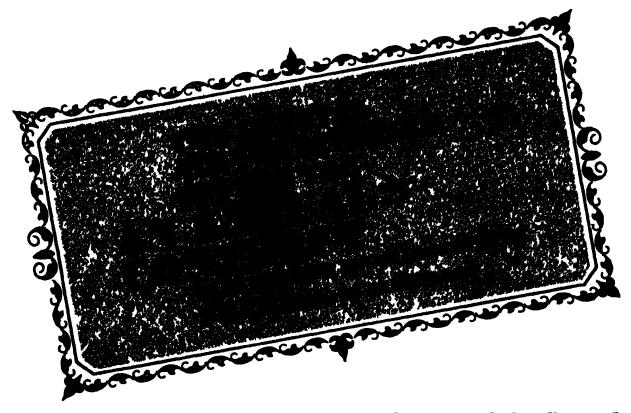
—J. M.



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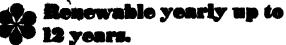
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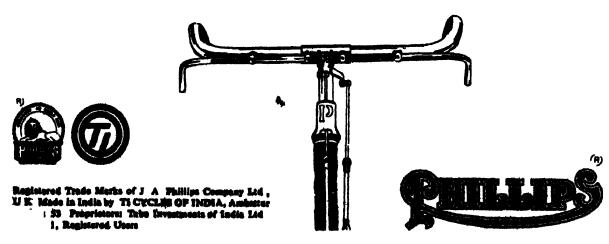


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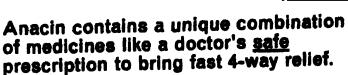
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She Lights India's Lamp of Learning

Welthy Fisher is convinced that education is the key to coping with her adopted country's overwhelming ills. So, at 88, she continues the crusade that has made her the world's "first lady of literacy"

By John Frazer and John Reddy

a rabble of raucous urchins, a jeep bounces into an Indian village and pulls up amid the colour and confusion of a bazaar. Here mynah birds chatter, cobras sway to the snake-charmer's flute, merchants hawk their wares. Oblivious to the hubbub, a handsome, energetic American woman in a stylish print dress climbs out of the jeep and sets up a small folding table and chair. Immediately, two Indian assistants

lift book-filled trunks from her jeep, and soon many of the villagers start drifting away from the stalls of the bazaar to ask Mrs. Welthy Fisher if they may borrow books from her unique mobile library. Others stand by watching wistfully. They are literate—and there are millions like them in India.

Welthy Fisher is an American widow who, for the past 15 years, has devoted herself to fighting illiteracy in India. Since 1953, thousands

of Indians—from brilliant Doctors of Philosophy to illiterate boys and girls—have completed the courses she initiated, then gone out to India's mud-walled villages to show others how they can better their lives.

Great Stamina. By the statistics on life expectancy, Welthy Fisher should have been pruning rose bushes when she began her crusade—at 73. But, though she is now 88, her energy is unflagging. "If I do say so myself," she tells you, "I'm a bit of a hustler." Her hustle has, in fact, made her the world's "first lady of literacy."

Welthy Fisher has been doing the unusual all her life. Born Welthy Honsinger, she was the youngest of nine children of a New York ironfoundry owner. She had planned a career in opera after graduating from Syracuse University and studying music in New York and Paris. However, while teaching at school to support her operatic studies, she happened to attend a Methodist meeting at New York's Carnegie Hall—and that meeting changed her life."It seemed as if the missionary was speaking straight at me," she recalls.

Less than a year later, somewhat to her astonishment, she found herself, at 26, headmistress of the Methodist Bao Lin School for Young Chinese Ladies at Nanchang, 600 miles up the Yangtze River. Only a few months before, in the aftermath of the Boxer Rebellion, British

missionaries had been murdered at Nanchang.

Nevertheless, Miss Honsinger energetically set about her job of conducting the only girls' school in the province. She learned to speak Mandarin and adopted Chinese customs. She also modernized the school, adding high-school science and music courses.

Through a Cholera epidemic and constant political turmoil, the school flourished. Its graduates went to university—some as far away as America. Then, one freezing night, fire broke out. Although not a life was lost, the school and everything in it were destroyed. "We cried and prayed and then began to plan," Mrs. Fisher remembers. And soon she was on her way back to the United States to seek money to rebuild the school. She made 600 speeches in 15 months, raised the required money and saw her school rebuilt. Then, with her country entering the First World War, Welthy decided that her work in China was finished.

A Fresh Start. After wartime service in France, she married Dr. Frederick Bohn Fisher, the Methodist Bishop of India and Burma, whom she had met on her Bao Lin fund-raising tour. The Fishers lived a busy and rewarding life in India, where they became close friends of Gandhi.

But after Dr. Fisher died in 1938, Welthy began groping to find a new purpose. She wrote two books and lectured throughout the United States on international understanding. Gradually, however, her thoughts turned to India. She remembered what Gandhi had told her just six weeks before he was assassinated: "When you come back to India, go to the villages and help them. India is the village."

Gandhi's words filled her with a sense of urgency. "My first reaction was that I was probably too old to help," she recalls. "Yet the more I thought about it, the more I felt I might be useful." In 1952, she returned to India to see what she might do.

Bad Conditions. The problems were appalling. India was over-populated and periodically stricken by drought and famine. Out of more than 360 million Indians, 82 per cent were illiterate. Education, was the key to coping with India's overwhelming ills. But where was she to begin?

Her question was answered by an unexpected telegram from the Allahabad Agricultural Institute. The Institute was starting an experiment aimed at introducing child care, sanitation and modern farming in all of India's 550,000 villages. Would Mrs. Fisher help launch a literacy training programme?

She was delighted. Here was the opportunity to employ her formidable energies and experience as Gandhi had hoped. She designed a tin trunk that could hold 50 books and be carried on a bicycle. Then she

and her Allahabad class of 43 university graduates made up literacy kits consisting of blackboard, chalk, slates, primers, first readers and—since most Indian villages have no electricity—a kerosene lamp. With such a kit, one teacher could teach 25 villagers at a time.

At the outset, the main problem was indifference. Many of the villagers, sunk in centuries of ignorand superstition, resisted change, suspicious of the strange American who bounced up in a jeep to tell them in fluent Hindi of the importance of being able to read and write. To convince them, Mrs. Fisher used a practical approach. "Do you know why the moneylender cheats you?" she would say. "Because you cannot do sums. We can show you the moneylender's own system. Would you like to know what Nehru did today? Let us teach you to read, and you will know."

Gradually, apathy diminished, and Mrs. Fisher's teachers came to be warmly welcomed as they pedalled into a village to start classes. One day Mrs. Fisher watched one of her star teachers showing a gaunt old man how to write his name. With chalk and slate, the man laboriously copied out the word 'Rama." Then he pointed to it with a flourish. "That's me!" he exclaimed. "Once I was nobody. Now I am somebody!"

In 1956, Mrs. Fisher moved her headquarters from Allahabad to

Lucknow, a picturesque old city of 700,000 and the capital of India's most populous state. Called Literacy Village, the headquarters complex has become a bustling educational plant with offices, classrooms, hostels for 100 students and living quarters for a staff of 50. In addition to private donations, financial support has come from the Ford and Phillips foundations, the Committee for American Relief Everywhere and the U.S. Government. Classes at Literacy Village range from a highlevel, two-to-four-week course on the special problems of teaching illiterates to a two-year course for less-educated trainees who require further education before they themselves can teach.

Not far from Literacy Village is a typical Indian hamlet, Munshi Khera. Here about 500 people live, the men mostly farmers or workers in Lucknow's clangorous railway shops. Water buffalo stand under riffling neem trees; a dhoti-clad farmer puffs on a hookah; children play tag around a bullock cart. Life goes on as it has for centuries.

Diligent Pupils. Yet, not quite. For in Munshi Khera 15 young women gather for two hours in the afternoon to study Hindi and arithmetic. "Anand and his neighbour planted a neem tree," the teacher from Literacy Village dictates. Neatly, on black slates, 15 markers write out the sentence. "This is an elephant," the teacher says. Again the class records the

words. And thus a new world is slowly opening for these women.

At night it is the men's turn, and this time the "classroom" is a back yard lit by a single, unshaded electric light. Sitting cross-legged, or kneeling on strips of homespun cloth laid on the hard earth, are 25 males aged 14 to 45. All day they have worked as house servants, lathemen or fishmongers. Now, for three hours, they intently copy sentences chalked on a portable blackboard, ignoring the stifling heat. Two years before, scarcely a man here could even print the letters of his name. Now all can read, write and figure.

Success Story. Thousands of Literacy Village graduates have scattered out over north India, from hill villages brushed with apricot blossoms to dusty farmlands scoured by drought to dreary city tenements. Some go as primary-school teachers and also to organize night-school classes for adults. Others pedal out on their bicycles with books for the newly literate. One trainee stayed for three years in one village, saw that roads and latrines were built, and persuaded a contractor to donate cement, lime and sand for a community hall. "We don't want only to educate the villagers," Mrs. Fisher says. "We want them to put that education to work at bettering their lives."

Literacy Village has inspired educators in developing nations around the world. Groups have come from Nepal, Iran, Iraq, Sarawak, Afghanistan, Uganda, the Philippines and Mali to study its methods. When the Dalai Lama and his followers were driven out of Tibet by the Chinese, Literacy Village was asked to train four well-educated Tibetans in the techniques of literacy education. After a four-week course at Lucknow, the Tibetans began classes for the refugees. More than 500 of these adults have now learned Hindi and other subjects, and scores of these have gone on to Literacy Village for teacher training.

When Mrs. Fisher was awarded the Ramón Magsaysay Award by the Philippines in 1964 for her "unstinting commitment to the cause of literacy" in Asia, she used the 10,000-dollars (about Rs. 75,000) prize money to start a Young Farmers' Institute on 75 acres of land 13 miles from Literacy Village. Here young men are taught modern scientific farming as well as reading, writing and arithmetic. Grizzled village chiefs watch in wonder as the students work with seed sowers and chemical fertilizers after mornings in the classroom. "India's recent crop failures have made the Institute work all the more urgent," Mrs. Fisher says, and she hopes to expand it as funds become available.

Another innovation is Mrs. Fisher's puppet theatre, which draws enthusiastic crowds wherever it plays. For centuries, Indian puppets have

acted out stories of princes and gods. Mrs. Fisher asked American puppeteers Bil and Cora Baird to re-train puppeteers to tell stories illustrating such points as the necessity of being inoculated against cholera, and the folly of a father's going into debt to give his daughter an elaborate wedding.

In another show based on a true story, a woman receives a telegram. Unable to read, she assumes that the telegram says her son is dead. She goes into mourning and weeps for days. Then a friend who can read comes and reads the telegram aloud. The son is alive, all right: he is announcing that he has just made his mother a grandmother. The audience howls with glee—and even if its members cannot read or write, they get the point.

"We are in touch with 150 villages a week through our teachers, our newspaper, our mobile libraries and our puppet shows," Mrs. Fisher says. "Yet there are more than 550,000 villages in India. We have educated two million illiterates, but there are many millions more. Each step forward shows how long the

road is."

However long the road, Welthy Fisher still toils unceasingly and cheerfully, proud of what has been accomplished and certain that her work will continue. "I've learnt more than I've taught," she says, "and gained more than I've given."

The Threat of Insurrection in America

CONDENSED FROM U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT

Richard Sanger, a recognized authority on political violence, gives this expert appraisal of a serious situation. He lived in Russia in the 1930's and attended a series of lectures on how to foment revolution. Returning to the United States, he lectured on the dangers of communism; then, during 25 years in the U.S. Foreign Service, he observed insurgencies and revolts in a number of countries at first hand

Mr. Sanger, the way things have been going in the United States, could it be that an open insurrection against the government is developing?

A. Yes, it is quite possible. I observed the course of half a dozen insurgencies and revolts overseas—in Algeria, Jordan, Kenya, Cuba, Angola and the Congo—and I'm disturbed to note the similarities to the situation now in the United States. The evidence is that the country is in a transition: passing from mere nuisance demonstrations

over civil rights and Vietnam to something much more violent and dangerous. Perhaps many Americans have been living in a fool's paradise, thinking that "it can't happen here." There is growing evidence to the contrary.

Q. You see a clearly discernible pattern?

A. Definitely. Political violence starts with a grievance, a frustration to which one or more new factors may be added. Without question, some of the patterns which have led to insurrections elsewhere are being repeated here. Though some of the

grievances played up are phoney, there are genuine ones: for instance, an apparent gap in communications between the ruling group and the discontented.

I notice other ingredients. Leaders, for example, are now rising to mobilize the discontented. Also in the classic pattern are the efforts by the aggrieved to get action first through peaceful delegations, then through quiet demonstrations, and then through nuisance demonstrations—the sit-ins, pray-ins, lie-downs, and so on. These movements escalate rapidly. Extremists will encourage such escalation.

Q. What should we expect, if the pattern runs true to form?

A. I wouldn't be surprised this summer to see a dramatic and perhaps widespread extension of the burning and looting we saw in Detroit and Watts. I think we've about seen the end of what I call "Gandhi's notebook," the kind of non-violent movement which goes no further than the nuisance demonstration. Then you start getting a taste of "Stalin's notebook"—something much more explosive and violent.

Consider what happened in Washington last October at the mass anti-war demonstration. Just as the peaceful and legitimate demonstrators reached the Pentagon, stopped and were ready to go home, the extremists took over and forced the issue, purposely producing damage, injuries and arrests.

Q. Where could the escalation go from there?

A. The sequence is this. Peaceful demonstrations lead to nuisance demonstrations, which lead to scattered violence. If that doesn't bring results, the next step usually takes the form of underground activities—material terror, the smashing of windows, the burning of cars. After that comes explosive terror, where picked and trained elements in the mobs begin to use guns and bombs. Personal terror and assassination fit into this stage.

Finally, this all builds up to general terror—the sort of violence that was so messy and effective in Algeria—rebels putting bombs in suitcases and leaving them in buses and cinemas, or on aircraft.

Q. Who is exploiting the unrest? Communists?

A. Some are communists, but they are in the minority. There are several grievances simmering all at once—the Vietnam war, discrimination and living conditions in the big cities, young people irritated by the normal gap between the generations.

Vietnam is being exploited by pacifist elements that don't believe in war at all; by isolationist elements that don't think the United States should be involved in a war so far from home; and then certainly by some radicals and real communists who want to make us drop out of the war.

The overwhelming majority in

both the anti-war and the racial movements are sincere Americans; but in both groups there are the two or three per cent who are out to weaken America, to tear it apart.

Q. Who controlled that Pentagon demonstration?

A. Of about 50,000 marchers, I would say 40,000 were pacifists and other anti-war people. Then there were about 9,500 "hippies," "flower children," "beatniks," and so on. A small corps—probably 200 in all—were the activists, whom you could spot when they moved in.

At times they surrounded their speakers to protect them. At other times they formed cordons or linked arms to clear the way. They were mostly 20 to 35 years old. It was they who were giving the directions.

Q. Who were these activists?

A. In general, they were leftists, extremists or actual communists. Legitimate pacifist organizations paid for much of the October display. But a lot of cash for such a peace demonstration reportedly comes from Russia, from China or from North Vietnam, which is most directly concerned.

I believe this disturbance was opportunistic, aimed at showing the rest of the world we were falling apart, more than at seizing the Pentagon. The march on the Pentagon, incidentally, revealed how the activists have mastered another of the techniques of insurrection—breaking images.

Q. What do you mean by that?

A. Picturing the police as brutal, soldiers as bloodthirsty louts with bayonets, and the government as heartless seekers after power. This technique of making police look like Cossacks is an old Bolshevik gambit. For instance, the activists are told to go and sit, perhaps to pray, outside a cathedral or on the pavement in front of the Lincoln Memorial or other famous monument, wherever they know the police will have to clear them away. When the police move in, they go limp and have to be dragged along. And when they are put in the police wagon, they struggle and fight for the benefit of the press and the cameramen.

What emerges is a story of an 18year-old boy or girl struggling and being beaten over the head. If he is injured, that's fine; he must make certain that the press sees how badly he's hurt.

The riot leaders often distribute little plastic bags of red liquid which you can burst on your head so that "blood" comes dripping down. And they're now beginning to give the girls easily torn paper dresses.

This sort of character assassination—showing that right in the capital of the United States there is military brutality—is a standard technique. It's been used all over the world. It's very effective, particularly with those who do not know America. This sort of thing, incidentally, was taught in the school

in Russia when I was there in 1934.

Q. Are many students involved in this sort of violence?

A. Many may turn out for the excitement, but only a very small proportion are involved in the planning and staging of such riots. Yet all you need is the hard core, the commandos at the centre, to do the job.

To the communists, a mob has three sections. First come the minutemen—people you can get into the streets fast. The second element is the street fillers—the large numbers. In themselves, these groups do no more than just mill around. Then come the action groups, who give direction to the mob. They are easy to spot, and once you do, you know you're dealing with professionals.

Q. What can be done to break the pattern of growing insurgency in the United States?

A. Two things. One is to get at the roots of the problem. Where there are genuine racial grievances, go out and correct them. If there is a need for jobs, for better housing and better schools, raise the money and pay the price of removing the grievance.

The other half—equally important—is to make certain that law and order are maintained, even if its means taking drastic measures.

The faster you stop organized violence in the streets, the better for all concerned. There will be shouts of police brutality—one must expect that. But if you move in fast and do the job properly, the reckless elements will see that their strategy doesn't pay.

It's better to shoot one lawbreaker than to have the situation get out of hand, reaching a point where eventually hundreds may be killed. Successful insurgency or revolt is habit-forming. If rioters can get away with it in one place, they will reason that they can get away with it in ten more.

Q. Why hasn't there been a harder crackdown on lawbreakers?

A. Perhaps some of our authorities are losing the courage to stick their necks out. This is in the classic pattern, a sign of social disintegration. The enforcement of discipline by the government requires responsibility—willingness to take the rap. Law-enforcers have been paralysed through fear of being associated with "police brutality."

What we are witnessing in some parts of the United States is the effectiveness of image-breaking, of character assassination by the radical left.

If policemen won't act, if judges won't meet their responsibilities, if politicians are not willing to enact the required laws, you end up with an abdication of the will to govern—and that is one of the most serious aspects of this entire matter.

Q. If chaos comes, is the average American going to stand for what would amount to open insurrection?

A. No, I don't think he will. I

READER'S DIGEST

think this would generate a violent reaction that might result in extensive use of troops. Of course, the communists would love that. It would be terrific propaganda for them.

- Q. Do the extremists believe they can bring off a revolution in the United States, as the Bolsheviks did in Russia?
- A. No, the real communists know they cannot take over the United States. Their intention would be to create violence, shut down power plants, tamper with city water supplies, set petrol stations on fire,

block traffic, sound false fire alarms, bring on general chaos. As they see it: revolution no, insurrection yes.

The communists think insurrection is possible because a number of negroes in America are convinced that they cannot change government policy except by violence. They have gone through "Gandhi's notebook" without, they feel, getting significant results.

Unless the government acts and convinces them that it means business, I think the extremists among them are ready to open "Stalin's notebook."

Cartoon Quips

Wife to husband on the way to Parent-Teacher Association meeting: "Certainly I'm going to ask a question. Why do you think I had my hair done?"

—M. B.

RED INDIAN to Red Indian as sailing ship appears on horizon: "Well, if we can't beat 'em, we can always get 'em hooked on tobacco." —M. S.

Typist, referring to office girl-watchers: "Sometimes I feel like a piece of cheese in the office rat race."

Suburban wife to commuting husband: "Have a good day, dear, and try not to breathe too much in the city."

—R. K.

MIDDLE-AGED woman, at foreign film, to friend: "I have an idea that those sub-titles don't tell the whole story."

—B: B.

TEENAGER trying on new suit: "May I return it if my parents like it?"

—F. H. B.

Official of market-research organization: "I knew it would happen sooner or later—the latest figures show 100 per cent undecided or don't-know."

—M. B.

A Grandfather's Guide to Baby-Snatching

By FLOYD MILLER

Wrinkles for facing the facts of life—at 55

Some PEOPLE seem to think it's easy to be a grandfather. Well, perhaps so, but I found a surprising variety of pitfalls surrounding the job. Since I've been a grandfather for three months now, I feel it my duty to give some advice and guidance to men approaching this honourable estate.

Face up to the facts of life. When my son and daughter-in-law announced the approaching event, my wife and I were thrilled, of course, and the four of us had a big celebration. But later a reaction set in. "Why, you're too young to be a grandfather," I said to myself.

This was obviously untrue—I was 55. "Well, you don't look old enough," I said. This was even more ridiculous.

The truth is, the march of time is beyond our power to alter. So, accept and enjoy it.

Don't lose your composure. My wife has an infallible technique for spreading news. She telephones certain girl friends, pledges them to secrecy, then tells them the latest bulletin. Up to now the fastest-moving, hottest items have been surgical details. But I discovered that word of an impending grandchild is hotter still.

The very next afternoon I found myself the centre of attention. My niece and several of her playmates (fractious ten-year-olds) spotted me half a street away and yelled in unison, "Hallo, Grandpa!" Then they burst into giggles, jumping up

and down and covering their mouths with their hands.

I had just escaped these little horrors when the village policeman rode slowly past and called out "Morning, Grandpa!"

Then that evening I found my wife looking at me with amusement and affection. She said gently, "Now, then, Grandpa."

How can anyone keep calm under these conditions? I have evolved a facial expression which I recommend to all men. When you're teased don't try to defend yourself; simply give an enigmatic smile, slightly touched with pride and modesty. Let them work that out.

Avoid a sex preference. I wanted a boy, a grandson, not only for pride of name but because I'd know how to cope with one. My only child was a boy, and how well I remembered the various and dismaying behaviour patterns he went through. Now I'd be able to stand at his shoulder to advise and reassure. "This will pass," I'd say to him. "He's behaving exactly as you did at his age. Be firm, but not alarmed."

Well, Jennifer arrived on time, weighing six pounds ten ounces. When my son telephoned me with the news I felt a small stab of disappointment. But that afternoon when I first saw my granddaughter I discovered I had been wrong, completely and totally wrong—I had wanted Jennifer from the beginning. This tiny creature, so delicate

and feminine, was already a mystery. No one would expect any advice from me on how to bring her up. I was freed of all responsibilities except to love and indulge her.

Get yourself a speciality. There will be competition in the family to mind and care for the baby and, frankly, there just aren't enough jobs to go round. It's as well for the grandfather to find some area where his services are unique.

I chose photography. I reasoned that everyone would want a complete pictorial record of the child—asleep, awake, first smile, first tooth, first step. The "court photographer" becomes the indispensable man.

The day after I heard of the pregnancy I went out to buy a simple camera. I emerged an hour later. Around my neck hung an expensive reflex camera with through-the-lens light metering, diaphragm stops down to f/1.4, shutter speed up to a thousandth of a second. In a leather bag hung from my shoulder there nestled auxiliary lenses, filters and an electronic flash gun. I had a good six months to get some practice.

When Jennifer arrived I was ready. At the first opportunity, I was in position in front of the hospital nursery window, inserting a roll of high-speed colour film in my camera, adjusting knobs, firing my flash gun.

It was five days before I discovered

that disaster was awaiting me. After finishing the roll of film, I opened the camera to remove it—and stared in disbelief.

I hadn't loaded it properly and it had come loose. No pictures of Jennifer! What an ignominious beginning to my career as court

photographer!

Fortunately, failure becomes a goad that forces redoubled efforts. I now have boxes and boxes of colour slides showing Jennifer in all her lovely and fragile innocence. When friends congratulate me on the pictures, I say, with becoming modesty, "No photographer could go wrong with such an enchanting model." And maybe that's true.

Be patient with Grandmother. Of all the adults involved, the one who will have the most difficulty adjusting to a new role will be your wife. She is delighted to be a grandmother, but she wants it on her terms. During this period she is apt to say totally opposite things and not see any contradiction.

"Do you suppose they'll let us baby-sit much?" she said one evening. "No doubt her mother will see more of the baby than I will."

Minutes later she said, "I don't want them to get the idea that we're always available to baby-sit at their beck and call. I have my own life to live, too."

A grandfather must be careful not to agree (or disagree) with everything she says during this period. To find yourself stuck with one of her discarded positions can be a nerve-racking experience.

Learn to be a liar. This advice may sound indefensible, but there are times when it is the only way to

secure your rights.

Jennifer was a month old when she first came to spend the whole day with us. I had it all worked out —which jobs were appropriately done by the grandmother and which by the grandfather. For instance, changing nappies is obviously woman's work, while pushing the pram is just as surely a task for a man.

We had Jennifer in our possession for a full 20 minutes before we decided it was time to give the neighbours a chance to admire her. We bundled her up, put her in the pram and tucked a blanket firmly round her. Then my wife grabbed the pram handle and set off.

"Hey, wait a minute," I called. "That's my job, pushing the pram."

"No, dear," she said sweetly. "The job belongs to whoever gets hold of the handle first."

I was shocked. In 30 years of marriage I'd never suspected my wife of such sneakiness.

Later that day, after the triumphal neighbourhood tour, one feeding, one sleep and four nappy changes, my wife said, "Let's go into town. I want to buy Jennifer a dress."

The three of us piled into the car. In town, I found a parking space, turned off the engine, then opened the car door for my wife. "Here,

I'll hold Jennifer while you get out. Then I'll give her back to you."

I cradled Jennifer in my arms and began a slow walk down the street.

"Wait," my wife called. "You said you'd give her back to me."

"Now what do you suppose would make me tell a lie like that?"

Conform—don't try to change the rules. The rituals of grandfather-hood were established generations ago and nothing you can do will change them. Though you be a soldier, tycoon, explorer or intellectual, folklore has it that the grandchild will bedazzle you, rob you of your senses, reduce you to a jellylike blob of emotion. And folklore is correct.

You are expected to boast. Why not do so? You are expected to see your grandchild as the most beautiful and intelligent baby ever born. Why try to be modest? For the first time in your life you are expected to indulge yourself. So don't knock the system.

That's all the time I have for advice—there's a car coming up the drive bringing Jennifer for a visit. She knows me now and always greets me with a smile of incandescent radiance. Her parents and her grandmother claim it is the same smile she gives them, but I know the difference. Jennifer and I know the difference.



Ways of the World

In Ecuador a manufacturer of a foot powder called Pulvapies decided to use the slogan: "Vote for any candidate, but if you want well-being and hygiene, vote for Pulvapies." Then, on the eve of a municipal election, the company distributed a leaflet the same size and colour as official voting papers, saying: "For Mayor: Honourable Pulvapies." When the votes were counted, the town had elected Pulvapies mayor by a clear majority.

—Reuters

A Toronto employment agency has developed a "Mod-Meter" to guide girls on acceptable skirt lengths in various offices. The meter shows that banks want skirts no more than knee-high, while art studios accept anything up to mid-thigh. In between, in ascending order, are insurance, accounting, manufacturers, lawyers, brokers, advertising and film producers.

—The Insider's Newsletter

Intrioate stone gevelsteens like this one, over the doorways of seventeenth-century Dutch houses, indicated the owner's name or business



Holland Re-gilds Her Golden Age

Angered by the wanton destruction of their country's historic houses, the Dutch have developed a vigorous programme of preservation

By KARL DETZER

house on Amsterdam's Herengracht was being pulled down by workmen. The house was more than 300 years old. On the other side of the canal, a dedicated municipal worker watched, seething with anger. For as long as he could remember he had admired and loved Amsterdam's tall, handsome seventeenth-century houses, facing one another across the water like soldiers standing to attention. "Patrician Houses of our Golden'Age," proud Dutchmen called them.

These solidly built houses, with their delicately carved stonework, whispered colourful tales of adventure and opulence, and created long vistas that followed the gentle curves of the great canals. No one, the city worker told himself, had a right to destroy beauty and history as these workmen were doing. Why didn't someone stop them?

Unfortunately, it was too late to save this particular survivor of a dozen wars and three centuries of fires, storms and pestilence. But in the weeks that followed, the determined man distributed pamphlets throughout Amsterdam, calling for a stop to this wanton ruination of historical monuments. A group of citizens from all walks of life formed a society to put a stop to the destruction of their heritage. Named after Hendrik de Keyser, Amsterdam's city sculptor and architect from 1595 until his death in 1621,

the society held its first meeting on January 3, 1918.

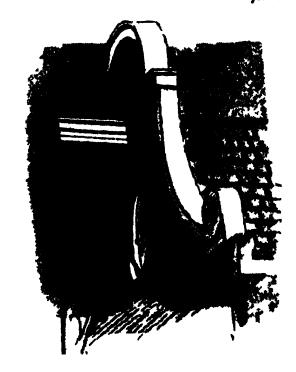
In the years since that momentous meeting, severe laws have been passed to protect everything in the nation of "irreplaceable cultural value." Today it is a criminal offence to alter a brick, stone or piece of wood or tile of any declared monument without permission from the Ministry of Culture, Recreation and Social Activities at The Hague.

The laws also cover windmills. At least a hundred have been restored with government help. Many of them are used on Saturday afternoons when millers explain their ancient trade to schoolchildren.

In Amsterdam alone, more than 5,600 historical dwellings remain. "Probably no other city in the world except Venice has so many," says Gerard Roosegaarde-Bisschop, scientific officer at the Ministry of Culture.

By the mid-1950's, the Hendrik de Keyser Society had become a model for other similar organizations. But all too often money for preservation was short. Citizens and government were willing but frugal.

To meet financial problems one group, the Amsterdam Company for City Restoration, set up a plan which would not only conserve houses but bring a profit to investors as well. The company issued five million guilders' (about Rs. 10.4 lakhs) worth of shares, and insurance companies, clubs and banks soon bought up the first million.



Close-up of a typical hoisting beam

The first building purchased by the new company was a neglected five-storey house on Brouwersgracht with a grocery on the first floor. "Our thought was to revive the 'inner city' as much as possible as a residential area," says J. M. Hengeveld, who is now directing the company's activities. "Make it a 'living place,' where people desiring individuality may live a modern life behind old facades." Experience has borne him out. When the final coat of paint is dry, hundreds clamour for the new quarters.

Men of the Golden Age built solidly, modern builders discovered. Coming home with pockets full of profits, seventeenth-century traders had lifted their mansions four storeys into the air, putting storerooms at the top where thieves could not reach the goods. The beams the workmen uncover are tremendous six inches wide and 16 deep. To support them, great wooden piles go down through 60 feet of mud and peat to firmer sand beneath.

Walls and hallways were whitewashed, the heavy beams carefully painted. Windows, large at the first floor, grew smaller with each level, ending with the servants' quarters at the top In the next century, occupants of these houses added marble panelling to the livingrooms and stairways and decorated the ceilings with plaster figures.

Because of the high cost of land along the canals, the building tracts were narrow, often only 15 to 20 feet. Stairs were so steep that furniture or cargo had to be lifted from the outside. Walking along the street, the hoisting beam with its huge hook-and-rope pulley can still be seen embedded in the gable of each house. The house fronts lean forward slightly to let this hauling block swing freely and to prevent goods being raised from the street or canal from bumping against walls and windows.

To convert the early buildings to modern use, three or four houses' are often joined horizontally. Dividing walls are knocked out and floors levelled. (The laws do little to restrict modification of the interiors.) A bank or business concern takes over the widened ground-floor area, and families the rooms above. Old chimneys come down, modern plumbing and a central-heating system, fuelled by gas from new wells in North Holland, go in.

Since nothing on the outside may be changed, the stone gevelsteen—the symbol indicating the owner's name or business before the advent of street numbers—remains, carved in the peak or above the front door. It may be the figure of a fisherman, a lion's head, a dead man's mask, a wheelbarrow, a double eagle or three-crowned herrings—more rarely a knightly coat of arms.

On Prinsengracht, in the flat that a young artist has rented, a fox still decorates the peak and, above the front door, a fox runs with a bird in his mouth. A little further down the brick-paved road, under the date 1653, a lamb with a banner of the cross is carefully preserved.

Museum Piece. Experts consider the restoration at 168 Herengracht one of the best so far. The structure, originally redesigned in 1638 from a confectioner's shop, has on its facade the earliest example of a "neck" gable. Its stucco corridors, handsome curving stairway and painted hangings, all added in the eighteenth century, were saved to house theatrical relics. "Alas," says one officer at the Ministry of Culture, "we can't make museums from all the old houses. Banks and other businesses must have room to grow in some of them."

In April 1967, a restored double





building on Singelgracht called De Dolfign because of its carved ornaments, and created originally by the architect de Keyser, was dedicated with elaborate ceremonial. The tenant, a firm specializing in clothing accessories, is particularly proud of the fact that a seventeenth-century occupant was city guard Frans Banningh Cocq, principal figure in Rembrandt's controversial painting, Night Watch

Some years after Amsterdam began to salvage its architectural heirlooms, ancient Utrecht, 25 minutes journey away, initiated its plan Here, during the first century, Roman soldiers built a large wooden fort and a stout gate, the site of which is still visible on the pavement near the cathedral called the Dom.

Utrecht's present Monument Foundation was born in 1943, when Hitler's soldiers were tramping the streets. With a nation on half rations, there was no money for such refinements as preservation, but geographers, architects and historians, guided by The Hague Ministry, continued to work quietly. And when the occupation ended, their plan was ready.

Because money was scarce, their first efforts were the reconditioning of fine Gothic and Renaissance windows, carved oak doors, sculpted

Top: De Delfign before restoration Bottom: The handsome double building fully restored to its former beauty, mirrored in the Singelgracht

bronze gates, and high-stepped gables which otherwise might have collapsed. A few years later, the city established its own Department of Antiquities in the division of Public Works which now has the well-known architect C. A. Baart de la Faille as one of its guiding geniuses.

Money is still scarce, but encouraging support has come from hundreds of ordinary people giving a few guilders each to their national crusade.

In 20 years some 30 structures in Utrecht have been reconditioned, and sold or rented as flats, houses, banks or small businesses. As in Amsterdam, interiors are modernized without destroying their atmosphere while the exteriors are left unchanged except for slight facelifts. Mindful of its cultural heritage, Utrecht has taken special care over its many chapels, university classrooms and patrician houses.

Numerous orphanages, workhouses and almshouses, once run by medieval religious orders and guilds, have also been reconditioned. In one of these refuges for the poor, on a corner near the Nieuwegracht, the widow who founded it in 1651 had carved in the stones an honest admission that her purpose was "not to gain the favour of the world but to win a place in Heaven." Her pious words have been carefully preserved.

Dramatic examples of preservation are found in a number of small towns which, until recently, slept undisturbed by the destructive demands of progress. The alert Ministry of Culture has listed many of them as untouchable.

Living History. One example is medieval Elburg. One of the few walled communities left in Europe—a gate still stands—Elburg is a little fishing town near the Zuider Zee. It has only four small streets, with one canal and one street that cross exactly in the town centre. But the feature that gives the town its distinction is the steepness of the redtiled roofs. All alike, all pointed towards heaven at the same height and angle, they must remain as they are: not a tile may be changed.

In a third-floor modern flat on Prinsengracht in Amsterdam lives 82-year-old architect Hendricus Theodorus Wijdeveld, colleague of the late American architect, Frank Lloyd Wright. He stands beside his drawing-board and talks enthusiastically of the restoration of his city.

"People are wanting a sniff of the old," he says. "In the end we can make a wonderful world."

And all because an obscure young man happened to glance across a canal 50 years ago and became angry when he saw workmen tearing down a beautiful seventeenth-century house.

ONE ____ neckline to another: "Don't dance with the general—his m are cold." —La Domenica del Corriere, Italy

Flying the Fabulous Phantom

II is a twin-engine, carrieror land-based fighter-bomber which has made a legendary reputation for itself in the Vietnamese conflict.

Capable of travelling at twice the speed of sound, this U.S. military aircraft weighs 15 tons by itself, and can carry another 13 tons of fuel and armament—bombs, rockets, missiles, guns, napalm, or anything else

By Gerald O'Rourke



What it's like to operate the hottest fighter-bomber ever to be flown in combat

that can be lashed on to a bomb rack. In its bulbous nose it carries an excellent radar and a complex computer for Sparrow III and Sidewinder missiles. In a modified reconnaissance version, it does outstanding aerial photographic work.

But perhaps the most impressive characteristics of the F-4, from the pilot's point of view, are its power and acceleration. Whether you take it from a standing start on a runway, from a catapult-blast on a carrier, or from "idling along" at subsonic

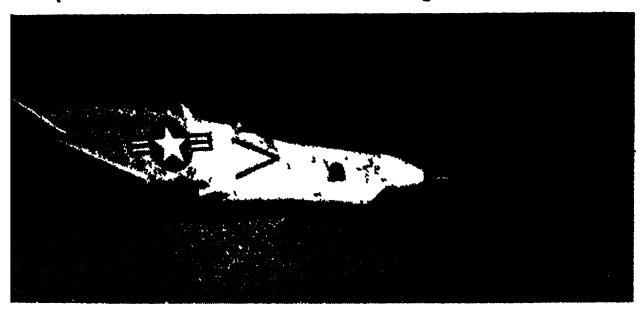
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FLYING THE FABULOUS PHANTOM

speeds, the kick you feel when the throttle is opened up is something between exhilaration and intoxication.

Jet engines, breathing air, are generally good only in the troposphere surrounding the earth to a height of about 50,000 to 60,000 feet. But in a Phantom, when a quick zoom is needed to hit a target high above you, you have the necessary power. This is called a "zoom

air to burn the fuel properly. As the Phantom runs out of power and aerodynamic control, it goes over the top in whatever attitude and direction it wants to. You may feel as if the plane is flying sideways or upside down, or is slowly rotating. The sky above is black, below is light, which adds to the confusion, since up seems to be down. Then the Phantom tumbles gently back down again. As it falls into the



climb," and it is a lot of fun, in a professional way.

First, you accelerate the plane's jet engines to a really good speed—high up in the supersonic region. Then you pull back the stick and point the F-4's nose up in the air. The sensation of power, as you steam up to 50,000 feet and above, is overwhelming. You just hang on, because you soon get into the region of the atmosphere where control surfaces hardly work at all and where jet engines can't get enough

thicker air, its wings and tail come to life and take a grip, and it flies again as a proper air-breather should.

A pilot can't ever afford to be sloppy, but with a Phantom he can make a mistake now and again and it will be covered up for him. Many F-4s have survived bone-rattling bad landings on an aircraft carrier without complaint.

The tremendous power which is almost instantly available can extract a pilot from many a bad

combat situation. Then, too, twin engines—and two heads, pilot and flight officer—are generally better than one in emergencies.

In spite of the Phantom's excellence, there are situations which demand the utmost in skill from the pilot. One is the "rotation off the cat"—rotating the swept wings to the right nose-high attitude, quickly and precisely, while being catapulted from a carrier deck."

On a good black night when the horizon is not visible, a pilot may pull back too far on the stick, which throws the plane into a steep, dangerous climbing attitude at low speed and low altitude. To correct this, as he must to avoid stalling, the pilot rams the stick forward. This pitches the nose downward and puts negative "g" (gravity force) on him.

Experiencing negative "g" while trying to fly by instruments in a tight situation on a black night is the most excruciating feeling imaginable. You are lifted off the seat a bit, your feet feel light on the rudders.

Anything accidentally loose in the cockpit, like old pencils or small nuts or dirt, flies up in your face. If your helmet isn't tight, it tends to come down on your forehead,

CAPTAIN Gerald O'Rourke was the naval officer in charge of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet's first F-4 fighter squadron, and later commanded similar detachments aboard the nuclear carrier USS Enterprise and on air reconnaissance for America's Pacific Fleet.

giving you. a feeling of impending blindness. 'And the middle-ear mechanism by which you instinctively measure up-and-down and left-and-right fills your brain with wholly erroneous information.

There is also an element of sheer terror, since you and your flight officer may well be only a few seconds from a watery grave. Over it all is anger at yourself for having erred in the first place. Over-rotation off the cat, however, is not a continuous problem. Few pilots do it more than once.

Double Effort. The mastery of the Phantom is a dual achievement. Without the flight officer, the F-4 is just another piece of air transport. The flight officer handles navigation and communications, and provides significant assistance in firing the weapons.

In his interceptor role, he does the radar scanning and homes in on the target. The flight officer can take over manual control of the highly automatic weapons system when he feels that it is either not up to standard or is being decoyed by countermeasures.

Most pilots and flight officers select their own partners. The teaming is done on the basis of mutual respect. Many of the men are in their 20's, with little experience of responsibility.

When a young pilot is assigned to a squadron, and a 2 million dollar (about Rs. 1.5 crores) aeroplane and another man's life are entrusted to

his care, he matures at an astounding rate. Real professionalism develops apace with true friendships.

Phantoms have been employed in a variety of roles. They escort reconnaissance flights, carry bombs and rockets on regular attack missions, and stand guard on carriers and airfields as defensive units. They dash in ahead of other attacking aircraft to suppress anti-aircraft fire with rockets, bombs and podmounted cannons. At night they carry flares as well as ordnance. Their excellent radar and navigational equipment give them greater accuracy in finding and destroying enemy rolling stock. They can use their equipment to bomb through overcasts, albeit with reduced accuracy.

The credit for America's success in the air is largely due to the "Fabulous Phantom" and to the men who fly this wonderful machine.



Playing the Game

When a Welsh golfer put in a claim for a broken golf club, his insurance company pointed out that the damage had been caused by 20 years of wear and tear, and declined to pay. The golfer, in turn, pointed out that he had had a life policy with them for 40 years, and he hoped that they weren't going to take the same attitude. The company paid up.

—S.I.

Caught on the Hop

Some weeks ago we chronicled the efforts of Master Henry Parker (aged nine, of Ramsden in Oxfordshire) to discover whether kangaroos can swim. Australia House, Oxford University, the Natural History Museum, the Government of New South Wales, all were asked and none knew.

Australia House said, "the animal's structure is believed to prevent it from doing so." Several Guardian readers thought otherwise. Master Parker remained unsatisfied. Now he has finally received an official communication from Dr. Harry Frith, Director of the Division of Wildlife Research at the Western Australian Museum in Perth. Twice, Frith attests, he personally has seen kangaroos swim, "awkwardly, with much splashing of the forearms, in an upright posture."

Master Parker, it can be reported, is reasonably happy with this assurance. But he would still like to know whether, when they take to lakes or rivers, kangaroos' pouches fill with water.

—The Guardian, London

Surprised by God

The intimate and perceptive reflections of a young clergyman

By ROBERT HUDNUT

extraordinary about this job is that it keeps you in touch with birth and death, love and hate, joy and sorrow. When a baby is born, you are there. When a man dies, you are there. When a man and woman want to live the rest of their lives together, they come to you. When they are fed up, they come back to you. This means that a clergyman must be flexible. He must be able to go from death to birth in a matter of hours, from divorce to marriage in the swing of his door.

ONCE I ASKED a newspaperman why he went to church. Reporters can be rather cynical, and when I find one who is truly religious, I make a point of talking with him.

"When we had to take our little boy to hospital," he said, "our clergyman met us there. He stayed several hours." "What did he do?" I asked. "Pray? Read the Bible? Make small talk?"

"He was just there," the reporter replied.

I OVER-SYMPATHIZE at hospital bedsides. Occasionally I even think I have the patient's symptoms. Doctors get over this sort of thing in medical school; they know it impairs their effectiveness. But clergymen are not always able to. And there is some question whether they should. A brusque doctor is one thing. He is treating the body. But a brusque clergyman is a contradiction. He is ministering to something more than the body. He is suffering with the patient. Suffering love is all the Christian has.

TONIGHT I am in my car, making visits. In this house there is sadness because a grandmother has died. In this one there is hope because a

tcenage son is gifted. Over here, a father is getting established in a new business. Down the road there, they sometimes talk of divorce. These are real people with real joys and real sorrows. Inexplicably, they open their doors and hearts to me, a real person with real joys and sorrows, too. And together we open ourselves to the possibility of God.

A woman is thinking of leaving the church because she wants "peace," not "challenge." God knows I want peace, too. But I want honesty more. Better a tortured integrity than a phoney peace. So far she has stayed with us.

It's THE BIBLE as much as anything that keeps me at this. I have never known anything like it. The power of it. I am mesmerized. It is the only permanence.

Some outside the church say they couldn't possibly be in because they're not good enough. Nothing could be farther from the mark. People don't join the church because they're good. The church is a real sinner centre. The only difference between the sinners on the inside and those on the outside is that the insiders are trying to do something about their sin. They're more ambitious. They have a plan.

This Sunday, at both services and at the same point in each, a meadow lark sang. It was during the prayers.

I was astonished. To have such natural beauty in the service does not happen often. Fortunately, I had the good sense to keep quiet during the second service and let the meadow lark do the praying.

I wish everyone in the congregation could have a chance at this job for a week. Each person would see that there are people whose problems are bigger than his, and in thinking about their problems he would get his in the right perspective. This is really what the "priesthood of believers" is all about. We are all ministers to each other.

PEOPLE ARE too deferential. My friend was saying that my sermons had better be good or he wasn't going to come and hear them. I'm with him all the way. A sloppy sermon wastes everybody's time—including God's. For me this means an hour in the study for every minute in the pulpit.

No other institution can touch the family as a teacher of religion. If there's no religion in the parents, there will rarely be any in the children. We're Christians by chromosome as well as conviction. It's that simple. And also that challenging.

A woman apologized for her husband never being in church. "The gardening keeps him pretty busy." Yet if a man misses four consecutive meetings of his Rotary Club in a

year, he's out. If a man doesn't turn up for work, he's fired. This kind of no-nonsense approach makes sense in any organization. It ought to make sense in the Christian church. Christ is certainly as important as weeding.

I T WOULD be helpful if you could have a burning bush, like Moses, or a Damascus Road, like Paul. But I know no clergyman for whom it has happened that way. People think we must have seen a vision or heard a call. But most clergymen are as blind and deaf as everyone else. The only difference between them and the next fellow—if there is any difference at all—is that they are ready day and night to be surprised by God.

This is not to say that the light shines and the voice speaks any more for clergymen than for anyone else. It is only to say that they are on a 24-hour alert. Presumably.

A woman asked point-blank, "What is the purpose of life?" It was one of those questions the clergyman as teacher always hopes will come but never seems ready to answer.

"To know God," I ventured.

"Do you?" she asked.
"No," I replied. "That's why
I'm a clergyman."

A MAN SAID to me after a sermon, "You must learn compassion." He's right, of course. The ability to communicate compassion is a rare gift. It's a matter of manner as much as anything. A preacher may talk about love with beautiful diction and flawless elocution, but if his mien belies his meaning, his talk will be worthless. On the other hand, he may mumble his words and jumble his thoughts, but if love is in his eyes and manner, his talk will convince. In truly great preaching, mien and meaning marry.

I THINK of the coffin and the freshly dug earth. I think of the young woman with laughter bubbling from her lips as she talks with her husband-to-be. I think of the little boy in an oxygen tent with his teddy bear. I think of the mother smiling the smile of first mothers as she tells of the birth of her child. And then I think of myself and my being there, and of God's coming somehow out of the nowhere into the now, here, and being there, too.

Moonshine

WE DISBELIEVE most of the reports on Unidentified Flying Objects, but a man recently contended that he was late for work because the road was obstructed by a large orange or yellow thing, with flashing lights, and filled with very small people.

It was a school bus.

Puzzles to Puzzle You

- 1. A man wanted a pound's worth of silver in shillings and sixpences. When he found that he had one sixpence more than he had shillings, he thought that he had been given either sixpence too much or sixpence too little. In fact, the change was correct. Can you explain this?
- 2. Three women each have two daughters, and they all go into a restaurant for a meal. There are only seven vacant seats in the restaurant, but each has a seat to herself. How do they manage it?
- 3. A doctor in London had a brother in Manchester who was a lawyer. But the lawyer in Manchester did not have a brother in London who was a doctor. Why?
- 4. If you put a sixpenny piece in an empty bottle and replaced the cork, how would you get the sixpence out of the bottle without taking out the cork or breaking the bottle?
- 5. A farmer had twelve sheep and decided to put each of them in a separate pen; but to make the pens he had only twelve long hurdles and six half-length hurdles. How did he do it?

- 6. Which is heavier—a pound of gold or a pound of potatoes?
- 7. Place a penny and two halfpennies, or three pennies, on a table like this:



Now move A so that it lies between B and C, without touching C, or moving B.

8. A man stood in his garden with a bucket in each hand. The water in one bucket was at a temperature of 15 degrees Centigrade, and in the other at 15 degrees Fahrenheit.

Along came his small son and dropped a penny into each bucket simultaneously. Which penny reached the bottom of the bucket first?

9. Can you draw four straight lines through these nine circles without lifting your pen from the paper?



10. A man wanted to double the size of the square swimming pool in his garden. There was a tree growing at each corner, like this:



How did he double the size of the pool, still keeping it square, and without cutting down any of the trees?

Turn to page 61 for the answers.

The Pill and the Teenage Girl

By Pearl Buck

Author of "I he Good Earth," "Dragon Seed,"
"The Joy of Children"

A world-famous woman author speaks out on the controversial subject of oral contraception

room are two ladies. We have an appointment to discuss the plight of American-Asian children, but I am not prepared for the first remark.

"We were just discussing The Pill," one of the ladies says brightly.

Everyone knows what The Pill is. It is a small object—yet its potential effect upon our society may be more devastating than the nuclear bomb.

"I fear The Pill is not practical in Asian countries," I tell the ladies.

They laugh. "We aren't thinking of Asian girls," one says. "We are thinking of our own daughters."

I know those daughters. They are charming, well-educated girls in their late teens. "Surely you don't mean that Pat and Sue would..."

"We just don't know," the elder lady says. "And I'd rather give my

Sue The Pill than run the risk of an illegitimate child."

We spend an hour in agitated, intense talk, I the listener. The problem is real to these mothers: the change in the sex standards of their children, a change made abrupt by the arrival of The Pill.

I am no stranger to The Pill, I with my seven daughters, the youngest three still in their teens. It occurs to me now to ask their advice as I write. I summon the two who are at home this morning, aged 16 and 17.

"What do your friends do about The Pill?" I ask. "For that matter, what do you do?"

They are frank, as usual. The gay, outgoing one, the sometimes naughty 17-year-old, answers promptly: "I know some girls who use it; most of them think that if a girl

loves a boy, or even likes him, then it is all right."

"And you?"

"I haven't liked any boy that much yet. I don't know what I'd do if I did. Maybe I'd still want to marry him first. Yes, I think I'd rather do that."

"Why?"

She hesitates long enough for the younger one, my quiet, thoughtful

one, to speak for herself.

"I think it depends on the individual girl. I don't think I'd want to use The Pill. I'd feel that I was somehow interfering with a life someone's life."

Precious Right. I understand. She is the daughter of an American serviceman. Her natural mother is Japanese. My four youngest adopted daughters are all the children of American servicemen and Asian mothers. They are deeply conscious of the right of a child to be born into a good home, with both father and mother waiting for him.

"Whatever others do," I say, "the question is whether you think it is right or wrong for girls to use The Pill. That is what I want to know."

"We don't know what is right or wrong except for ourselves," the gay child says.

that, as yet, they have no answers. I am left alone with my thoughts.

The Pill, of course, is designed to make sex "safe" whenever it takes place, either before or during marriage, and "safe" means prevention of pregnancy. For me, the greatest argument against sex before marriage has always been the possible child. Now, however, The Pill is here. If a girl uses it regularly, she is free from the risk of an illegitimate child. But is she free of responsibility?

What is the sex act when it is nothing but release or sport? It is nothing—it is less than nothing. It becomes tiresome and even disgusting. Consider the prostitute who goes through her dreary round night after night. How wretched and stupid a way to earn one's money, how joyless and mean—in truth a dog's life!

Consider the promiscuous man and woman. They move from one affair to another, yet all are only affairs unless love attends—faithful, deeply-rooted mutual love. Sex is the most intimate communication possible between two human beings. When it is carelessly and casually bestowed, the degradation is profound. I have not seen a promiscuous man or woman who did not show the effects: his/her spiritual quality is gone; he/she is animal.

The chief commandment of the "new" morality, therefore, is that this intimate man-woman relation-It is as far as they will go. Beyond a ship is not to be misused for mere physical gratification. If these most intimate acts have already been used elsewhere and have lost their meaning as profound communication, then marriage—still the most rewarding of human relationships -is robbed of its full meaning. At this point I pause. The door opens and my young married daughter comes in. She has five

daughter comes in. She has five children of her own. She is, moreover, the confidante of my teenage daughters.

"Read me what you are writing," she commands.

The Reasons Why. Obedient parent that I am, I comply. She listens, intent on every word. Her mind is keen and incisive. She is not afraid to praise or criticize. When I

finish, she speaks.

"You haven't written down the real reason why The Pill is available to young girls nowadays. The real reason is that mothers and fathers just don't want to bother with their children. They don't ask where their girls are going or with whom, nor do they set a time when the girls must be home. I know these mothers! They are so busy with their own lives, their jobs, their parties, their clubs, that they'd rather just provide The Pill for their daughters. And their daughters know it."

I remember the two ladies in the drawing-room. Yes, they are busy with their own social life.

"And even worse," my daughter goes on, impetuous, earnest, angry, "some mothers think that if their daughters don't have a boy after them, they lose status. Why, I know a woman here in our own community who got The Pill from her doctor because her daughter is planning

a camping trip with some other young people. The girl is not pretty, and she doesn't often have a boyfriend, and her mother wants her to 'have fun.'

"What can young people do if their parents are like this? Of course, young people won't have standards if the older ones haven't any."

I am cruel enough to remind her, though gently, of certain incidents when she was a young girl and a beautiful one. "Remember the arguments you and I used to have?"

She laughs. "Of course I remember! And I'm old enough now to know you were right. I knew it even then. I think I felt proud that you cared enough about me to insist on knowing the boy, the place, the time I was coming home."

Age-old Wisdom. What is the new morality? Simply that while customs change, eternal principle holds. The eternal way is to hold fast to two profound principles: integrity of self, and respect for others.

There can be no integrity unless it is based on self-discipline, a controlled and regulated life, the proper balance between the physical, the mental and the spiritual being. Over-emphasis on any one of the three will destroy the balance of the whole and damage the personality.

Respect for others? It means that one should do nothing which destroys this same balance in another human personality.

Vague? I thank not. Within each

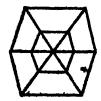
of us is the knowledge of what the true self can be. And in the new morality the final guidepost remains what it has always been: "To thine own self be true." As for others, long ago a man named Immanuel Kant gathered into a compact sentence a great moral law: Whatever

you do, he said in effect, judge first whether you would be willing for everyone to do that thing.

The essential word is responsibility—responsibility to oneself, for one's every act and its effect upon one's own self and that of others. This is the eternal way.

Answers to "Puzzles to Puzzle You" (page 57)

- 1. The man was given 13 shillings and 14 sixpences.
- 2. One of the women is the grandmother, and her two daughters are the mothers of the other four daughters. So there are seven of them altogether.
- 3. The doctor in London was a woman doctor—so she was the sister, not the brother, of the lawyer in Manchester.
- 4. Push the cork into the bottle, and shake out the sixpence.
- 5. The farmer arranged the twelve long hurdles in the shape of six joined-up triangles. Then he used the six short hurdles to divide each triangle into two, like this:



6. Gold is measured by troy weight, and potatoes by avoir supois. As an

- avoirdupois pound is nearly 22 per cent heavier than a troy pound, a pound of potatoes weighs *more* than a pound of gold.
- 7. Put a finger of your right hand on B to prevent it from moving. Then with your left hand shoot A against B, thus causing C to move away. Now A can be moved into the vacant position.
- 8. Fifteen degrees Fahrenheit is ICE!
- 9. Draw the four straight lines through all nine circles by extending two lines outside the area.



10. The dotted line represents the new pool twice the size.



De Gaulle's Ten-Year Balance Sheet

By IRWIN Ross

Implacable and unpredictable, de Gaulle has now ruled France for a decade. What is there to the credit—and debit—of "le Grand Charles"?

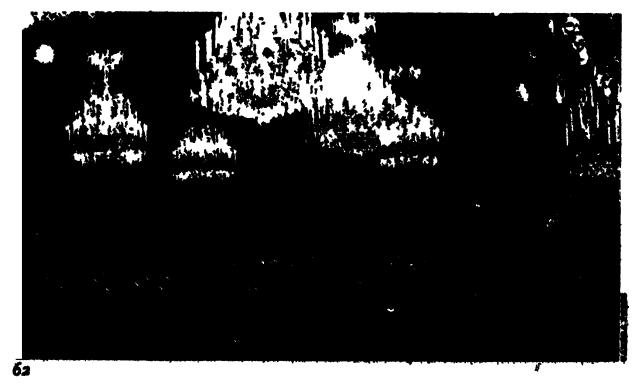
the towering figure of Charles de Gaulle suddenly appears. Massive crystal chandeliers glitter overhead. The General sits down on the dais at a red-covered table that is bare except for a microphone. Stretching before him, filling every inch of the ornate Salle des Fêtes in the Elysée Palace, Paris,

are more than 1,000 journalists, diplomats, government officials.

The date is November 27, 1967, and they have come together for one of the great state occasions in France—President de Gaulle's semi-annual press conference.

It is a press conference like no other in the world. Today, as always, the 77-year-old General goes

General de Gaulle holds the stage at last November's press conference in the Elysée



through the ritual of asking for questions—most of them planted in advance—but makes no reply until they are all in. Then he groups the questions into categories, disregarding those he does not care for, and launches into a carefully prepared "reply." There are no interruptions,

no follow-up questions.

He assails the United States on various grounds—for the "odious" war in Vietnam, for taking over various industrial enterprises in France, for "encroaching" on the independence of Canada. Turning to the recent Arab-Israeli war, he denounces the Israelis as aggressors. He delivers all judgements with implacable finality, secure in the knowledge that whatever he says will become the unalterable policy of France—unless he should change his mind.

Term of Trial. De Gaulle has now ruled France for ten years. What has he achieved? What have been his successes and his failures?

His own countrymen are by no means unanimous in their appraisal. Millions revere him as a hero. They remember him as the unknown brigadier-general who created the Free French movement in 1940 and who, four years later, led the liberation forces into Paris. They think of him as the saviour of France who, after 1946, spent 12 years in the political wilderness, then, in France's hour of agony, came back to head the government and restore to his country much of its past greatness.

At the same time, in increasing

numbers, other Frenchmen ridicule de Gaulle's pretensions and vote against him. They say that he has suffered from a lifelong confusion of identity between himself and France. They rebel at the arrogant certainty with which he regards himself as France's chosen instru-

ment of redemption.

Algerian Crisis. De Gaulle's first success—and the prerequisite for all that followed—was in retrieving France from the brink of civil war. In 1958, a bitter colonial war raging between Algerian nationalists and the French army. On May 13, the French settlers in Algeria rebelled against the Paris government, which they accused of betraying their interests. In France itself the army was preparing a coup. Left-wing elements were setting up "Defence of the Republic" committees around the country. On May 29, President Coty called on General de Gaulle to rally the nation and form a strong new government.

Confirmed as Prime Minister and granted emergency powers by Parliament, de Gaulle embarked on a long and tortuous course of disengagement from Algeria. He was anything but candid, initially giving the Trench in Algeria the impression that he was solidly on their side. All the while he worked to undercut the power of the strongwilled French generals. He faced down two rebellions, in 1960 and 1961, and narrowly escaped assassination. But, by 1962, Algeria was free

and the rebellious generals were in jail or in exile. Ending the ruinous eight-year-old war was a tremendous achievement.

Another major credit item was the inauguration of stable government. France's Fourth Republic, begun in 1947, had been disastrously weak. No single party had ever commanded a majority in the National Assembly, and thus the government of the day was always dependent on a coalition. Most governments had measured their life-span in months.

Four months after de Gaulle's return, a new constitution was approved by 79 per cent of the voters. It enormously enhanced presidential power. No longer could the National Assembly topple a government merely by defeating one of its legislative proposals; now it was required to pass a motion of censure by majority vote. Moreover, the President held a whip over the Assembly: if it overturned the government, he could dissolve it and order new elections.

Money Matters. The political stability which de Gaulle created, enabled him to put France's economic house in order. Inflation had been plaguing the country for years. It victimized people with fixed incomes, priced French exports out of world markets and led to intermittent balance-of-payments crises—the same ailment from which Britain has been suffering in recent years.

Economists and politicians knew the cure: reduce public spending,

raise taxes, restrict credit, limit wage increases. This therapy had been tried, but no earlier government could stay in power long enough to make it stick. By devaluing the franc 17.5 per cent and imposing a harsh policy of deflation, de Gaulle made France's currency one of the most stable in the West.

Although General de Gaulle's successés are considerable, the debit side of the ledger is equally long. Take foreign policy. Since he became President in December 1958, the General has promoted a line of growing independence. He carried through the programme to create France's own nuclear deterrent—the force de frappe, or striking force. First came airborne atomic bombs, then land-based missiles. Finally, France created its own nuclear submarines, which will go into service in the 1970's.

But this effort has cost. France thousands of millions of francs which many Frenchmen think should have been spent on roads, hospitals and schools. What concerns the outside world is that it has also greatly increased the danger of nuclear proliferation among other medium-size nations all over the world. The Gaullists justify the force de frappe on the grounds that the United States may not always be willing to endanger its own security in desence of Western Europe against a Soviet attack. However, many military observers maintain that the force de frappe

merely gives France grandeur, not an effective defence.

De Gaulle next disengaged France militarily from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The rationale largely is that Nato's military structure has outlived its purpose. The Western European nations are no longer weak and defenceless. Moreover, the argument runs, Russia is today so preoccupied with Red China that it is no longer in an aggressive mood towards the West.

The Gaullists, however, overlook a crucial fact: the existence of Nato has done much to create whatever relaxation of tension there has been between Russia and the West. Thus, France is now enjoying the protection of Nato without doing anything to support it. If the other Nato allies followed France's example and dismissed U.S. and British troops from the Continent, how long would the Russians be so congenial?

Anti-Britain. De Gaulle has had perhaps an even more negative impact on the Common Market. This noble dream—of an economic community of equals which would ultimately lead to a United States of Europe—has from the beginning conflicted with de Gaulle's vision of France leading all Europe.

Not only has he refused to submit to the rule of majority voting, insisting instead on the retention of each nation's veto, but twice, in 1963, and 1967, he has blocked British entry into the Common Market on the grounds that Britain is not truly committed to Europe.

His real motive is transparent. If Britain joined the Common Market, her influence might soon eclipse that of France. To avoid that danger he is willing to exclude the nation with the most advanced technology in Europe, and a population of over 50 milkon people which would provide a greatly enlarged market for the products of the six present. Common Market members.

Little Influence. The most significant thing about de Gaulle's foreign policy is its lack of achievements. He has established French independence, but not much else. He signed a treaty for bilateral cooperation with Germany in 1963, but was unable to displace American influence in German affairs. He has worked to ease the East-West division of Europe, voicing a grandiose vision of a Europe united "from the Atlantic to the Urals," but his plans have not progressed beyond the stage of rhetoric.

To the surprise of even his loyal followers, last July he stood on a balcony in Montreal and echoed the separatist slogan, "Long live free Quebec!" This amazing bit of irre-ponsibility forced him to end his goodwill tour of Canada.

In 1964 he recognized Red China, but he has gained little trade and has had no visible influence on Chinese foreign policy. As early as 1963, he called for the neutralization of South Vietnam, and for a time many diplomats thought he might one day be a useful mediator in the conflict. Instead, he has progressively escalated his denunciation of American policy until he sounds like a fervent partisan of Hanoi.

In domestic affairs, de Gaulle's domination of the political scene has led to a dismaying development: for the first time in nearly two decades the French Communist Party has joined the mainstream of the nation's political life. The reason: opposition parties need communist support if they are to have any chance of toppling the General. The tide of anti-Gaullist sentiment is rapidly rising, and as Jacques Fauvet, a leading political writer, put it, "In France today, it is difficult to be both anti-Gaullist and anti-communist."

While de Gaulle has brought financial stability to France, the tax system remains inequitable. Road and housing construction lags. Schools and colleges are dreadfully overcrowded. The country needs more doctors, nurses, hospital beds. These mundane domestic considerations hardly disturb the General's equanimity.

Standing in the 1965 presidential elections against François Mitterrand, who enjoyed the support of all the parties of the left, de Gaulle failed to win a majority in the first round, won only a 55 per cent

majority in the next. For the General this marked a considerable decline from the overwhelming support he had always enjoyed in the past. In the parliamentary elections a year ago, the communists gained 32 seats in the 487-member National Assembly; the Federation of the Left, which had an electoral alliance with the communists, gained 25; the Gaullists lost 40. Today the Gaullists control barely half the votes in the Assembly. On most issues, however, they pick up some centre support.

Future Prospects. Leading Gaullists are already jockeying for position to take the General's place after his departure. No one can predict when that moment will come. At 77, de Gaulle suffers from the minor infirmities of age but has no major ailments. He husbands his energies and, while less vigorous than in the past, shows no diminution of either his mental alertness or his oratorical zest. His present term does not expire until 1972.

After "le grand Charles" goes, the Gaullists may remain in power or a leftist coalition may take over. But any new regime will lack de Gaullé's emotional hold over his countrymen and his unrivalled authority over the government machine. Thus, whether de Gaulle's supreme accomplishment—France's stability—will survive his departure, remains the great question.

We knew him only through his letters. Then, after seven years, came . . .

The Day We Met Our Son

By Georges Carousso

though we show off his photograph like doting parents. He is just one of the many children in deprived countries whom foreign benefactors assist financially. Through America's Save the Children Federation we have "sponsored" Athanasios, a Greek boy, for seven years; that's why we think of him as "our son."

We had misgivings about taking him on in the beginning. We had anticipated a small child or a baby. Thinking in terms of teddy bears at Christmas, we were not prepared for the Federation's letter recommending that we sponsor the education of a teenager.

Athanasios was 14, intelligent, anxious to get as much schooling as possible. Brought up in a small mountain village in Greece, he was the son of a tailor. His mother had arthritis, but managed to take in a lodger to augment the family income. His sister was studying nursing.

With a magnifying glass, we examined the snapshot of the slight, short boy standing stiffly in front of a small cottage. His arms were too

long, and his trousers too short.
But something about the set of
his chin impressed me—he
looked defiant of the situation that had forced him to
stand there for his photograph. His eyes were
bright with an eagerness
for life, an eagerness that

blended with the defiance of his chin.

"I'm not sure we'd be doing him a favour," I said. "His friends and neighbours might resent the help we give him. It might spoil him. He might be better off to accept whatever fate has in store for him."

"You don't believe that," my wife remarked.

She was right, of course. My father had been born in a small Greek village. An Englishman had once given him a stack of books; just books—but they had led my father to London, Oxford and way beyond.

"Well," I asked, "shall we take a Greek teenager into the family?"

I watched my wife struggle with the teddy-bears-at-Christmas thinking. Then she smiled, and nodded.

WE WATCHED Athanasios grow through his letters; he became more real to us each time one arrived. They were written on school notebook paper and sent to the Federation office in Athens, where they were translated into English and sent to us. His first letter read:

"My Beloved Sponsors: I was informed by the Save the Children Federation in Athens that you had the pleasure and kindness to undertake my sponsorship. I thank you with all my heart. Now I shall be able to fulfil the wish of my childish soul and enter high school . . ."

He tried to share his life with us, writing of his schoolwork and of

"My Beloved Sponsors: I have been moved up. I was glad to see the reward of my work. I am on boliday now I go to my father and

the little world in which he lived.

holiday now. I go to my father and help him with the tailor work . . . I hear that the next school year is a hard one. But nothing is hard for

the student who studies . . . "

And another time: "I cannot describe my joy when I was informed of the cash gift for my birthday. I gave a party and invited all my friends and we danced and sang and ate and had an unforgettable evening . . . I bought my sister a pair of shoes. They were necessary. Our beloved summer is gone. The autumn winds have begun . . ."

Luck of the Draw. The statements were matter-of-fact. He had never played on our sympathies in any way. But that letter haunted us.

"It's all wrong," said my wife.
"This is a family of four—and only
the boy is a privileged member."

"Well, I warned you about that right at the start," I reminded her. "About possible resentments, I mean."

"Of course, he shares with them," she said. "And certainly the parents don't resent whatever advantage their own child can gain. But I wonder if it doesn't place an unfortunate burden of guilt on the boy."

"We can't take on the needs of the whole village," I protested.

"But maybe we could do some.'.
thing for the family," said my wife.
I sighed. "Then let's write to the

Federation and ask what we might do and how much."

The answer came back that the roof leaked so badly that Mama was having trouble keeping a lodger in the house. Off went our cheque.

Athanasios' next letter justified our action.

"My Beloved Sponsors: We have had very bad weather. But, thanks to you, the roof does not leak. Our kitchen floor is dry and I study in the beautiful room ..."

See-Saw Spirits. Most of his letters were typical of the mercurial emotions of a teenager. In desperation, he would write, "The world is dark and gloomy. I am faced with examinations." Soon after, another letter would sing, "The world is very bright. I am doing well at school."

We had hardly realized the passage of the years when, suddenly, "our son" was about to leave school. Where did we go from here? Should we send Athanasios to university? In Greece, a high-school boy can go to a big city and find work. And yet, for Athanasios and his dynamic desire, that did not seem enough. We had brought him this far, and he had passed his university-entrance exams. We compromised: we would see Athanasios through university, provided the Federation could obtain a partial scholarship for him. He entered the University of Salonika on those terms.

His letters came less frequently

now. The enthusiasm was still there, but a new maturity, too. At the end of his first year, he signed his name in full for the first time, as if he had at last discovered his own identity.

When we planned our trip to Europe, I tried to tell myself and my wife that I had included Greece because I had cousins there. This was true, but we both knew that we could not travel to Greece without trying to meet Athanasios. Yet I was apprehensive. After all, we knew "our son" only through his letters and the one snapshot of him at 14. What would he be like now at 21?

We asked the Federation office in Athens to arrange for Athanasios to meet us there and, possibly, to spend the week-end with us. When the receptionist led us to the director's office, a young man spun round and came towards us.

Face to Face. He moved so quickly I did not get a good look at him. He kissed my wife's hands fervently. Then he turned them palms up, buried his face in them and wept. All I could see was the dark curly head and the shaking shoulders. When his sobs stopped, he straightened up and turned to me and kissed me on both cheeks in the formal Greek manner. He had to stoop to do it; he was well over six feet tall. We stood there smiling foolishly at each other. So this was "our son"—this handsome young

man with the aristocratic features, white smile and broad shoulders. I spoke to him in Greek. "How was the flight from Salonika?"

"I came by night train. It was more reasonable." He smiled apologetically. "And I must take the train back tonight. I have examinations."

I was amazed by the gentleness of his voice. "Did you get any sleep on your journey here?" I asked.

"No," he smiled. "There was so

much to think about."

He had been afraid of this meeting, too! I hadn't thought of that.

"Translate!" my wife said. "I can't get to know him in Greek, and I've a million questions to ask."

Looking Ahead. Over lunch, we asked questions—in English and Greek and back to English again. As interpreter, my head was spinning, and I ended up speaking Greek to my wife and English to Athanasios. We had a good many laughs together. Finally, we asked about his future plans. "I'm going to be a lawyer," he said matter-offactly. "There is a great need in Greece for men with an education."

"Is the world dark now?" I teased him.

He frowned, not understanding for a moment. Then he remembered, and laughed. "No," he said. "The world is very bright. I will pass my examinations."

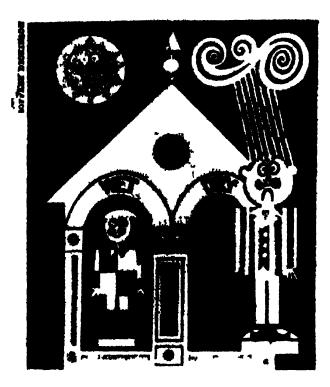
We hailed a taxi and took him

through Athens, his own capital, which he had never seen. Standing before the Acropolis in the golden light of late afternoon, Athanasios was grave and reverent. Together, he and the Acropolis seemed symbolic of mankind's endless search for achievement. I could almost hear my father's voice quoting one of the great speeches of Pericles: "No one, so long as he has it in him to be of service to the state, is kept in obscurity because of poverty." Certainly this young man had it in him, I thought. It was a precious afternoon, one well worth everything it had taken to achieve.

Soon it was time to take Athanasios to his train. He would not let us go into the station with him. We stood on the pavement and just looked at each other. I tried to think of something to say—some word of advice, of parting—but nothing came. It was he who spoke the last words, in his even, soft voice: "I will not thank you, because I cannot. I can only pray to God that some day, somehow, I will help someone as you have helped me."

He took my wife's hands and kissed them, then kissed me on both cheeks, turned and walked into the station. Tearfully, we watched him go, a tall and straight young man, facing whatever lay ahead with certainty and courage.

Is we had to tolerate in others what we allow in outgelves, life would be unbearable.



Life's Like That

While at a family reunion, my mother extolled the virtues of her mother's system of rewards for housekeeping chores by her daughters. When they were spring-cleaning, Grandmother pur money under the shelf paper in the linen cupboard. Whichever daughter was thorough enough to change the paper was allowed to keep the money she "found."

When I asked Mother why she hadn't continued the tradition with my sister and me, she replied simply, "I did."

—CHRISTINA HARRISON

My ELDERLY uncle is both tight-fisted and deaf. Our family have long urged him to buy a hearing aid, but he evidently begrudged the price. Finally he did turn up at our house wearing an ugly, conspicuous contraption in his heavy cord to his test. My father suggested that he put

the battery in an inside pocket and hide the cord.

In reply, uncle pulled the aid from his pocket. It was nothing but a tin box with a piece of wire attached.

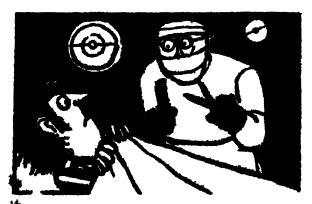
"But you can't hear any better with that thing!" exclaimed my father.

"Perhaps not," uncle admitted, "but it saves me buying a real aid. Now everybody speaks louder." G. S.

AFTER a pleasant "Good morning," the woman who had rung my doorbell asked, "Do you do any house-to-house or telephone selling?" My answer was no. She sighed happily and said, "Then may I come in and show you some cosmetics that I am trying to sell? I only started this week and so far, instead of selling, I have bought a plastic bowl, some costume jewellery, three pairs of nylons and a hairbrush."

-I. T.

RECENTLY a teenage boy was rushed into our hospital with appendicitis. Just before his operation, we nurses were puzzled when we heard the boy's



mother ask the surgeon if there was a barber in the hospital. "Why do you want to know?" he asked.

"I thought," she replied, "that we could get his hair cut while he's under the anaesthetic."

—Jan Winness

A FATHER took his teenage daughter to the theatre. The following day he admitted that the play was a bit more risqué than he had expected.

"I really didn't mind her seeing it," he said, looking a bit dazed. "What bothered me was that she laughed in

all the right places."

-Mrs. Edward Lormand

THE LECTURER at our Parent-Teachers Association meeting was devoted to the new maths. One point covered in detail was: No matter in what sequence numbers are added, the answer is the same. Thus 2+3+4 is the same as 4+3+2.

Touring the building after the meeting, I spotted a blackboard on which a shapely female figure had been drawn. A doubting convert to new maths had written beside it: "36-24-36, or 24-36-36, or 36-36-24 does not add up to the same figure!"—w. c. w.

On BEING asked by a friend how many miles per gallon he was getting out of his new sports car, my husband answered, "Well, I get about five miles to the gallon and my teenage son gets the other twenty."

-Mrs. R. L. WILLIAMS

For Business purposes I purchased a tape recorder to note thoughts that occurred to me while driving or at home in the evening. One morning I heard my typist laughing uproariously as she ran through the previous day's recording. Puzzled, I asked her to play it back.

We listened to some routine comments: then there was a pause, and a loud rasping sound shattered the stillness. This was followed by another and yet another. Finally, in a triumphant tone, my wife's voice announced, "You see, I told you that you snored at night!"

—JAMES GUBB

BIDDING at the farmhouse auction began with the less valuable items. The auctioneer paused beside a pile of battered pots and pans and other household articles.

He circled the pile slowly as the crowd waited. Suddenly he threw back his head and announced with a wave of his hand, "Friends, this stuff is like religion—you've got to get it when you don't want it, in order to have it when you need it!"

—L. L.

WHEN I arrived home in England with my six-month-old son, my heart sank as we reached the customs barrier. The officer looked ominously stern and I had a large heap of luggage. "What



articles of value have you acquired abroad in the last 12 months?" he demanded.

"Well, there's the baby---" I began.

He stared for a moment at the

infant in my arms.

"Original works of art are exempt from duty, madem," he said fitmly; waving me through customs with my luggage. — The Venomic flassacous

Unforgettable Charles Laughton

By BENTZ PLAGEMANN

Laughton the actor. But he sometimes spoke disparagingly of other actors. He avoided their company, he said, because they had no conversation. To him, most of them were empty shells waiting to be filled; they had nothing to say until a playwright furnished them with lines.

This could not be said of Laughton himself, who had a great deal to say about every subject under the sun—about art (he had one of the finest collections of paintings in America), about bee-keeping, about music, about cooking.

Nearly always, predictably, what he had to say bore some reference to himself. For he had the actor's ego. The benign, benevolent figure which he turned to his public was not false, but it was not the whole man. Under the gentle manner, there was something imperious, something of Captain Bligh in him, a legacy, perhaps, from his having played the role in Mutiny on the Bounty.

I worked closely with him for



about seven months on the dramatization of a novel of mine for a play which he planned to direct and coproduce. I did not tell him that I was also taking notes about him, but I am certain he would have liked the idea of having a Boswell to play to his Dr. Johnson.

He had a complete and exhausting devotion to his craft—and he brought the same passionate intensity to everything he did. One day Charles came to see my wife and me at our house in La Jolla. He had promised to show her the spring flowers in bloom in the California desert. He had a deep love of flowers and, among his many honours, he was a member of the Royal Horticultural Society.

Keen Eye. We set off early in the morning. My wife and Charles sat in the back seat. I was the chauffeur, spoken to only to receive directions, the most frequent being a peremptory "Stop!" when Charles wanted to point out something—once, in a landscape that seemed at first glance to be as barren as a crater on the moon, a floor of tiny, brilliant blossoms, fragile as a breath of air.

We climbed the winding road to the top of Mount Palomar and descended on the other side. At one "Stop!" Charles leaped from the carewith that agility which always seemed so amazing in one of his bulk, and disappeared over a deep embankment.

Twenty minutes passed before

he came back and climbed, puffing, into the car.

"I hope you're satisfied," he said with mock gruffness to my wife, placing in her hand a rare blue wild flower which he knew grew there.

Vast Energy. It was for my wife a most memorable day, but for me, after weeks of working with Charles, it was not relaxing. His energy and expression flowed like a great stream which, reaching its delta, spreads out and covers the lowlands at its base. One could only submit, or run.

Soon we began looking for a place to have lunch. A great many of my memories of Laughton are concerned with eating or with restaurants, and this is not coincidental. He was, as his appearance would suggest, a rather self-indulgent man in his appetites. The actor who had delighted his audiences as Henry VIII by eating chicken with his hands enjoyed food every bit as much in real life. Once, while I was dining with him in Hollywood, he was half-way through an enormous meal when he looked up to find Cary Grant seated opposite us, elegent, fit and sun-tanned, cating a salad.

"Imagine," he said gloomily, taking up his fork again and glancing at Grant, "we're exactly the same age."

We eventually had lunch the day of our outing in an inn near an old mission east of La Jolla. There was no one else in the daning coom, and over brandy Charles began to tell us, in a version perhaps embroidered by his creative gift, the story of his early life.

Actor Not Waiter. He had been brought to acting, he said, by Edith and Sacheverell Sitwell, members of the famous English literary family. The Sitwells lived in the Yorkshire town where Laughton was born, and sometimes came for dinner to the hotel his father owned there. When he was about 17, Charles was assigned to wait on the Sitwells at table.

His innate sense of mimicry and considerable composure were not lost on Edith and Sacheverell. After several dinners Edith delivered the verdict. "We have made up our minds about you," Charles reported her as saying. "You are not a waiter; you are acting the part of a waiter. You are an actor."

This was the turning point of his life. It had been presumed that he would go into the family business. Instead, with the encouragement of the Sitwells, he went to acting classes in London. More than that, they took him in hand and moulded him into the sort of man they thought he could be. His education in literature, music and painting began with the Sitwells. They introduced him to excellence and helped to create his taste.

With his enormous energy and his natural talent, he accomplished the rest for himself. On the London stage, he put his personal stamp on a multitude of roles, from Shakespeare's Prospero to Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot. He was also the first English actor to appear with the Comédie Française. speaking flawless French.

Meanwhile, he had launched his film career. Not long after his success in *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, for which he won an Academy Award, he went to America. He never returned to England for any long period, and eventually he became an American citizen.

Although he firmly believed in the aristocratic principle of keeping a proper distance between himself and his admirers, Laughton was warm with an audience, especially during his famous public readings from the Bible, Shakespeare and poetry, which became so popular. He began the readings during the Second World War, by entertaining bedridden war veterans with excerpts from Thurber or Dickens or Aesop.

Expressive Face. His Bible readings became especially popular, partly because he could bring half-forgotten characters and passages vibrantly alive. The smallest movement—the flick of his eye, a twitch of his mouth—gave life and reality to his readings.

At one performance Laughton noticed that he was being watched closely by an old lady. Appreciative of her attention, Laughton approached her afterwards and discovered that she was deaf. "I

couldn't hear a word you said," she confessed. "But you make the most interesting faces." Eventually, Laughton went on tour, bringing the Bible and other great literature to capacity audiences wherever he travelled.

He attacked his work with relentless drive. Late one afternoon he telephoned me in La Jolla from Hollywood. He had gone over some of the play-script which I had sent him, and he wanted to talk about it. It was a subtle point, but an important one, and he couldn't make himself clear over the telephone. He would come down in the morning.

He stepped off the plane looking dishevelled. He had had very little sleep, and his manner was a combination of exhilaration and exhaustion. In the car he launched at once into what he had stayed up half the night rehearsing to tell me: that at the heart of a romantic relationship between a man and a woman there was something raw and primitive, something that smelled of the flesh, and unless that was present, even in a domestic comedy such as we were working on, the production would not be convincing.

Audience of One. I thought, why didn't he tell me this over the telephone? But then I was struck with the truth of the adage that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. Just as in any role played by Charles the slightest gesture, intopation or movement of body was the result of long analysis, so he could not

convey an important idea for the script over the telephone; it was necessary for him to come and act it out for me.

He began when we reached the house. Some people, when trying to explain a difficult idea, use their hands in speaking; Charles used his whole body. For me it was rather like sitting alone in the front row at a play, having directed at me the creative force designed to fill an entire theatre.

High Drama. He was the man, then he was the woman. He paced about the room; his voice rose, it fell. He wooed and challenged. In the middle of this performance, he stopped to ask if I had Thomas Wolfe's The Web and the Rock. There was a passage in it which would show what he meant. I hadn't got a copy. Off we went on a hunt through bookshops. In the fourth one we found a copy; he declaimed the passage, and then went back to acting out his point about the relationship of man and woman.

It was an astonishing performance, interrupted by a gargantuan lunch, after which we went back to our house for more work and more acting, until he was sure that I had understood his point.

Charles was in an exuberant mood when he left late in the afternoon. I was so exhausted that I fell asleep at dinner.

It was with no small apprehension that my wife and I finally went back to Hollywood for the last revisions

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UNFORGETTABLE CHARLES LAUGHTON

on the script. We stayed in a small villa near Laughton's house, and were quickly caught up in his orbit. I soon discovered that there existed a kind of pecking order of intimidation. While I was in awe of Charles, Charles was in awe of his household help.

The Laughtons—Charles had been married since his London days to actress Elsa Lanchester—were looked after by a butler and an excellent cook. A tray of drinks was brought in one day, and Charles made martinis for us. We had just raised our glasses when the butler appeared in the doorway.

"Dinner is served," he said.

Charles was on his feet instantly. "Please drink quickly," he said, his hands outstretched for our glasses.

I gulped my martini, and Charles apologized as he took the glass from my hand.

"We have to go in when we're called," he whispered. "The last time we didn't, the cook threw the dinner into the dustbin."

Our script was eventually finished, but the problems of casting and production were never resolved. With his enormous energy, Laughton, at any given time, was involved in perhaps half a dozen projects.

Some succeeded, some did not. Now an opportunity suddenly came that he could not resist—to direct and play a leading role in a Broadway production of Shaw's *Major Barbara*.

It was an intelligent, meticulous production. Laughton's way of adding animation to the long, wordy third act was particularly imaginative: he arranged the people in groups, like figures on a frieze—an idea that had come to him while studying the paintings of Puvis de Chavannes at New York's Metropolitan Museum.

This was typical of Laughton, for whom all the arts formed one whole, the spectrum from which he could draw for his own creative work. He was fortunate; few men are so fulfilled.

To be exposed to the ruthlessness of his professional commitment was no small privilege, and I am indebted to him for the many things he taught me. For Charles Laughton believed, as only an artist can believe, in the value of work. His life was a magnificent testimony to his conviction that for each of us, in success or even in failure, only the work in which we are involved is of ultimate importance.

Home Thoughts from Abroad

A HAPPILY married sportswriter was studying a book of Japanese phrases before leaving, alone, for the 1964 Olympic Games in Tokyo. The book was a present from his wife. On one page he found a sentence underlined in ink and marked with three stars. The translation read: "This is a picture of my wife."

—R. S.



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What is insomnia? Recent scientific findings now offer . . .

FIELP FOR THE PROBLEM SLEEPER

By Edwin Diamond
Author of "The Science of Dreams"

underground ailments of modern society. Yet until recent years it has been as remote from scientific understanding as the Land of Nod itself.

How much sleep should one get? Part of the answer has become quite clear. The accepted standard for a good night's sleep—eight consecutive hours—is a social convention rather than a physiological requirement. The "eight-hour" mystique was underntined years ago by the pioneering work of the University of Chicago's Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman. Infants, he observed, typically follow a pattern of intermittent sleep and wakefulness: 40 minutes of

sleep alternating with 10 to 20 minutes of stirring and crying. In all, the infant stays awake only about 8 hours out of 24.

This physiological rhythm changes under the influences to which it is subjected, and the child gradually learns to remain continuously active during the day and to sleep only at night. The new pattern is reflected in the daily ups and downs of most adults' body temperature.

Kleitman concluded that the majority of sleepers manage to adjust to society's requirements. They wake up spontaneously in the morning; their brains warm up fast; their body temperatures crest early in the day. (Experiments have shown that

people achieve peak efficiency when body temperature is also at its peak.) As a result, they do their best work before noon, and go to bed early.

At the other extreme are those who fail to fit their physiological rest-activity cycle to society's time pattern. They rise reluctantly, sour, bleary-eyed and full of complaints about being tired. They warm up grudgingly to the day's activities, belatedly reaching their temperature and alertness peak in the late afternoon or early evening. Still keyed up at 11 p.m., they have to simmer down before they can sleep.

Good or Bad? Kleitman's work thus suggests that some insomnia is natural and unavoidable. But body temperature alone cannot account for all patterns of sleep dis-**Psychiatrists** turbance. assume, though they have never proved, that individual temperament also shapes the quality and duration of sleep. Physiologists assume that physical factors other than temperature are at work. Yet only within the last three years has anyone determined, in a systematic way, what the psychological and physical attributes of good and bad sleepers might be.

Working at the University of Chicago, Dr. Lawrence Monroe, a young psychologist, recruited 32 men between the ages of 20 and 42. Sixteen described themselves as "mild insomniacs"; they said it took them about an hour to fall asleep, and that they got about five or six hours of sleep a night. They were

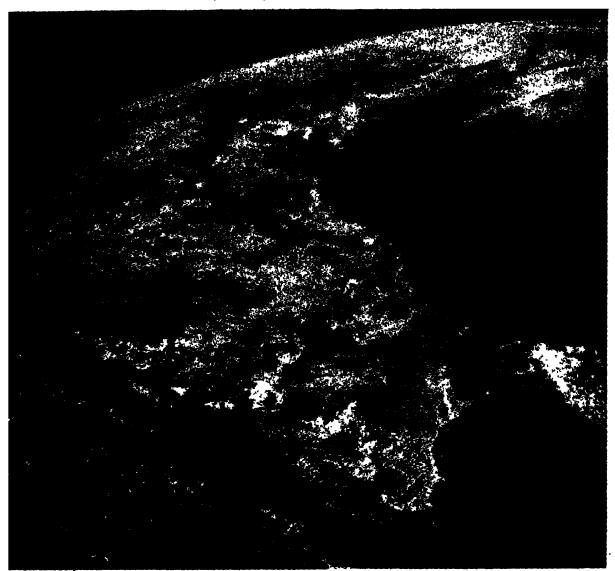
matched as closely as possible by age, education and occupation with 16 others who claimed to be "good sleepers"—they usually fell asleep in 10 to 15 minutes, and seldom woke up during the night.

Each volunteer completed a standard questionnaire designed to depict his psychological profile. They reported at about 11 p.m., and were fitted out with an array of gauges, thermometers and other instruments to record their body movements, heart rate, rectal temperature, skin clamminess. An electro-encephalogram (EEG) machine measured the amount of electrical energy given off by their brain cells, enabling Monroe to follow them through the various stages of sleep.

Monroe studied each sleeper for three nights. He found that those who said they were insomniacs were insomniacs—though, generally, where they had claimed it took them almost an hour to fall asleep, it was more like 15 minutes. (Insomniacs, though they do not imagine their suffering, almost invariably are imperfect judges of the amount of sleep they are getting.)

The poor sleepers woke up almost twice as often during the night as the good sleepers, and they moved about more. Of the seven hours' sleep time available in the experiment, the good sleepers averaged six and a half hours, the insomniacs five and three-quarters.

The physical reactions of the two types were also quite distinct. The



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sleep for much longer than one night.

A second admonition to insomniacs might be: See a doctor if sleep problems persist. A young housewife recently complained to her family doctor that she hadn't slept more than four hours a night for the previous three months. She was referred to a psychiatrist, who diagnosed her problem as anxiety neurosis. What she feared at bedtime were her night thoughts and the encounter with her innermost emotions.

Two months of psychotherapy helped her to sort out the tangle of these emotions; gradually she was able once more to discharge the pent-up pressures of her psyche in dreaming sleep.

A final piece of advice for poor sleepers might be to resign themselves to a certain amount of sleep-lessness. Dr. Monroe has found, for instance, that married people sleep very much better with their partners than when they are separated. Thus, what might be called environmental insomnia will always be with us.

The product of food, drink, beds, marital circumstances and a dozen other domestic variables, insomnia could be laughed off—if the victim weren't so tired and irritable.

Time-Piece

Time had done its work on the class gathered for its 25th reunion. Whoops of incredulity filled the air as we rediscovered each other from name tags bearing our old school photographs. Suddenly across the room loomed a face I recognized without recourse to name tag.

"Rudolph," I shouted, pushing my way through the crowd, "you

haven't changed a bit!"

"Oh, no?" he countered, bowing graciously. And then he tipped his toupee.

—N. S.

We asked a friend, who has regularly attended class reunions, what the last one was like. "Same old faces," she said, "but more new teeth." —K. P.

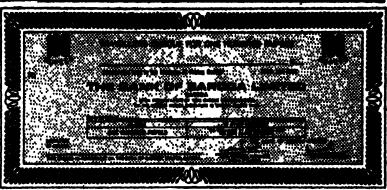
Encore!

A FRIEND of mine was marrying a woman who was the mother of two children by a previous marriage. The lively youngsters, aged four and five, were present at the ceremony with their-grandmother. As the ceremony was about to begin, I overheard Grandma say, "If you children don't sit down and behave, I won't bring you next time!"

—D. M. F.

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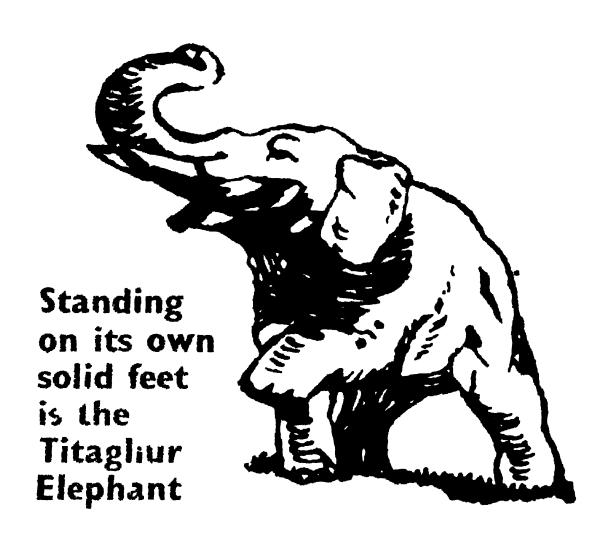
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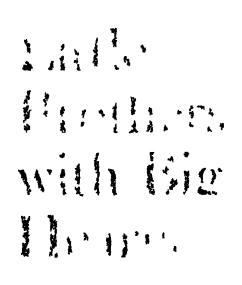
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With imaginative love, these dedicated Frenchmen transform the loneliness of old people into hope and happiness



By Oscar Schisgall



A welcome visit from Armand Marquiset, founder of the "Little Brothers" organization

woman needs food, the Little woman needs food, the Little Brothers of the Poor bring her flowers. There's a very good reason. "Old people are proud," says Mario Cipriana, president of the "Little Brothers" organization. "Often their first impulse towards charity, especially a gift of food, is to reject it. They may be suffering from hunger, yet they will bravely lift their chins and say, 'No, thank you,' Flowers suggest admiration,

friendship, affection. And if the Little Brother who has brought the flowers leaves a food parcel in the corner, the good deed is done without disturbing anyone's pride."

This has been the attitude of the Little Brothers ever since the organization was set up 22 years ago by Armand Marquiset, a French count. Today there are 40 permanent Brothers.

Assisted by over 1,000 auxiliaries, they bring aid and companionship,

as often as three times a week, to more than 8,000 needy old people in Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, Nantes and Lille.

Hunger, of course, can be assuaged by a meal. But what do you do about those so old and frail that they no longer have the strength to make their beds, tidy their rooms, carry in wood or coal for winter warmth?

The Little Brothers attend to these needs, too. Often their work goes further—saving old people from eviction by paying their rent; restoring their peace of mind by assuring them of respectable funerals.

As a widow of 83 told me: "My Little Brother, Georges, is like a son. He brings me food, water, coal, even a little wine. If a light or tap needs mending, he does it. When I am ill, he calls a doctor. He even washes my clothes. And he has been doing all this for thirteen years! Can you understand what this means to a person like me?"

Armand Marquiset understood. By profession a concert pianist and composer, he first thought of forming the organization in 1939, while kneeling in meditation in Notre-Dame. He knew of countless organizations that gave help to homeless children, to the sick, to the poor. But who did anything for the loneliness and despair of aged people?

The Second World War interrupted Marquiset's plan, but by 1946 he was ready for action. From a friend he obtained the use of two small rooms in one of the poorest sections of Paris. A year later he moved to 9 rue Léchevin, which is still the French headquarters of the brotherhood.

He chose this site because within easy walking distance were many of the aged and needy to whom he could carry food. To encourage others to come to him, he scrawled on the entrance the words still there today:

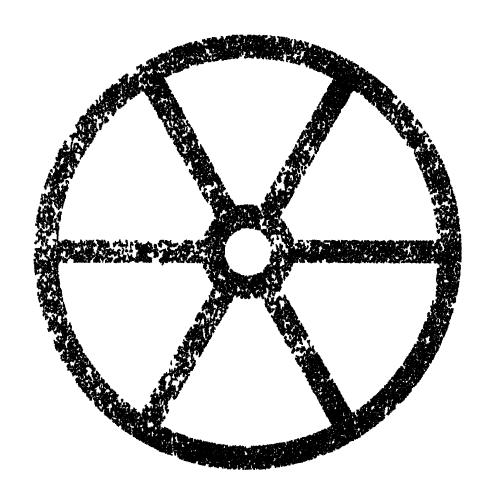
"Let whoever comes to this place know that he has come to the home of a brother."

At first, Marquiset had the assist ance of only one or two friends. But soon the scope of his work broadened. Having always regarded his anti-poverty campaign as a Catholic undertaking, he turned to the Catholic Church for help. Now the Little Brothers form a kind of lay order; they wear layman's dress and have no formal canonical restrictions.

Dedication. Yet they pledge themselves to celibacy, poverty (they receive no salary) and obedience. The pledge is repeated yearly, and if, after five years, they decide to take lifetime vows, they put on a simple metal ring that binds them to their future.

Most of the Little Brothers are young, their ages ranging from 18. to 35. When I asked a Brother of 23 why he had devoted himself to the care of old people he answered

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without hesitation: "When I came out of the army, I was determined that what I did with the rest of my life would matter to people." This is how most of the Brothers feel—that service to others is the best justification for being alive.

Festivity. Their youth is infectious. You can see it pouring new energy and gaiety into their old friends. At a party the Little Brothers gave for 35 elderly people, I saw the young men insisting that the old women dance with them. What if the dancing was awkward and stiff? There was nothing stiff in the pleasure that suffused the old faces. And if the woman at the piano wisely kept her waltzes slow, nobody seemed to notice.

While the Little Brothers and most of their auxiliaries are young, a few older volunteers work with them.

"When I retired," one man in his sixties told me, "I could not decide what to do next. One day I passed the Paris headquarters just as two Little Brothers came out with containers of hot food. Out of curiosity I asked what was going on. The young man who told me added, 'Why don't you lend us a hand?' Two years later, I'm still lending a hand, and I hope to continue for the rest of my life."

Most volunteers help out when they are free of other obligations; others make free time.

"I set aside every Thursday for my work with the Little Brothers," a lawyer said. Similarly, a Lyons printer helps the Brothers every Saturday, plus an evening or two during the week. A postman told me that he used to sit in a café for an hour after work: now he goes straight to the Little Brothers' headquarters and spends the hour in their service.

Christmas is a hectic time for the Brothers. Every year they dispatch thousands of gift parcels and organize hot Christmas dinners. But perhaps the most remarkable thing about the Christmas effort is the vast amount of assistance given by volunteers.

At least half of the 80,000 old people invited to Christmas dinners have to be driven there. Year after year, in city after city, thousands of cars have turned up for the job. Add to these the number of people who help to prepare and serve the hot meals, and it is safe to calculate that almost 10,000 volunteers help the Brothers at Christmas.

Enterprising. Another big project occurs during the summer when indigent old people are given monthlong holidays. This idea was born in 1950. Only 15 people enjoyed a few weeks in the country that first summer, but their reaction was so moving that the Little Brothers determined to provide holidays for many more. But where could the old people be sent?

Because of the last war, financial losses and heavy taxes were making it difficult for the owners of big





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estates to maintain their properties and many were selling off their lands and châteaux at bargain prices. So when the Little Brothers learned that the Château d'Achy-an impressive country house near Beauvais, some 55 miles from Paris could be purchased for as little as 25,000 dollars (about Rs. 1.9 lakhs), they put out a wide appeal for funds. Within a few months they had bought the château, and gifts of furniture soon followed. By June 1953 the château could entertain—for month-long stays—35 guests at a time.

More Centres. Achy was merely the beginning. Today, thanks to the generosity of château owners, the brotherhood runs 19 summer residences at which nearly 2,000 needy old people have regular summer holidays.

Volunteers staff each holiday centre; indeed, the Little Brothers get three times as many offers for help as they need. While most of their assistants are French, others come from Britain, Ireland, Spain, Italy, America, Germany and the Low Countries. They all have one desire in common: to help others.

At first, the summer holiday project presented a problem. Was it really kind to give old people one heavenly month in the country, then dump them back into the misery from which they came? The Brothers solved this problem like diplomats. They announced that each summer guest could count on being

invited back every summer for life. As one elderly gentleman at Achy told me: "This makes the other eleven months worth living."

But the Little Brothers' penchant for kindness once threatened to involve the organization in serious trouble. When they learned that one old couple—completely alone in the world—were about to celebrate their sixtieth (diamond) wedding anniversary, the Brothers gave the "bride" a small diamond ring. The joy it stirred in the old couple convinced them that this should become a custom; it would not cost much.

Nevertheless, the gift of the ring brought complaints. Was this, people asked, the right way to spend money which had been donated to appease hunger? The Little Brothers' defence was that man does not live by bread alone. Fortunately, contributors from all walks of life agreed, and sent gifts of money specifically earmarked for "more diamond rings."

Future Plans. To what further extent can the organization grow?

"There are about 3.5 million old people in France who need attention of one kind or another," says Hubert de Ravinel, a Little Brothers official. "We cannot hope to take care of them all. Our aim, therefore, is to set an example. If we can persuade other organizations and individuals to undertake the same kind of work, we will feel that our mission has been successful."

Already the organization has

spread to Belgium, Canada, Morocco and the United States.

The work of the Little Brothers emphasizes the fact that care of the aged is a continuing problem. Some old people—those on adequate industrial pensions and those who were able to save a good deal of money—live comfortably. But what of the countless people who have only a tiny government allowance and no savings? And when they have no family or friends, loneliness is added to want. In such cases, society can learn a great deal from the Little Brothers.

So can children who completely

abandon their elderly parents. "I have a married daughter," said one crippled woman of 77, "but she hasn't visited me for years. She says she can't stand the smell in this old house." Fortunately, a Little Brother has been visiting her three times a week since 1953.

I have heard hundreds of comments on the organization and its work. One of the simplest yet most eloquent came from a 99-year-old woman.

"The Little Brothers change your worst years into your best," she said earnestly. "Once they find you, you're never alone again."

Weighty Problems

My MOTHER-IN-LAW was noted for her absentmindedness, which we all—she included—took good-naturedly. One day I found her frowning at a jam doughnut on her plate. When I asked her what was the matter, she replied, "I took an oath to stay on a diet for one week, but now I can't remember when I took it."

—Mrs. L. J. B.

CHARLES WILLIAMS had difficulty finding women employees for his laundry. Then he placed this advertisement in a Hampshire paper: "Strong, fat women who wish to lose weight wanted for hard but well-paid work." He received so many replies that, he says, "I shall not have to advertise for employees for years."

—NANA-WNS

Wordly Wise

AMERICA'S Brigadier-General Samuel Griffith comments on China:
"The only predictable thing about Chinese events is that unpredictable events will occur with predictable regularity."

—R. L. B.

7 1

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How to Make a Sandwich—and a Fortune

The story of an Italian grocer and his succulent recipe for success B

By Robert Crichton

thony Marotta hired an Alfa Romeo and drove through southern Italy. His destination the poor hamlet of Piazzola.

"Recognize anything?" his wife asked when they arrived.

He recognized it all. There was little there to forget, and nothing had changed since he left half a century ago.

Piazzola is a small place, a drab collection of stone houses. And

inside his old home there were still—as there always had been—goats in the living-room.

The people of Piazzola knew the Marottas were American by the cut of their clothes, and knew they were rich by the leather of their shoes. What they would find hard to understand, however, is that although Anthony Marotta lives in a luxury house and last year paid income tax equivalent to more than 26,000 dollars (about Rs. 2 lakhs), he makes



HOW TO MAKE A SANDWICH-AND A FORTUNE

money in roughly the same manner as the people of Piazzola do—standing all day, working with his hands.

Anthony Marotta makes and sells sandwiches. He is a semi-skilled manual labourer. The fact that he owns his own sandwich shop adds immeasurably to his income. But that he makes as much as he does, clearing something like 26,000 dollars a year is a distinct tribute to Tony Marotta himself.

Marotta's shop, in midtown Manhattan, is not a prepossessing place. It looks exactly what it is—a place to get a good sandwich cheap. I arrived there at 8 a.m., and 61-year-old Marotta and two of his assistants were already there. He had got up at

five that morning, as always, and had been at work since seven.

The backbone of the business is a very large, fantastically full sandwich called the Hero. To make one properly, and to make it fast for the lunchtime trade, needs a lot of preparation.

Take, for example, Marotta's Special, the star of the house. It consists of three slices of capocollo (spiced smoked pork), two or three slices of provolone cheese, four to five slices of hard Genoa salami. All this is spread on the bottom half of a freshly sliced loaf of French bread and then smothered with anchovies, marinated eggplant, peppers, shredded lettuce and fresh tomatoes. At

Side elevation of a typical Hero sandwich, showing details of construction. Into half a crispy French loaf sliced horizontally goes a generous foundation of salami, anchouses and provolone cheese topped by thick courses of sliced green peppers, smoked pork, fresh tomato and lettuce. Mayonnaise, pickle, coleslaw, olive oil and wine vinegar are optional extras



no extra charge, the customer can add mayonnaise, pickle, coleslaw, lashings of olive oil and wine vinegar. It is, truly, a meal in a sandwich.

The trick is to prepare in advance as many of the ingredients as possible. The basic bread and cheese is sliced and spread out on individual strips of wax paper hours before noon.

Lunch-Time Rush. By eleven you can feel the tempo beginning to heighten. It is not unlike waiting for the kick-off at a football match.

At 11.30 the first wave of customers hits the shop. Eleven or twelve men come through the door.

"Give me the special," the first orders.

"Everything?" "Yes. Everything."

They always say "everything" at first, but the modifier will follow: "Except the anchovies," or "Heavy on the hot peppers and easy on the eggplant."

At noon the main wave hits.' I counted 35 people entering the restaurant in 60 seconds. All 35 were served in less than five minutes. Although Marotta's shop seats 92 people, on a good day he serves 850. A lot of the sandwiches are taken away. Still, at any lunchtime, each seat is used six or seven times.

Marotta's story follows the classic immigrant pattern. His family took him to the United States when he was nine, because his peasant father was "fed up with being hungry."

They found an apartment in Brooklyn and proceeded to starve there, classically. Just as in Italy, they

rarely ate meat.

When he was 15, the family moved to Fresno, in California, and Tony had to go out to work. He worked on farms, in orchards, on ranches, in vineyards, in foodprocessing and packing factories around Fresno. In 1930 he returned to New York, got a job in a macaroni factory, then began driving for a grocery distributor.

One evening while unloading a crate of over-ripe melons, Marotta experienced one of those sudden flashes of insight. "Why should I caft this stuff around?" he said to himself. "I'm the one who should sell it." He knew more about the business than anyone he knew: he had planted food, pruned it, processed it, packed it and carted it.

With the little money he had saved he bought the lease to a store that had just gone bankrupt and, in the autumn of 1931, Marotta's Italian-American Grocery opened in a street already full of similar grocery shops.

No one came to buy. There was no reason why they should. He had nothing special to offer. So Marotta determined to find ways of selling things cheaper. By collecting goods from the distributors, instead of having them delivered, he could ask for a one per cent discount.

Then, since much of his merchandise was imported, he began



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going directly to the importers, offering to pay them a little more than the distributor paid if they would sell to him direct. Later Marotta began inveigling importers to add his order to their list just to get a quantity discount. Thus he got wholesale prices and was in effect his own importer.

The rules for the future were taking shape. In buying, always go to the source. In any arrangement, if it's really going to work, there's got to be something for everyone. Think in terms of the penny, still the basic manoeuvring unit in all small business.

With Marotta's lower prices, customers began coming through his door, and with them came money. Marotta began to pay cash in advance for his goods. In those days, when everyone needed an infusion of cash, food dealers began to fight for the privilege of selling to him at discounts of up to five per cent. Now he was in a position to undersell anyone.

If he was to build a future, he reasoned, any saving must be passed on to the customer. "A store," he said, "is like a baby. You got to nurse it, baby it, feed it. You got to carry it. Too many people, they treat a store like a horse. From the first day they put a saddle on its back and expect it to carry them. They break its back."

In 1951 Marotta's brother, Ralph, also in the food business, invited him to witness an interesting sight.

A lorry, pulled up in front of a tiny sandwich shop, was unloading enough crates of hams, wheels of cheese and loaves of bread to feed a large restaurant for a week. Inside, workmen were eating enormous sandwiches they called belly-busters. "This," Ralph said, "is the way to sell salami." The man was selling 25 cents' worth of food for 50 cents and couldn't supply all he could sell.

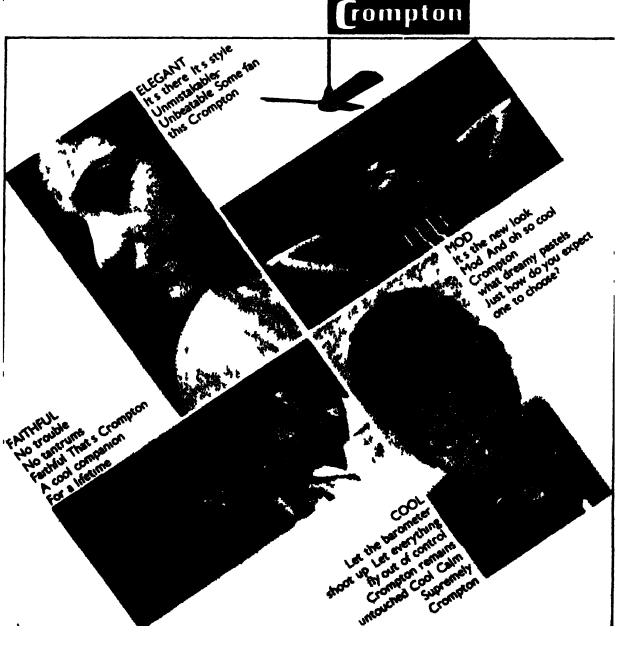
Success At Last. In a second flash of insight Marotta knew that he could make an even better sandwich cheaper. In 1955, he sold the grocer's and with the money opened a shop near Wall Street, where several restaurants had already gone bankrupt. He put a sign in his window: You got to be a hero to eat one, and called it a "Hero shop." Within one hour word had flashed round among the clerks on Wall Street that there was a place where you could eat your fill for 50 cents. Marotta's place was a hit.

But the shop was too small. No matter how fast and hard Marotta and his new bride, Silvia, worked, there was a limit to the money they could make there. So now began a new pattern.

Marotta started leasing space in an unpromising building (cheap), taking an option to buy the building (cheap). The instant success of his newest shop would make the location suddenly desirable. At this point Marotta would sell the business to eager buyers, using their money to make a down payment on

Tour companion for a lifetime!







HOW TO MAKE A SANDWICH-AND A FORTUNE

the building. Then, by leasing space back to the new Hero-shop owners at five or six times the rent he had paid, he would pay off the rest of the building and go on to bigger and better stores.

The system worked well. In 10 years Marotta opened and sold 13 shops. He bought one building, for example, for 65,000 dollars. Last year he sold it for 350,000 dollars.

I wanted to know the exact cost of a Marotta Special, having found that I was unable to duplicate the sandwich in my house for the amount he charges in his restaurant.

The bread, Tony told me, costs him five cents (U.S.). Three slices of capocollo, nine cents. Two slices of provolone, eight cents. Four slices of Genoa salami, ten cents. Imported peppers, marinated eggplant, anchovies, chopped lettuce, oil and vinegar, fresh tomatoes, 13 cents—a total of 45 cents, for a Hero that sells at

80 cents. This does not include labour, taxes and overheads, but still, with these, Marotta averages a profit of 20 to 25 cents on every Hero.

Since a day's business is about 800 customers who average one dollar each, Marotta clearly does well. It embarrasses him in a way.

It was six o'clock. Time to go, but he stopped to put one last basket of fresh green peppers to marinate in a vat of white wine.

"Well, another day, another dollar," he said to me.

We got into his red convertible and drove out of the city. He was tired, but his business was done for the day; he didn't carry it home in his head. We reached a district of rolling lawns and large houses, and finally turned into a winding private road lined with trees, and then up a sweeping, immaculately kept drive. He knew what was in my mind.

"Long way from Piazzóla, huh?"

Frankly Speaking ...

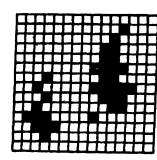
Query to advice columnist, Abigail van Buren: "Dear Abby: My mother is always nagging me about something. It's 'Hang up your clothes, sit up straight, talk slower, turn down the television.' What can I do?"

Dear Abby's answer: "Hang up your clothes, sit up straight, talk slower and turn down the television."

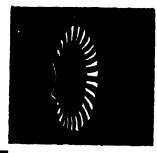
Two in the Bush

WE WERE in Nairobi on the last night of our three-week safari in the picturesque bush country. During dinner one young woman said pen sively, "I've decided there are just two kinds of people who go on safari looking for animals—those who say, "There! There!' and those who say, "Where? Where?" "

—S. N. B.

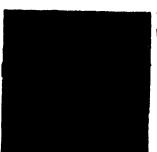


Flawless weave

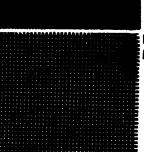


Easy interchangeability of parts

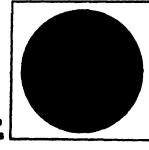




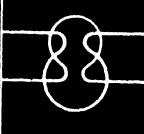
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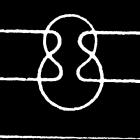
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Latin America's Soldiers Wage War on Want

By using their professional skill for the public good, the continent's armed forces are bringing new hope to the people of the jungle—and also forging an effective weapon against communist subversion

By ROBERT STROTHER



The gunboat Maranon moored at a village on the Tigre River

gunboat Loreto, of the Peruvian Amazon Fleet, steamed up the Ucayali River in 1963 on its first Civic Action sortie, the people living along the water's edge bolted into the rain forest.

They wanted no dealings whatever with strangers, in or out of uniform.

Things are vastly different now. Today when the *Loreto* or one of her four sister ships pulls away from base at Iquitos, the jungle drums

boom—not in warning as before, but in welcome.

Families for miles around hurry by canoe or along forest trails to the nearest riverside clearing to await the ship. They know that the gunboats' sole purpose is to help the Amerindians and mestizos of the jungles in their constant struggle for survival.

Once the mooring lines are secured, children smile shyly as the crew hands around cups of cocoa; the parents murmur a pleased "Gracias" upon receiving that rare treat, a slice of bread hot out of the ship's oven.

Helping Hands. Doctors and dentists set up clinics; veterinary surgeons treat sick animals; agronomists pass out free seeds and advice on more productive methods of raising crops; and sailors set to work erecting a little school building, then fit it out with desks and blackboards made in their big workshop at Iquitos. On a single run up the Putumayo River in 1965, the crew of the *Loreto* built 17 schools, and in one year gunboat doctors treated 73,000 of Peru's estimated 800,000 jungle people.

The daily missions of Peru's Amazon Fleet are only one aspect of a vast programme of Civic Action being conducted by the armed forces of 15 Latin American nations. Utilizing the equipment and skills of their profession for the public good, military men are building roads, ports and airstrips from the Rio

Grande to Patagonia, and erasing for all time the cartoon figure of Latin American militarists in jackboots abusing the *campesinos*. Today's soldier is a working man in uniform who is opening land for settlement, providing forlorn villages with water and light, schools, dispensaries and markets for their produce.

The broad purpose of all these Civic Action programmes—to bring the mestizo and Amerindian populations into the national economy—is spurred on by Fidel Castro's efforts to foment new crises in Latin America. By meeting the most urgent needs of previously neglected people of the area, the governments hope to deprive the guerrilla forces of the support they count on from a discontented rural populace.

Colonel Carlos Arana, military chief of a counter-insurgency forces station in an important sector of Guatemala, points to the sharp change in attitude of the population in the parched province of Zacapa, near Guatemala's south-eastern border, as an example of the success of this policy.

For nearly six years, Zacapa had been the centre of guerrilla operations. Its inhabitants had been terrorized into "enlisting" in guerrilla bands, making up their work gangs, caring for their wounded. Shortly before the arrival of a Civic Action well-drilling team in a Zacapa town in 1966, the guerrillas had executed the "alcalde" (mayor)

rillas.

and his assistant to keep the villagers in line. Fearing further acts of violence, the townspeople were extremely reluctant to admit the drilling team.

Two dry holes left the tension unrelieved, but on the third try the team struck water at 180 feet. Thereafter, women who previously trudged half a mile through torrid heat to the river enjoyed the undreamed of luxury of filling their clay jugs by a few strokes of a pump handle. The happy townspeople organized a march, with signs hailing

the army and denouncing the guer-

Neighbouring villages clamoured for wells, too. And at one of the new sites a small but significant incident occurred: a villager sidled up to Colonel Arana and tipped him off as to the whereabouts of a hidden guerrilla band. "We are gaining," the Civic Action chief said tersely of that unprecedented event.

Well-drilling is only one of the Guatemalan army's civic actions. Every day its trucks haul thousands of high-protein lunches to schools in scores of villages. In addition, the army supports two nutritional centres where undernourished children are fed a balanced diet. Every week-end there are "medical journeys" by army and navy doctors, dentists and nurses to outlying towns.

"The guerrillas come into the rural towns and promise the campesinos that they will parcel out the land

in equal shares, and build schools and wells," says Major Fred Woerner, U.S. adviser to Civic Action in Guatemala. "But they never produce. The Guatemalan army comes in without promising anything, drills them a well, builds a school, opens a road to market, and sets up clinics and dispensaries."

The campesinos, though little interested in politics, know that anybody who attacks their new facilities is an enemy. Thus the guerrillas, no longer dare attack Civic Action projects. In fact, they have been forced to curtail much direct military action, and large numbers of impressed guerrilla "volunteers" are now deserting.

A major job for Civic Action troops in most Latin American countries is building farm-to-market roads, some of which are already producing economic miracles. In

One aspect of Civic Action—a Forces' doctor vaccinates a peasant child





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THE SAFETY-MINDED COMPANY-IN INDIA SINCE 1922

Colombia, engineers are driving a road from Palmira eastward to Ataco.

The road, reaching 12,000 feet, runs through territory so remote from markets that the people there rarely saw a peso from one year to the next. Now, places that used to require a seven-day trip by mule are only an hour away. With the opening of just one stretch of the route, the area has boomed so that farmers are sending some 8,000 gallons of milk to market daily.

Lawless Land. The roads are valuable from a military viewpoint as well. The mountains of Colombia have for 20 years been the impenetrable haunt of bloodthirsty bandit gangs who are believed to have committed more than 200,000 murders in recent years.

The menace they pose was sharpened when they were made, as Radio Havana boasted, part of Castro's machinery for continental subversion. But the new Civic Action roads enable soldiers and police in fast troop-carriers to run the bandits to earth. More than 200 guerrillas have been killed or captured in recent months.

"The constructive action of Colombian armed forces has been the significant factor in confronting in ternational communism with the spectacle of their guerrillas harried and on the run," a recent editorial in *El Colombiano* of Medellín declared. The same thing may be said in varying degrees of Civic Action

programmes in most Latin American countries.

In still another phase of Civic Action in Colombia (as elsewhere), the army gives some 1,000 boys at a time three-week courses in hygiene and physical training. There are also several different two-week courses in which upwards of 200 workers at a time receive instruction in such subjects as farming and civics.

"We try to help people help themselves," says Colonel Guillermo Rodriguez Lievano, former chief of Colombia's Civic Action gramme. "Here, as all over Latin America, many young men come into the military services illiterate. We teach them to read and write, and make them promise upon discharge to teach five other people as well. We also teach a trade—auto mechanics, carpentry, plumbing, wiring, radio repair—so that when they go back to civilian life, they are prepared to take their place as productive citizens."

Armed forces involvement in national development projects is an old tradition with many Central and South American countries. Brazil's navy, for example, this year celebrates the 100th anniversary of its Amazon Fleet, with its record of heroic service in medicine, exploration and rescue operations. Her army has built railways, dams and highways all over the huge country.

Other Latin American military units have performed similar roles

over the years, but Civic Action, as a co-ordinated plan to utilize the equipment and skills of the continent's armed forces in a broad attack on problems retarding development, is something new.

Because it uses men and equipment already on hand for national defence purposes, Civic Action is relatively inexpensive. U.S. AID (Agency for International Development) and military-assistance funds have been of great help.

An equally valuable U.S. contribution has been instruction given at the U.S. Army School of the Americas at Fort Gulick in the Panama Canal Zone. The school provides 31 courses in Spanish, the communications and public health, subjects ranging from engineering, to jungle warfare and internal security. More than 20,000 Latin Americans have been students at

the school, and are now back at work in their own countries.

"The armed forces in Latin America frequently represent the only organized group of trained specialists and technicians capable of carrying out big projects in highway and bridge construction, irrigation, jungle clearing and weather research," a South American teacher in the school said to me. "The School of the Americas is adding new dimensions to their capabilities in many fields."

By teaching soldiers and sailors skills needed for national development, Civic Action sets in motion a means for raising the general level of competence in the economy as a whole. That would be reason enough for the projects. The fact that the programmes are an effective antidote to communist subversion is an added dividend.

My Fare Lady

A CAB DRIVER was overheard complaining to a woman passenger: "This five cent tip is an insult."

"Oh?" she said. "How much should it be?"
"Another five cents at least," said the cabbie.

"My dear fellow," she said, "I wouldn't dream of insulting you twice!"

—Н. С.

Meal Ticket

In Paris a woman was arrested for stealing government-issued free-meal vouchers, intended for distinguished visitors to France, and giving them to her friends. At her trial her lawyer pleaded the theft was not so serious—"because, for once, the taxpayers' money was spent on entertaining and feeding the French."

—Reuters



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MCDONNELL DOUGL

The Voice that Cried in the Wilderness

John the Baptist's message was repentance, his mission was to herald * Christ's coming, and his monstrous fate was to be slain for a woman's whim By Ernest Hauser



GROUP of dignitaries make their way into the desert to A ask a man an important question. When they find him by the River Jordan, where he is baptizing and preaching, they ask, "Who art thou?" "I am not the Christ," John replies. "What then? Art thou Elias? . . . Art thou that prophet?" When he answers, "No," they press him so that they might answer their superiors in Jerusalem. "What sayest thou of thyself?" And John, quoting from Scripture, says, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

The forerunner of Christ, John "the Baptist" was, at the same time, the last of the prophets, and the first great preacher of what was to become Christianity. Jesus Himself bore witness to his genius: "Verily I say unto you, among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist."

What manner of man, then, was behind that voice? For centuries a favourite subject of European artists, the Baptist is generally depicted as a tall, emaciated creature of the wilds, long-haired and bearded, raising his hand in an imperious gesture.

"O generation of vipers," he thunders at the complacent Pharisees, "who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"

To understand John's vehemence, we must review the background of events that prompted him to "cry out" as he did. Palestine was a conquered country, incorporated in 63 s.c. into Rome's vast empire and governed by a dynasty of puppet rulers, the detested Herods. Under such heavy skies, the ancient Jewish hope of a Messiah who would deliver Israel from all its woes assumed a powerful new meaning. John was not that deliverer. But, knowing that one "mightler than he" was

THE VOICE THAT CRIED IN THE WILDERNESS

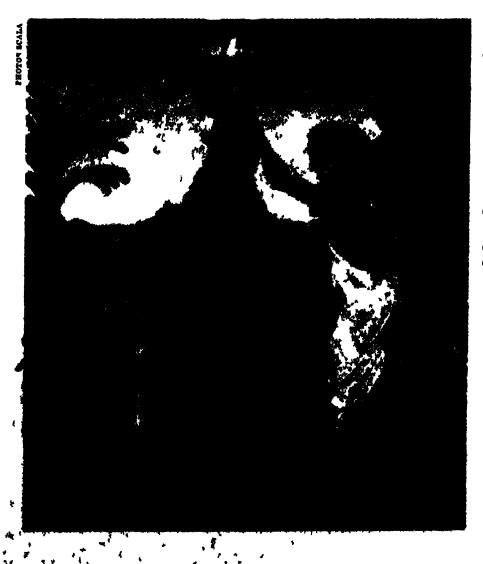
coming, he threw himself with superhuman fervour into the job of "making straight the way." His goal: a spiritual renewal that would prepare the Jews for the Messiah.

The story of his birth is told, with fairy-tale simplicity, in St. Luke's Gospel. Zacharias, the dignified old priest, is suddenly approached by an angel. "Thy wife Elisabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John . . . And many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God." Although she had been barren, Elisabeth conceives.

During her pregnancy, she is visited by a kinswoman, Mary the wife of Joseph, who is also with child. John is born, six months before Jesus.* His father is jubilant: "Thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest . . . to give light to them that sit in darkness."

Did John and Jesus know each

This fixes John's birth in June. The accepted date in the West is June 24—in the Eastern Church June 25. Commemoration of his birth as the principal feast instead of his death, which is observed on August 29, is contrary to usual custom. But Mary's visit to his mother was held to endow John the Baptist with prenatel grace, giving the feast of his birth the greater solemnity.



Opposite: Statue of John the Baptist by Donatello from the church of S. Maria Gloriosa dei Frati, Venice

Left: Verrocchio's The Baptism of Christ. Leonardo da Vinci is said to have painted part of this work other in their childhood? Although celebrated paintings by Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Michelangelo show the two small boys at play, John himself later said of Jesus, "I knew him not." The hill village where John is thought to have been born and brought up lies far from Nazareth, where the boy Jesus spent His "hidden life."

Desert Retreat. In his youth, John decided to leave civilization for the wilderness. For years he led the life of the lone nomad, braving searing sun and icy wind, eating locusts and wild honey. By and by, word got round of a new prophet. Ever on the look-out for the Holy One, the people of "Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region about Jordan" made their way to the wilderness to hear the Voice.

John's message was a simple one: "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

"What shall we do?" many asked.
"He that hath two coats," John would reply, "let him impart to him that hath none." Tax collectors, hated for their greed, were sternly told to "exact no more than that which is appointed you."

A handful of disciples soon attached themselves to the great desert preacher. They formed a strong-willed, self-denying little band, given to fasting and abstention, and saying common prayers. ("Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples," one of the "Twelve later asks Jesus.) John wrotted he

miracles. He did not heal. Nor did he claim Messianic glory for himself. He was the scout, the messenger, and he took every opportunity to stress his purely human role.

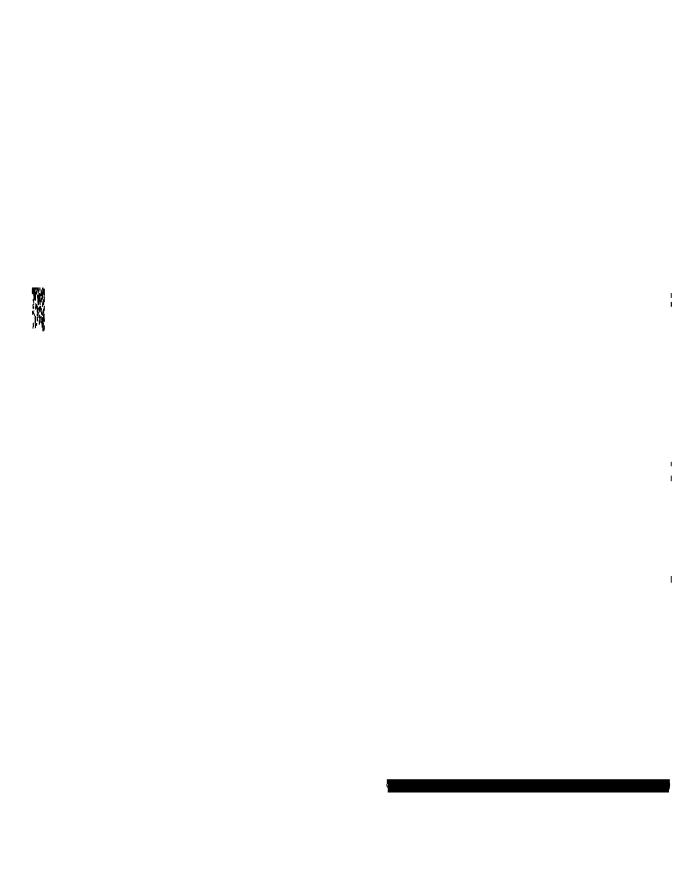
"I am not the Christ," he told his band of faithful disciples. "But I am sent before him . . . He that cometh from above is above all: he that is of the earth is earthly, and speaketh of the earth."

In any desert, water is the most precious thing there is. Roaming through the sandy emptiness, John came to use the River Jordan as a lifeline, returning frequently to its refreshing banks. Shallow and muddy, never more than about 30 yards wide, it is nevertheless Palestine's major river, and as it flows through arid wasteland it lavishly dispenses life itself. It was new life, too, that John offered his listeners by immersing them in the swift-flowing stream.

This "baptism"—from the Greek baptizein, to dip or plunge—cleansed the penitent of his past sins and, at the same time, directed his whole vision forward to the Coming One. Still, while preparing souls for Christ, John could not yet admit them to the Messianic kingdom. "I indeed baptize you with water; but he that cometh after me is mightier

to bear: he shall kaptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."

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encounter. Jesus has come down from Galilee expressly "to be baptized" by John. Awestruck and perplexed at Christ's request, John pleads, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" But Jesus is determined to submit to the symbolic cleansing before embarking on His public ministry. At His earnest urging—"It becometh us to fulfil all righteousness"—John joyfully consents.

For one tremendous instant, the universe seems to stand still, poised at the threshold between the old order and the new. The heavens open, a white dove descends, and alights on Jesus, and a voice from above announces, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The public phase of Jesus' life can now begin. With the "Mightier One" emerging from the waters, his own preparatory mission is completed. Thereafter, John calmly steps aside: "This my joy therefore is fulfilled. He must increase, but I must decrease."

It is as if a sudden squall had descended on the previously placid scene. The tempo quickens, and the next act starts with interference from an unexpected quarter.

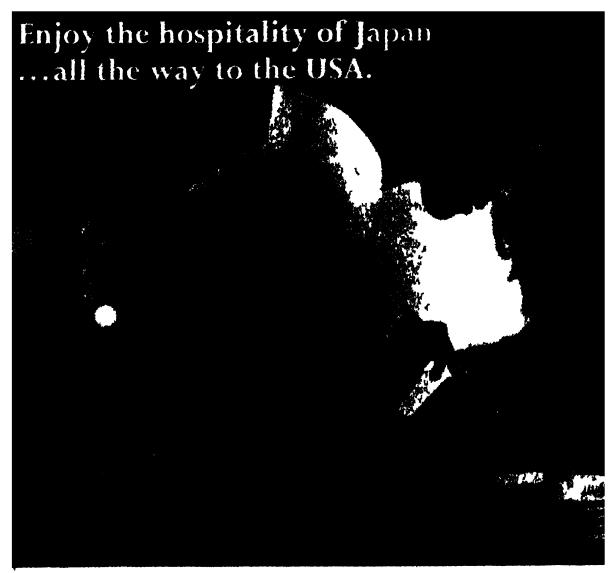
King Herod had been one of the targets of John's thunderous harangues. While sojourning in Rome, the puppet ruler had become enamoured of Herodias, wife of his brother, Philip. Setting aside his earlier marriage to an Arab princess, he married her. With the courage of

the trueborn prophet, John publicly denounced the union as "not lawful," and thus incurred the red-hot anger of Herodias.

At the same time, the crafty king —Christ once called him "that fox" -was watching John's snowballing popularity with some concern. "Because, affected by his words, many flocked to him," writes the first century historian, Flavius Josephus, "Herod feared that John's influence over the people might lead to revolt." Thus, both to please his irate wife and to suppress a dangerous troublemaker, Herod had John arrested and thrown into a dungeon beneath his and his wife's resplendent staterooms in the mountain fortress of Machaerus.

Restored Faith. Although Herodias wished to see John killed at once, Herod, fearful of public opinion, refrained from this last, bloody act. He knew John as "a just man and an holy" and often talked with him, "and heard him gladly." As a result, John seems to have enjoyed considerable freedom. His disciples had access to his cell, and we read that he sent two of them to Jesus to make sure that He was truly "he that should come—or do we look for another?"

The nagging doubt presumably stemmed from the fact that Jesus had not instantly. "delivered" Israel. Christ understood; by letting John's men watch Him heal the sick and raise the dead, He gently reaffirmed the Baptist in his faith; Now certain



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that his long years in the wilderness had not been spent in vain, John could face up to his own end with a stout heart. That end was to arrive more swiftly and more brutally than John could have expected.

The curtain rises on a feast in the gilded hall of Herod's fortress. It is the ruler's birthday. Distinguished visitors have come from all over the country to honour him, and Herod entertains them at a banquet. At the end of the meal, Herodias's teenage daughter, Salome, comes to dance before the guests. Pleased by her efforts, Herod asks her to demand a present: "Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it thee, unto the half of my kingdom." Confused, Salome rushes off to consult with her mother. She is back in a flash to name her price: the head of John the Baptist, on a platter.

Herod's Dilemma. Shocked silence is the answer. The king would like to pass the whole thing off as a poor joke, but he had sworn an oath. "For their sakes which sat with him," he cannot take it back. An executioner is dispatched, and soon returns with John's head as requested. He gives it to the damsel, and she gives it to her mother. Thus the curtain drops on a king's, weakness and a woman's fury.

As much as 25 years later, the

Apostle Paul,* in his travels, came upon some of John's followers who formed a small, tenacious sect. And though the Baptist, strictly speaking, was not a Christian, his impact on the Church was to be permanent. Baptism, common prayer and fasting are Christian institutions inherited from John, while his death anticipates the proud tradition of martyrdom that was to be a hallmark of Christianity.

Both Catholics and Protestants accord him a high place of honour, and thousands of churches and cathedrals all over the world are dedicated in his name. Among the many distinguished men who have also borne that name is Giovanni Battista ("John Baptist") Montini, better known as Pope Paul VI.

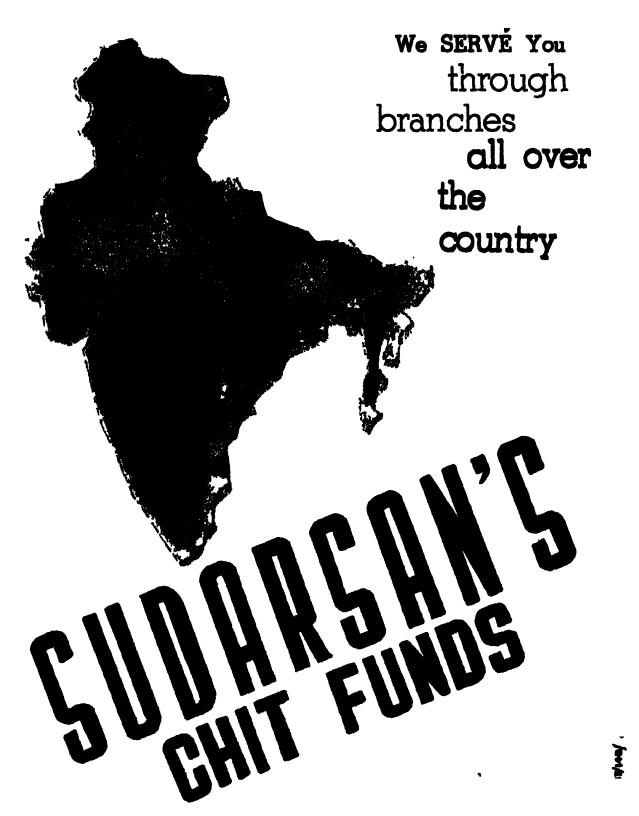
Cut to heroic size, the Baptist's rough, haggard figure looms up from the past, a monument to human courage and integrity. His was the agony, and the distinction, of being both an end and a beginning. Astride the watershed of time, he could look back on a long line of prophets—his spiritual forebears. Letting his eye range over the fertile plains ahead, he was the first to see that Light of which he would bear witness.

* See "Paul: The Saintly Adventurer," Reader's Digest, January 1967.

Pet Subject

A TEACHER received this note from a parent: "Please excuse my son's absence from school. He brought a snake home and put it in the cellar and will not be back until he finds it."

—B.G.



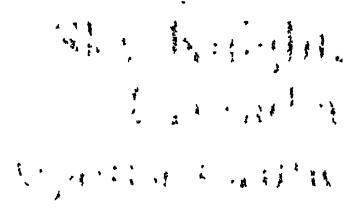
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WHITES ROAD, MADRAS-14

Agile and awe-inspiring, this revolutionary new police weapon helps to turn the tide of lawlessness



By Patricia and Ron Deutsch

Beside him sat eight-year-old Susan, believing she was being taken to the circus. Suddenly a patrol car raced from a side road to block the way. From behind, another car



cut off retreat. In seconds the handcuffs snapped shut. "But how?" the dazed man wanted to know. One of the detectives pointed to a two-man helicopter circling above. "Saw you pick the girl up."

Once again Project Sky Knight, Lakewood, California's police patrol in the air, had shown how helicopters can help turn the tide of lawlessness.

Lakewood, population 84,500, is just outside Los Angeles. One of the towns policed by the Los Angeles County sheriff, it had been plagued by a sharply rising crime rate before Sky Knight first took to the air in June 1966. But in its first year the helicopter took part in 1,100 police actions and helped bring about an amazing drop in crime.

Its effectiveness is shown by

Susan's rescue from the man, who had already been convicted for molesting children. Deputy Sheriff Morris Helgeson and his observer were flying a random patrol over the town. Though only 500 feet in the air, they were scarcely noticed the helicopter's special quiet rotors reduce its sound to a gentle buzz. At three o'clock the pair headed for the nearest primary school. They knew that several children had recently been accosted from cars while walking home. The town's three patrol cars could not watch all streets around all schools—but Sky Knight had a larger view.

As they flew from one school to another, the observer suddenly spotted two little girls backing away from a green car. Through binoculars he could see that they looked apprehensive.

The car quickly moved off, then stopped on another street, opposite Susan, who got into it. At once Helgeston alerted ground units. Then, as he trailed the car, he directed patrol cars into position, like chessmen, until the trap was set—then sprung.

Round the Clock. Flying day and night, Sky Knight's watchful patrol has brought new safety to Lakewood's streets. On the helicopter's third day in the air, there was a call from a motor showroom. A man had stolen a car from the parking area and disappeared into traffic. Patrol cars raced to the area, but it was rush hour and there was little

chance of spotting the stolen car from the ground. Moreover, high speed was dangerous. In less than a minute, however, the police radio crackled: "This is Sky Knight. We have the stolen vehicle in view and are following."

"Suddenly," says a deputy who was in one of the patrol cars, "my partner and I realized that the thief hadn't a chance. We slowed down and tailed Sky Knight all over town. Finally the chap was cut off by radio cars. We drove up right behind him. You should have seen his face."

Panoramic View. As an eye in the sky, Sky Knight is peerless, combing inaccessible areas for lost children, quickly spotting accidents and fires, sometimes landing to handle emergencies.

As a guardian of the roads, it can easily note the weaving drunk or reckless driver, pursue wild motorcyclists across country or lead fire engines round streets clogged with traffic.

It was in 1964 that the Los Angeles County sheriff first began to think of a helicopter for regular patrol. Up to that time, the few police forces which owned helicopters used them almost exclusively for rescue work. But that year there was a wave of burglaries in Los Angeles County's Antelope Valley, a desert region where hundreds of town dwellers had built week-end retreats. During the week the valley was almost empty, an unguarded treasure trove for thieves, who became so bold they

used removal vans to strip houses at leisure.

It would have taken many cars and men to patrol the huge area. But what about the county's rescue helicopter? Sheriff Peter Pitchess decided to give it a try. Lorries parked near houses were easily spotted from the air, and anyone not on legitimate business was quickly arrested. In weeks Antelope Valley's burglary rate plummeted to zero.

Impressed, Sheriff Pitchess wondered what such an aerial patrol might do in towns. But, the cost seemed prohibitive and Pitchess shelved the idea. Then in 1965 the Watts district of Los Angeles exploded in riot; roofs became sniper nests, backyards and alleys turned into escape routes and rallying points for the looters and terrorists. Though the riot area was mainly the responsibility of Los Angeles' city police, Pitchess offered his helicopters.

Safety Factor. At once roofs and alleys were in view. Police could turn corners without meeting unexpected bullets, and mobs were spotted as they formed. The helicopter patrol was an important factor in quelling the violence. Sheriff Pitchess now was sure that the helicopters could help control crime in towns. But where would the money come from for a test?

Fortunately, proof of the aerial patrol's efficacy came at a time when the soaring national crime rate had led the U.S. Congress to appropriate

some seven million dollars (about Rs. 5.25 crores) to seek new ideas to help local police. Sheriff Pitchess presented his evidence to Washington's newly formed Office of Law Enforcement Assistance and received 159,000 dollars (about Rs. 12 lakhs) to set up a trial project.

The Guinea Pig. Lakewood was selected because of its progressive spirit and its similarities to many medium-size American towns. Numbers were painted on the streets as checkpoints for pilots, and merchants who wished to participate in the experiment installed rotating roof-top alarm lights with which to signal to Sky Knight if there was trouble. Three helicopters were leased at cost.

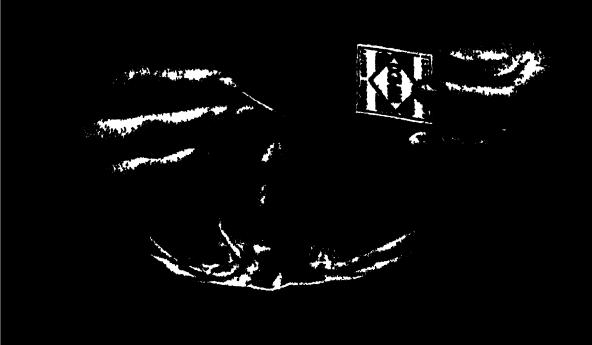
From the first, one of the most reassuring things about Sky Knight has been the speed with which it can respond to police calls—usually within two minutes.

Says one Lakewood housewife: "My husband was away on a trip when I woke to sounds at a back window downstairs. I called the sheriff's office, but I knew it might take ten minutes for a car to reach me. Then I heard glass break. Seconds later I heard Sky Knight, very close. Its special searchlight made the whole yard bright as day, and a voice from a loudspeaker ordered the prowler not-to move. The helicopter just hovered there, holding the man outside the window until radio cars came."

The helicopter has also proved to

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be a potent backstop for the officer on the ground. One night Lieutenant Claude Cooper answered a call about a bar fight, watched the lone police officer enter, and hovered above waiting for an all clear. But when the officer started for his car with the troublemaker, an angry mob formed round him. Quickly Cooper radioed for help, then dropped to 300 feet and, through the public-address system, ordered the crowd to disperse. The mob didn't move. But when Cooper headed directly towards them, big. blades whirling, they ran.

"We've used the same technique to break up a number of gang fights," says Cooper. "It isn't just fear of the blade. They know we can see each individual. There's no anonymity. And they know we are

armed."

Sky Knight makes it possible to handle risky or difficult situations with fewer men. In a burglary call, for example, it can guard all exits from a building and check the roof, to which burglars often retreat. Once a suspect is spotted, it becomes the most effective "tail" the sheriff's men have known. In fact, it has never lost a suspect, not even in the dark.

Its exploits have impressed criminals as well. Once Sky Knight responded to an alarm at a shop in the town centre. After radioing ground units, the pilot hovered above. Inside, police found the shop manager stalling a passer of dud cheques.

Outside, two accomplices were sitting gloomily in a car. "You saw us drive up," said the surprised officer. "Why didn't you leave?" One of the men pointed at the hovering Sky Knight and said with a shrug, "Where could we go?"

As Sky Knight's achievements became known, officers from Lakewood's neighbouring towns asked for the helicopter's help. But this did not reduce the patrol's effectiveness. "The fact is," says Sheriff Pitchess, "Lakewood's nine square miles proved just a mouthful for Sky Knight. At the end of our first year, we added five more towns to its beat, making a total of 35 square miles, and still its ability was not taxed."

Cheaper by the Dozen. Sheriff Pitchess now uses three helicopters for the patrol, keeping one always in the air. Equipped for police work, they cost 40,000 dollars each. The whole Sky Knight operation has added about 160,000 dollars a year to police costs for the six-town area less than a dollar a year for each citizen guarded. In more densely populated areas the cost would drop to next to nothing. Sheriff Pitchess says, "We now plan to patrol all of Los Angeles County's 4,700 square miles and seven million people with just 14 helicopters in the air."

Los Angeles County will not be alone in its air war against crime. "Within ten years," says Chief J. T. Alley of Lubbock, Texas, one of

READER'S DIGEST

many American towns now planning or beginning helicopter patrols, "every major town will have its own Sky Knight." Even the briefest use of a helicopter seems to convince local police. Several helicopter manufacturers have offered craft free to cities for tests. In Kansas City, Missouri, where a single helicopter was used for six days, Police Chief Clarence Kelly was amazed at the results. "The helicopter handled everything from prowlers and accidents to a bank robbery, in a way

no ground unit could possibly have managed. Every police force needs one of these aircraft."

Criminologist Robert Guthrie, evaluating Sky Knight for the U.S. Justice Department, summed up the opinion of many law-enforcement officials when he stated: "Sky Knight reduced crime startlingly in Lakewood, at a time when it was booming in other towns.

The helicopter may be the best new police tool since the advent of the radio car."



Of One Mind

THE REVEREND William Rodda of Salisbury, England, doesn't mind parishioners playing bingo at his church hall. But instead of "Bingo!" winners are asked to shout "Amen!" or "Hallelujah!"

WHILE visiting the crowded Motor Show, I held my small daughter's hand tightly. Suddenly, a large man bumped into her., Turning to me, he apologized, saying, "Sorry, I didn't see you had a trailer." —H. P.

Explanation Points

An association of sports editors in Paraguay presented a citation to one of their country's soccer stars reading: 1) he never challenged the accuracy of a reported quote, 2) he never complained about criticism of play, and 3) he greeted even his hardest critics with a smile.

Accepting the award, the soccer player let slip the reason for his charming tolerance of the Press. "I can't read," he said.

—Sports Illustrated

WHEN I asked my mother why she was counting the shirts and blouses she had just finished ironing, she said, "I just want to know how tired I am."



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The World's Toughest Mountains

By LELAND STOWE

More perilous than the
Himalayas, more
challenging than the Alps,
the nightmare peaks
of the Patagonian Andes
hold an irresistible
lure for climbers

or 48 Hours the two Frenchmen had climbed. There shivered through the second night of the climb roped to a precipice wall with nothing below them but 2,000 feet of empty space. Now, at 4 p.m. on the third day, they clung like spiders only six vertical feet from the top of a sheer, 300-foot chimney. Above them blinked a beckoning eyelet of sky close to the summit of one of the world's toughest unclimbed peaks, 11,000-foot Mount Fitz-Roy, in the glaciered heart of Argentina's Patagonian Andes. One more piton driven into the wall's face, the hanging of one more rope stirrup —and victory would be assured.

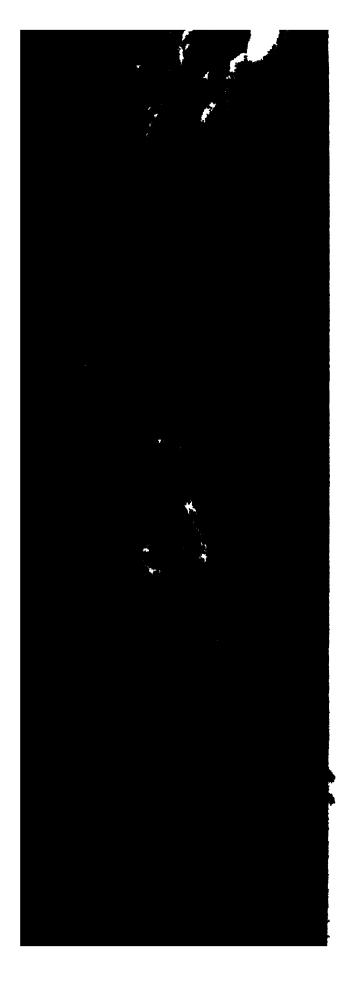
But as Guido Magnone held up the slender spike, it slipped from his numb fingers into the abyss. He fumbled for another—their very last. Success or failure, possibly even their lives, depended on it alone. In agonizing suspense, Magnone's team-mate—famous alpinist Lionel Terray—watched him place the spike. He struck twice; then, under his third blow, the tiny piton

crumbled uselessly.

"Now we're really in trouble," Magnone cried. "Nothing but an ace of hearts will do, and not one left!" For lack of a single heart-shaped rivel, they appeared defeated. But, suddenly Terray shouted, "Guido! The sardine tin! I opened it yesterday with an acc."

into his knapsack, he It's befe!"

COMPANIES STORY MATERIAL



As if handling a priceless diamond, Magnone placed the ace and struck it hard and true. It "sang" under his hammer—a sure sign that it was secure.

Quickly Guido attached a rope stirrup, teetered in it momentarily, and then, with a violent tug, hauled himself over the brink. Terray followed immediately, and together they hacked a dizzy course up the final brutal slope. As they paused on a rough, clongated slab, a surging gust of wind swept away the mist, and they gazed incredulously into open space on all sides. Fitz-Roy's summit was theirs, and theirs alone.

That day of conquest—February 2, 1952—marked a new mountainclimbing era in the Patagonian Andes, whose soaring granite towers and vertical walls are ranked by international alpinists as the most difficult in the world. Erupting from the tip of South America to some 800 miles north of the Magellan Straits, these southernmost Andes thrust huge dragon's teeth skywards in weird contortions.

Literally hundreds of them remain unexplored, unnamed—and unclimbed. Supreme among them reign Mount Torre and Mount Fitz-Roy. Both were long pronounced "unconquerable" by noted victors over Himalayan skyscrapers. But the Frenchmen's stunning feat changed all that—and flung a Patagonian challenge to climbers the world over. Only last December, six men and a woman, of the Joint

Patagonian Expedition, British tackled the formidable 10,000-foot Fortress Mountain, and became its first conquerors.

Why are these peaks so difficult? First, because they include far more near-vertical walls than any comparable-size area on earth. Second, because their spired towers are constantly swept by horrendous weather subject to precipitate changes: tempests and blizzards, driving rain and blinding fog, swift thaws that unleash terrible avalanches.

Especially deadly are the hurricane winds. Warm air from the near-by Pacific collides with frigid air around the peaks, germinating gales that often rage at 120 m.p.h.

Freak of Nature. In his second attempt on Mount Torre, Italian climber Cesare Maestri was given proof of the power in these winds. Warned by a sudden cracking sound, he looked up and saw an entire snow balcony break off and

head straight for him.

Frantically, he hugged the open cliffside, expecting death in seconds. Nothing happened. He looked up again to observe "an apocalyptic vision." The compact mass, as large as a house, had been halted in midair and was being pushed steadily upwards by the wind. Scarcely believing his eyes, Maestri watched in wonder as the massive chunk of snow rose up and up and finally disappeared over Torre's crest.

Such unparalleled climatic hazards prevail so continuously that only six to eight days of climbing weather normally occur in the "climbable" months—usually January, February and March. Climbers must camp patiently at the base of their mountain until the weather breaks, and then launch an immediate ascent.

Fatal Attraction. Even then they risk being caught by tempests, rain or fog. One veteran Patagonista thus summarizes the only tactic: "You must climb as long and as fast as you can." Yet despite these appalling obstacles—perhaps because of them—Patagonia's nightmare peaks exert a siren-like allure on climbers from all continents.

It is only during the past two decades that these formidable spires have been re-rated from "unclimbable" to "barely possible." This change was brought about by a new generation of phenomenally daring rock climbers.

Equipped with a variety of ringed spikes, rope stirrups and other innovations, these young pioneers have perfected amazingly acrobatic methods. They train arduously on precipice walls, and often devote weeks to mastering each type of obstacle. In the process they have changed mountaineering into a scientific art.

Without these new devices and techniques, Fitz-Roy unquestionably would have remained inviolate, together with the triangular monolith which rises south-west of it. Although slightly less than 10,000 feet high, Mount Tofte is acclaimed by



ANOTHER RECORD YEAR FOR Batalindia EXPORTS

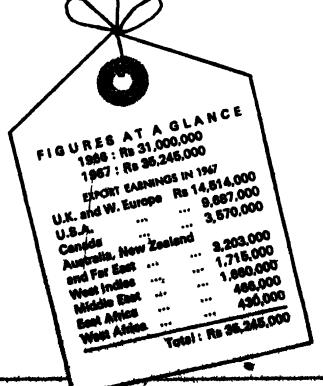
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outstanding Himalayan victors as the most difficult in the world. For nearly 3,000 feet its north and east faces rise uninterruptedly, while its south wall sweeps upwards almost vertically for over 6,000 feet. Near its summit, this awesome pillar sharpens to an icy javelin. No wonder that for decades Torre repulsed every assault, including one by Cesare Maestri in 1958.

But Maestri, known as "the spider of the Dolomites," was only momentarily thwarted by Torre's challenge. In January 1959, he sold everything he owned to finance a second attempt. His partner was a veteran mountaincer from Austria's Tyrol named Toni Egger.

For 17 days, Maestri and Egger waited weatherbound at Mount Torre's base. When the eighteenth day dawned in dazzling sunshine, they set off and for 12 hours clawed and rope-pulled up fear-some pitches and cliffs. By nightfall they were halfway up the east wall.

For the next two days the weather held providentially clear. But the face now sheared skywards at a dizzying, undeviating angle, and they were forced to hack and hammer their way—often foot by foot—through ice blocks and around overhangs too projecting to surmount. When they bivouacked after dark—on the third day, they had been climbing for 37 hours, and Maestri's altimeter announced that they were within 450 feet of Torre's crest.

Encouraged by this exhilarating

discovery, they fell asleep—only to awake at daybreak under a sunless sky and in ominously warming temperature. Their barometer confirmed that a storm was brewing. To reach Torre's crown was now a race against tempest and death.

Moment of Triumph. Cesare and Toni fought their way up a final 340-foot vertical cliff, consuming nine hours of utmost effort. With the planting of a final spike, Toni shouted, "Cesare! The summit!" A violent blast of air blew his words into space. Now, able to lunge forward only during lulls between gusts, they came out at last on a broad, ice-smothered brow. In that moment they knew that all of Mount Torre lay beneath their trembling limbs. They had made it.

Yet their triumph was robbed of clation, for the westerly gusts which smote their faces were alarmingly warm—a sure sign of approaching avalanches. They scribbled their names and the date on a scrap of paper, tucked the paper in a flattened tin and buried it with their flags. Then they set off down into darkening gloom to find a niche near the east wall's brink where they could spend the night.

The new day arrived in macabre greyness. They dropped over the wall's rim into a wind-torn 3,200-foot vacuum, rappelling down and down in spasmodic 100-foot slides. Snow and ice chunks from passing avalanches repeatedly crashed about them, and soon the avalanches

themselves came so close that they were forced to swerve sharply eastwards. Just after 7 p.m., they reached an indented shelf offering relative protection. Now only some 300 feet separated them from the first camp. They felt almost safe.

But as Cesare started gouging out a cramped bivouac, Toni suddenly insisted on scouting for a better haven below. Protesting strongly, Cesare had lowered him about 60 feet when the now familiar, dreaded sound ripped the heights directly above them. "Toni, take care!" yelled Cesare, frantically pressing himself against the rock face.

Tragic Loss. Chunks of debris smashed past him, plucking at him with greedy fingers. He clung madly, dazed and quivering. Slowly his mind cleared, and he tugged at the rope. It was weightless! "Toni!" he screamed. "Toni!" But the rope dangled limply from his bruised fingers. Save for the howling wind, there was no response.

Stunned by shock and grief, Maestri crouched through the night on the icy shelf. At dawn, heedless of avalanches crashing around him, he descended automatically, like a man resigned to his execution. A few yards short of the wall's base he slipped and fell, and that is his last recollection of the ill-fated descent.

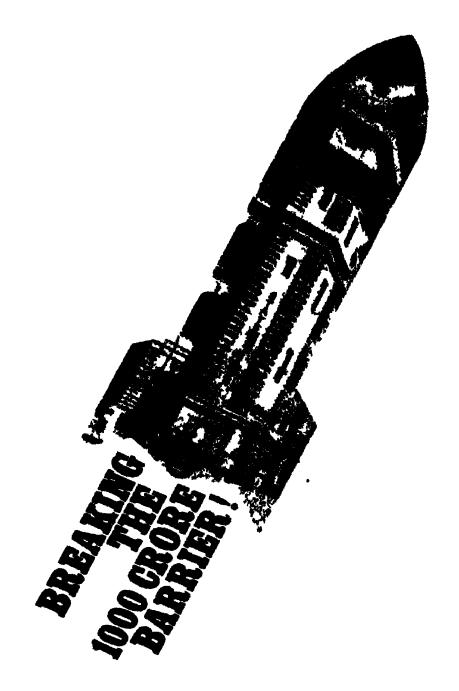
Some 24 hours later, a team-mate, emerging from their base camp far down the glacier, noticed a dark

blotch on the near-by snow. Close to a deep crevasse, he found Cesare Maestri, half-conscious. Miraculously, he survived.

No one has since equalled Maestri's stupendous feat, although "unclimbable" Mount Torre still draws alpinists determined to meet its challenge. Four young mountaineers from Britain arrived there last December. After waiting out appalling weather in base camp for five weeks, they launched a final assault on the summit, only to find that the fixed ropes they had left earlier were broken and worn, and their buried equipment had vanished under six feet of fresh snow. With a fierce storm raging round them, they turned back to camp. The mountain had won again.

Why do men take risks, endure agonies, to climb these peaks? Perhaps a clue lies in the fact that all alpinists share certain traits: love of nature, a compulsive exploratory spirit, a zest for living. "I don't go to the mountains to die," says Argentinian climber Peter Skvarca. "I go to the mountains to live."

But, above all, the alpinist is motivated by the necessity to test himself to the extreme limit, and thereby to prove himself. For to conquer a mountain is more a spiritual than a physical triumph. In the words of Walter Bonatti, perhaps the greatest of all climbers: "Real alpinism is a victory within oneself."



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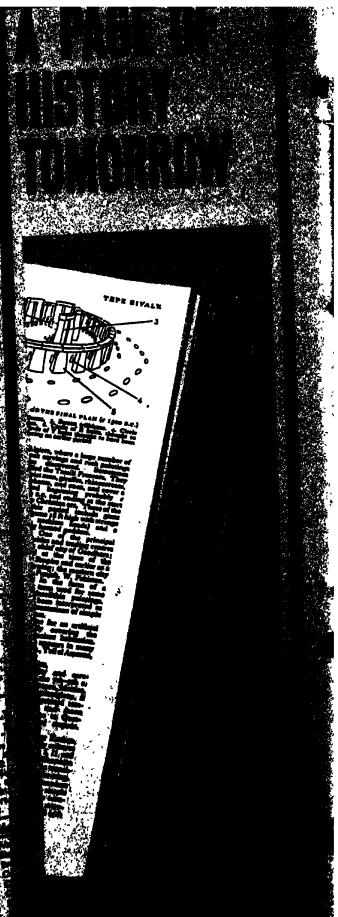
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Our Last Chance to Save the Whale.

Ruthlessly hunted, indiscriminately slaughtered, the world's greatest mammal faces total extinction

By ARTHUR BOURNE

bow, the huge arched back of a female blue whale loomed from the grey-green sea. From his place beside me on the bridge, the skipper of the whale-catcher ran to unlatch the harpoon gun's safety catch. The unsuspecting whale, her lungs now filled with air, slid contentedly below the waves. Fifteen minutes passed. "There she blows!" came the cry from the crow's-nest. Gathering speed, the ship plunged towards the spout 200 yards ahead.

ARTHUR BOURNE is a marine zoologist and a leading British authority on whale conservation. He has conducted important surveys of whale life in the Arctic, taken part in numerous whaling expeditions and attended meetings of the International Whaling Commission as an observer.

Aware now of her danger, the quarry dived precipitately in a rush to escape. But even her vast reserves of energy were no match for 2,000-horse-power engines. Soon, panting from exhaustion, she was forced to surface for air at two-minute intervals. As the ship closed in, I could hear the sharp whistle of her frantic breathing.

At ten yards the skipper fired. There was a muffled boom as the grenade in the harpoon head exploded, jerking the life from the whale's great body.

Watching the seamen winch the bloody carcass alongside, I felt the acute revulsion that always overcomes me whenever I witness the destruction of one of these:
of creation. The blue whale is

biggest animal ever to inhabit the earth. Its heart is the size of a bull, its tongue the weight of an elephant. Its massive body, up to 100 feet in length, weighs some 130 tons, little less than a standard VC10 with 146 people on board. It holds secrets of streamlining that marine engineers are still striving to discover. It has lived in the world's oceans for nearly a million years, usually swimming alone or in close-knit family groups of bull, cow and calf.

The blue whale is a vast storehouse of food and raw materials. Its body yields up to 20 tons of oil for the manufacture of soap, margarihe

Blue and fin whales made fast to an Antarctic whaler and to the stern of a factory ship, ready to be hauled on board and ointments. Its bones are used as fertilizer, its tendons as surgical stitches and strings for tennis rackets. Gelatine and glue are extracted for photographic film, table jelly and sweets. Other products include soup cubes, cosmetics, shoe polish, crayons, brush bristles, riding crops and buttons. Endocrine and other glands yield hormones for medical use. In wartime, whale steaks contributed to Britain's food supplies; today the meat is commonly used for pet foods.

In consequence—thanks to what naturalist Peter Scott calls "a fantastic example of human shortsightedness and greed"—the blue whale today faces total extinction. So savage has been the slaughter by killer ships that from an estimated 100,000 blue whales in 1935, a bare 600 remain. These lonely survivors are thinly spread in millions of square miles of ocean, and the chances that male and female will find each other and mate are growing remote. Even if no more catching is done, it will take at least 50 years to rebuild the blue whale population.

Moreover, other major whale species are in grave danger of extinction. Ranging from the gigantic blue—biggest of the fin-backed rorqual family of toothless whales—down to the three-foot river dolphin, some 40 warm-blooded mammals are entitled to the name of whale (Cetacea). Most are harmless, inquisitive creatures that obviously



delight in their waterbound existence. I have watched young hump-back whales spend a joyful hour leap-frogging, seen full-grown whales playfully launch themselves into the air, to fall back on the water with a boom equal to that of a broadside of guns.

Whales, especially the toothed ones, keep in touch by sound, and they have been heard to squeal, bark, mew, whine, groan, click, chirrup and whistle They navigate and find food by a batlike echo-location system, sending out a continuous high-frequency note which "bounces" back from undersea objects.

Few creatures show more concern for their fellows. A distress cry will often bring friends to the aid of an injured whale. On one

female sperm whales swam from miles away to succour a calf hit by a ship's screw. When scientists tried to capture alive a female killer whale by lassoing her, she sent out high-pitched distress calls and was soon joined by a male. Together they swam to the extent of the rope, turned, then hurtled towards the scientists' boat and smashed into it with a joint "body-charge."

Some whales have a strong family instinct. Sperm whales have been known to carry injured young gently in their huge, sharp-toothed mouths. I have seen a fin whale refuse to leave the side of his harpooned mate, a protective urge which whalers turn to their own advantage. When they see a pair of fin whales, they try to kill the

Diagram demonstrating the immense size of the blue whale



female first, suspecting that her mate will stay to help her and leave himself an easy target for a second harpoon.

Faced with the disappearance of the blue whale, whaling men have turned their harpoon guns on other rorquals: the fin and sei whales. From a population of some 200,000 in the Antarctic in 1946, scientists estimate that today only about 35,000 of the 70-foot fin whales are left.

As the fin whale becomes scarce, the whaling fleets kill the smaller sei whale. Ignoring protests from the World Wildlife Fund and the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO), the whalers move relentlessly down the scale towards the day when there will be nothing left for them to catch. The larger rorquals will be gone, taking with them many secrets of their way of lifehow, for example, they can convert shrimps and other tiny creatures into muscle and energy to drive their massive bodies through the often 1cy seas.

Struggle of Ages. For centuries man has pursued the whale. In the eighteenth century American, British, Portuguese and French seamen combed the Atlantic for 50-foot sperm whales. Docile, except for an occasional fighting bill like Herman Melville's Moby Dick, these whales were harpooned from longboats, sometimes attracted by a live calf which the whalers

hauled on a "drag iron." Once harpooned, the whales were repeatedly stabbed in the lung by the whalers' lance, sometimes for hours. At last, as the scarlet blood spurted from the blowhole, the whalers set up a great shout, "Chimney afire!"

The old whalers also hunted the slow Greenland and Biscayan whales to virtual extinction. Then, in the nineteenth century, the introduction of steam-powered whale-catchers and "shell" harpoons, fitted with an explosive head, brought the fast-swimming rorquals within range of the whalers.

Even so, the catchers were still limited by the need to take their kills back to shore-based factories. The rorquals' doom was hastened by the development in the 1920's of factory ships which, fitted with a stern slipway for hauling the kill to the cutting deck, accompanied fast catcher ships on ocean-wide hunts. Later inventions—radar, helicopters—helped to turn the hunt into a production-line massacre.

In 1946, when it had become clear that control was needed, the International Whaling Commission was set up. Its delegates, representing the major whaling countries, agreed to recognize a closed season, avoid fishing from floating factories in certain oceanic areas, spare small whales and cows accompanied by

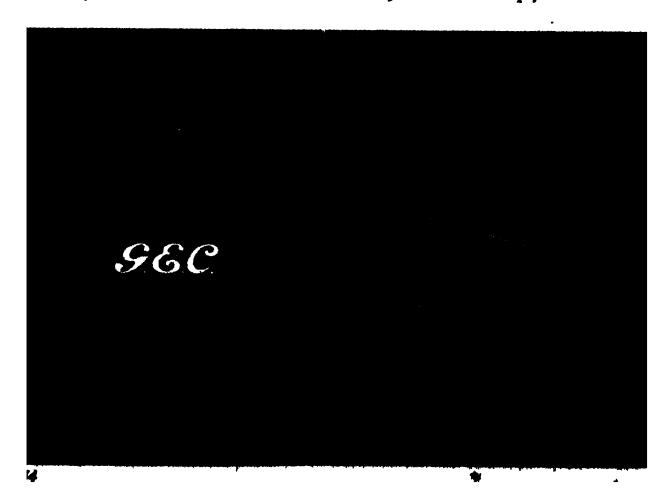
^{*}In 1967 there were 16: Argentine, Australia, Britain, Canada, Denmark, France, Holland, Iceland, Japan, Mexico, New Zealand, Norway, Panama, Russia, South Africa and the United States.

calves. They also agreed to limit each year's Antarctic rorqual catch from factory ships to a certain number of Blue Whale Units (the industry's standard measure: a BWU equals one blue whale, two fin whales, two and a half humpback whales or six sei whales).

What they have never done—despite grave warnings from their own scientists—is to agree on a catch limit low enough to allow the already depleted herds to rebuild. "The IWC," commented one observer, "is about as effective as a headless harpoon."

In 1963, a committee of independent experts reported that the blue whale, by then reduced to the status of a rare animal, should be completely protected. The commissioners eventually agreed, for blue whales are rarely seen. In addition, to save the fin whale, the committee recommended that the Antarctic catch be reduced to 4,000 BWU in the 1964-65 season, and gradually lowered to 2,000 in the season ending February 1967.

Ten nations agreed. But those with a big stake in Antarctic opensea whaling refused to co-operate. Instead they agreed among themselves on an 8,000 BWU limit—with predictable results. In 15 expeditions, Japan caught 4,125 BWU; Norway, 1,273; Russia, 1,588. Total, 6,986. There simply were



not enough whales to be found.

Still the industry ignored the facts. For the 1965-66 season, the IWC's Scientific Committee recommended an Antarctic catch limit of 2,500 BWU. Pressured by Japan and Norway, the Commission raised this to 4,500. Subsequently, Japan caught 2,340; Norway, 829; Russia, 920. Total, 4,089.

At the 1966 meeting, Sidney Holt, a statistical officer of the FAO, spelt out the absurdity of the situation: if the whaling nations had followed the scientists' advice early enough, they could have fixed a quota of between 7,000 and 8,000 BWU. Instead they were going after 3,500.

Why do the whalers flout the

facts? If only to safeguard their own industry, the commissioners are anxious to prevent the whales' extinction. But faced with the necessity of telling politicians, shareholders and the industry's many thousands of workers that they must restrict their activities, the commissioners weaken, persuade themselves that the scientific evidence is incomplete and ask the scientists to think again.

Worse, there is strong evidence that the whaling nations do not even comply with their own agreed restrictions. Under an IWC agreement, open-sea catchers may hunt sperm whales, provided they are at least 38 feet long—a rule to protect



females. Yet when homeward-bound expeditions in 1963 caught 2,004 sperm whales in the Indian Ocean, their official returns described 1,210 of them as being precisely 38 feet. Says Professor E. J. Slijper, a leading Dutch authority on whales: "The fact that 60 per cent were just the right length means that a very large number of undersized animals were administratively stretched to 38 feet."

Why, in this age of advanced technology, is it necessary to continue the massive slaughter of the whale? Every important whale product (except its meat) can now be obtained from vegetable, mineral or synthetic sources. The Japanese argue that, with little land space for meat-raising, they need protein from the sea. But other densely populated maritime nations import much of their food. Australia and New Zealand could supply Japan with enough beef and lamb to meet the needs of her growing population.

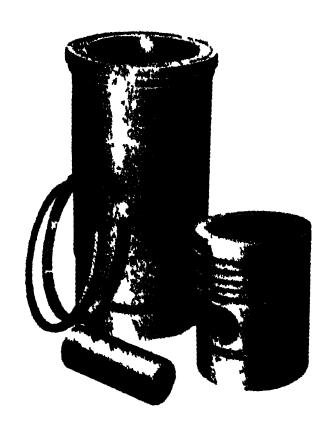
Compulsion is now needed to save the whale. As World Wildlife Fund chairman Peter Scott declares: "The IWC should be replaced by an international authority composed of men unconnected with whaling interests and capable of enforcing the rules." Such a global management plan has already been drawn up by scientist John Gulland, who proposes that all whale harvesting be controlled by a United Nations agency

No country would be allowed to hunt whales, from land base or factory ship, without paying a heavy licence fee. Licence income would compensate countries which refrained from whaling. Independent observers, with wide powers of inspection, would police catcher fleets and enforce catch quotas. Meanwhile scientific research should be started to study the resources of the oceans and to forecast dangerous trends long before they become apparent to the whaling industry.

This month, meeting in Tokyo, the IWC has perhaps its last chance to set up a strong conservationist authority to save the whale. If this is not done—and soon—posterity will rightly be scornful of the generation that, through greed and stupidity, destroyed the world's largest and most valuable creature.

Cautionary Tale

On October 4, 1911, the first railway escalator in London came into use at Earl's Court underground station. So many people mistrusted it in the early days that a man with a wooden leg was engaged to travel up and down all day to give passengers confidence. He was taken off the job, however, when a woman was overheard telling her small son, "That's what happens to people who use them fancy inventions." — Yourself Press



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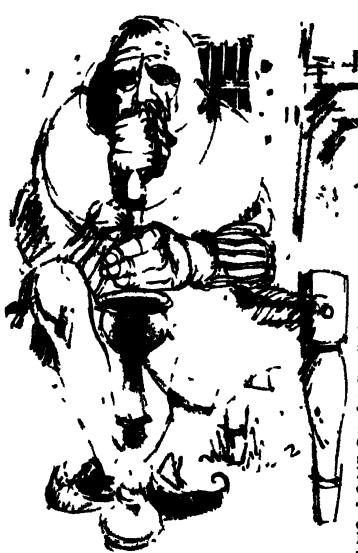
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At this remarkable German academy, sightless pupils are taught an inspiring lesson: "There are few physical handicaps a man cannot overcome—if he has the will-power!"

BEACON FOR THE BLIND

By RONALD SCHILLER

HEN I first visited West Germany's Marburg Academy for the Blind, I had the strange feeling that the people there were merely pretending they could not see. I was met at the gate by a student who led me, without the slightest hesitation, along concrete paths, up several flights of a fessed my feelings over coffee. "It's stairs and through doors. On the way I saw other students sauntering casually to class—one boy even started running as the bell rang.

In his office, Dr. Horst Geissler,

the handsome blind director, greeted me with hand outstretched. His clear blue eyes looked straight at me wherever I moved. Later, lunching with him in the dining-hall, I noticed that he and the students ate without groping for their food.

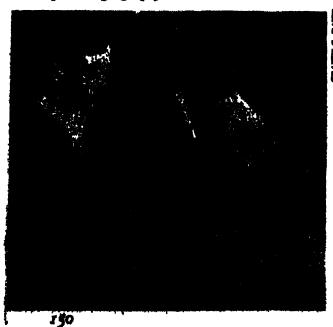
Geissler laughed when I conthe finest compliment you could pay us," he said. "We strive to look and act normally in every way. At meals we regard the plate as a clock face. You probably didn't notice the

waiter whispering to me, telling me that the meat was at nine o'clock, the potatoes at twelve, and so on. The rest is easy."

His blind students' ability to move about so surefootedly was dismissed as equally simple. "It's a matter of familiarity," said Dr. Geissler, "a pattern established in the mind, probably no more difficult than it is for you to find your way around your bedroom in the dark. The blind are not as helpless as you imagine. In fact, if they have the intelligence, the training and the will, there is little in life they cannot accomplish, and few careers to which they cannot aspire."

This was my introduction to the remarkable school whose fame had brought me to Marburg. Every year its six to twelve graduates rank with the best-educated students in Germany. And it probably lists more

Embossed maps play an important part in geography lessons



successful professionals among its former students than any other secondary school of its size in the world.

Hans-Eugen Schulze, for example, became one of Germany's youngest Supreme Court judges at the age of 40. Had it not been for his training at Marburg, Judge Schulze would have woven mats and chairs for a living.

Founded in 1916, the Academy now educates some 130 blind and partially-blind students, but admits only those of scholarship calibre. Pupils from well-to-do families pay high tuition fees, but the majority are scholarship-aided.

Once admitted, at about the age of 12, Marburgers face a rigorous education programme. If they come from foreign countries—there are at present students from France, Greece and Tunisia—they must first learn German and, if they do not already know it, Braille. They must also master an ordinary typewriter, a Braille typewriter and finally the Braille shorthand machine.

With these mechanics out of the way, the students embark on a seven-year course of study which includes all normal school subjects plus two foreign languages, social science and philosophy. At no point is any concession made to their blindness, except that they are allowed to use their typewriters in written examinations. Those who cannot make the grade usually

transfer to the two-year business course.

Not until I visited Marburg's classrooms did I become acutely aware that I was in a school for the blind. My guide was a cheerful 16year-old named Manfred, a lorry driver's son who hopes to become a scientist. In a geography lesson, I watched him study the topography of Africa with the aid of embossed maps; out on a field study, he identified trees by the texture of their bark and the shape of their leaves; in a physics lesson, he assembled intricate models of molecular structures. And I heard one of his friends play a Schubert piano sonata, whose Braille score he had memorized, each hand independently.

One thing that impressed me was the utter attentiveness during lessons. If the student misses a point, he may have difficulty in acquiring it later, though Marburg does boast the largest German scientific library for the blind: 50,000 volumes in Braille and 1,400 "Talking Books" on tape.

Surprisingly, however, it is not their fine education for which Marburgers are most grateful. The most important lesson they learn there is that blind people not only can, but must, help themselves to become normal citizens in a world that is not built for the blind.

"For the first time in my life I was given freedom instead of protection; taught to rely on myself instead of others," said a Marburg graduate who had spent much of his early childhood tied to a chair to keep him out of harm's way while his parents went to work.

Nowhere in Marburg's buildings or grounds are there any special devices to protect its students, or facilitate their movements. All must learn to swim expertly and to take part in gymnastics in winter, track and field events in summer. Instructors guide the runners along the track by shouts and whistles. Manfred and his partially-sighted companions play exuberant games of basketball and soccer which often become frighteningly wild.

Students are also urged to visit the city of Marburg and make friends among the people and university students there. They accept dinner invitations, attend social functions, even play cards—using Braille packs—or chess and draughts on special

Hammering out a raised diagram for a biology textbook



boards. Travel, too, is encouraged. In summer, students go on cycling holidays—as far as Italy or Spain—riding tandem with sighted friends. In winter, many ski at two resorts reserved for the blind; one in the Black Forest and another in the Bavarian Alps. Two undergraduates, preparing for diplomatic careers, have already flown unaccompanied to Warsaw, Moscow and other capitals, interviewing government officials and newspaper editors.

"What do you get out of travel?" I asked one of them.

"The same things as you," he replied. "Exciting new places and people, unfamiliar languages and strange customs. We may not see these things exactly as you do, but we see them."

Many Successes. Students leaving Marburg are prepared psychologically, intellectually and socially to make their way in a competitive world. They are devoid of self-pity, expect no favours, yet are convinced there is little they cannot do and few obstacles they cannot overcome. Indeed, the accomplishments of some blind graduates almost defy belief.

Franz Kutschera was told it was ridiculous to think of becoming an electronics engineer. Even his father, an engineer himself, tried to dissuade him, pointing out that there were no textbooks or system of engineering notation in Braille, that it would be impossible for him to do work that depended so heavily on blueprints and other visual aids.

Nevertheless, Franz argued his way into engineering school, had the textbooks read to him, invented his own Braille notation for technical terms and symbols—and became one of the few blind men in history to gain an engineering degree.

Today, at 49, Kutschera runs a highly successful business in Hanover. He produces electrical transformers, seismographic exploration mechanisms, acoustic components and instruments for measuring temperature to one-thousandth of a degree. Some of the devices consist of several hundred minute parts, so complicated that many clients refuse to believe they were designed by a man who cannot see.

Ingrid Rossbacher, a vivacious 41year-old Austrian housewife, blind herself and married to a blind husband. Yet entirely without help, she is bringing up a family of five children ranging from two months to eleven years. She does the housework, washes and irons the family's clothes, and cooks the meals. Ingrid met her husband while they were both students at Marburg. Before their marriage, she had practised law successfully for five years. Her husband writes for a trade paper and edits copy as it is read to him. Versatile with his hands, he even helped to build the house the family now lives in.

But perhaps the most remarkable Marburg graduate of all is Dr. Gerrit van der Mey, a computer programmer who is not only blind but



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totally deaf. His only way of communicating with people who know neither Braille nor the deaf-blind touch language, is by means of a machine specially designed for him: standard typewriter keyboard which impresses Braille symbols against his fingers, one letter at a time. Deafness did not strike until he was 30, so he has no speech problems. Indeed, his conversation is so witty, his appearance so normal and his behaviour so self-assured that on my first visit I kept answering him orally, forgetting that he could neither hear nor see me.

World Fame. Dr. van der Mey is one of those rare mathematical specialists, numbering fewer than 200 in the world, who devise the basic computer "languages" and systems that other programmers employ in their work. The programmes he is asked to work on are fantastically complex. Yet every detail is conceived, developed and perfected in van der Mey's brain. "His mental feats are beyond belief," says an awed colleague.

Van der Mey is quite certain that he could never have achieved such success were it not for the training he received at Marburg. Endowed with exceptional intelligence but blinded by meningitis at the age of five, he blossomed into one of the school's brightest students. Later, while studying at university, he was stricken deaf by a recurrence of the same disease. As he lay in pain, encased in darkness and silence, not even knowing where he was, his mind clung desperately to the words he had heard so often at Marburg: "There are few physical handicaps a man cannot overcome—if he has the will-power!"

"I think that's what saved my sanity," says van der Mey. His first intelligible communication with another human being came when his father put his fingers on a Braille alphabet and later taught him the touch language by tapping out letters on the back of his hand. When he recovered from his illness he resumed his studies, gaining his degree in one year. But it took him five years to find a way of employing his brilliant talents.

Why? You would think employers would clamour for graduates of a school that has trained and inspired such people. Unhappily, although Marburg has attracted worldwide fame, this is not so. The ancient, irrational prejudice against the blind is still strong. And Dr. Geissler spends a great deal of time trying to persuade obdurate employers to give Marburg's superbly qualified students a chance.

"I sometimes wonder," he says, "which of us is blinder."

ONE man said: "I don't know all the facts, so I can't make a statement." If you have been looking for someone who is hopelessly out of step with the times, there he is.

—C. A.



By MARY HARVEY

L customer is no match for a telephone.

"May I help you?" beamed the department-store saleslady.

"Yes, I'd like . . . "

"Excuse me, the phone's ringing," said the assistant, bustling away.

At last, she finished speaking to the intruder and headed in my direction. Before taking two steps another jingle sent her back to the phone. My time ran out and I left.

My next stop was the public library. At the enquiry desk, I cooled my heels while the librarian dispensed volumes of information over the telephone. Conceding victory to my ringing rival, I retreated.

That evening after supper, I surveyed my family. My husband and our three boys were sprawled about the living-room, listening to the

radio or reading. "Anything exciting happen today?" I asked. The replies came in various stages of indifference.

"No."—"Nope."—"Nothing."

I nipped out to the call-box at the end of the road, and dialled our number.

"Hallo," crackled the voice of our 14-year-old.

"Jim, it's Mum," I announced.

"Where are you?"

"I'm in the call-box down the road. How was school?"

"We started athletics practice today. I'm going in for the low hurdles. The coach said I did pretty well but I have to work on my stride. Oh, I need new running shoes and shorts."

"I'm glad you told me."

"We ran the 440 five times, at 80 seconds a lap. On the fifth round, I just made it before I collapsed."

"Good heavens, you collapsed?"

"Well, not really, but it takes a bit of time to get into condition."

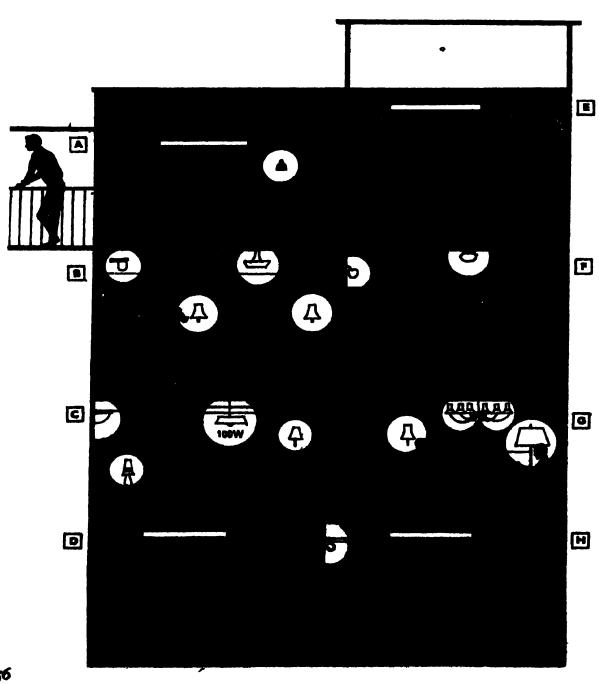
"One reason I rang was to remind you to do the washing-up."

"I knew I shouldn't have answered the phone. What about Jerry and Sam?"

"I've got jobs for them. By the way, I didn't know you could talk so much."

"Oh, it's easy when you don't have to look at people."

"Before you tell the other boys to come to the phone, call your father." This **PHILIPS** lighting plan will modernise and beautify your home... help you save money too!



A verandah needs good general illumination. Use Philips TL Fluorescent Lamp. It gives more than twice the light of a 100 watt bulb—costs almost half to run.

The bedroom should have bulbs not stronger than 100 watts each and so positioned that glare cannot hurt your eyes when you rest in bed. For reading in bed have 60 watt Argenta Lamps. For the dressing table, either two Argenta Lamps mounted on the sides or one above the mirror will be adequate.

The dining table must have good lighting—particularly if it is also used by the children for home-work. Directly above the table suspend a single 100 watt or two 60 watt Argenta Lamps in a suitable fitting. Wall lamp brackets provide balanced bright surroundings conducive to physical ease and relaxed atmosphere.

For the staircase Philips 'Cool Daylight' Fluorescent Lamps not only give attractive lighting but save on electricity bills as well.

- For landings, where the light is needed all evening, Philips Fluorescent Lamp is an economical proposition.
- For bathroom lighting, a simple ceiling-mounted 60 watt lamp in a globe fitting gives uniform illumination. Near the mirror and the sink install a matching wall-bracket fitting.
- The living room must combine good strong light for reading, sewing, etc., with soft general lighting, making it easy for your family to do whatever they like—comfortably. (Make sure you have adequate light points.)

The kitchen being a hot place, the lighting should be cool—use Philips 'Cool Daylight' Fluorescent Lamps. Make sure that the lamps and fittings are easily accessible for regular cleaning.



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How Bill Levitt Plans to Build a City

By Wolfgang Langewiesche

world's biggest builder of houses. A manufacturer of houses, he calls himself. With 80,000 of them built so far, he has put his mark on the contemporary landscape. Levitt didn't invent "suburbia," but he got there first.

At the end of the Second World War, 17,447 houses, all essentially alike, spewed forth upon the potato fields of Long Island, New York, in one gigantic non-stop operation. Nothing like it had ever been seen. Nothing quite like it has been seen since, except three other Levittowns—in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Puerto Rico—the last two still in the process of construction.

But now William Levitt wants to start an even bigger rearrangement

of people's lives. He wants to build a new city—not just a suburb or a satellite town, but a real city, complete with everything from industry to opera. It will be out alone, away from other cities, in country where the air is clear, the water pure, and there is lots and lots of space.

Where? When? No answer. To buy enough land for a whole city—at country prices—you necessarily work in secret. Once already, Levitt has chosen a site, but the information leaked out, prices shot up, and he had to withdraw.

Levitt hopes his city will reach a million inhabitants in his lifetime (he's 61 now). Not only that: he hopes his city will be the pioneer for 10 or 20 others. Why? Population! By the end of the century, the

United States will have to double the present number of dwellings, roads, industries, schools, everything.

It is unthinkable, Levitt argues, that all this growth should be added to the existing cities. They are too big now. He says, "They violate a basic law of nature: two bodies can't occupy the same space at the same time." Yes, you could make room, by building high, digging deep, double-decking the streets, and so on, but it would be enormously expensive. To make space for the new people who are coming, and to save the existing cities from self-strangulation, the need is for new cities, properly designed."

Levitt sees what most people don't seem to see: the United States, far from being crowded, is actually mostly empty—vast regions almost unused or under-used. The crowding is only in about two dozen metropolitar areas.

Man of Action. Coming from almost anybody else, all this would be just more empty talk. Coming from Levitt, it is real. If a man's past is any indication of his future, Levitt will build his city.

Twenty years ago, Levitt realized just how immense the house market was. When the first Levittown went up—18 houses every morning, 18 more every afternoon—many eyebrows were raised. Was it a good thing, critics asked, to sell houses so cheaply, for 7,990 dollars each (about Rs. 59,925), and on such easy terms (old age pensioners made no down

payment, and paid only 58 dollars a month) to so many? The houses themselves would really be quite good, one critic admitted—if there weren't so incredibly many of them! Levitt was building "a future slum."

Today the value of the first Levittown houses has more than doubled. The "future slum" has treated its people gently. Trees shade the curving streets; shrubs and hedges give the houses a degree of privacy unusual in the suburbs. Through traffic is channelled away from residential streets; schools are placed so that children can walk to them without crossing a major road; parks have tennis courts, playgrounds, swimming pools. It's much the same in the other Levittowns, except that the houses are more ample, the trees not yet so big. In the ugliness and devastation that surround the cities, the Levittowns are oases of order. consideration for the human being, respect for the land. And they are the best bargain in houses anywhere!

Levitt took housebuilding out of the handicraft stage. He builds houses in batches of hundreds or thousands, but in staggered sequence, not all at once. At a Levitt site, specialized, highly skilled crews move from house to house, doing the same job on each, for ever and ever—or at least for a year or two.

This is real mass production. First, the earth-moving machines; then comes the crew that pours the concrete foundation slabs, then the framing crew, and so on. Each



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crew, its job accomplished, moves on to the next house.

Important savings also come from large-scale central purchasing and from minutely detailed pre-planning. All timber is cut and sorted at one location; plumbing systems are assembled there; floor tiles are counted out. Trucks then dump the materials at each site, on exact schedule. The result is that labour cost in a Levitt house is only about half what it would be in a similar house built one at a time.

In recent years, Levitt has found that he can work his system in building a few houses here, a few there. "A few" with Levitt is not so very few. "Over here," a Levitt man told me, "we are going to build a few prestige houses." "How few?" "Oh, about 300." In this style, Levitt is currently building in the vicinity of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, at Cape Kennedy, in Puerto Rico and in France, near Paris.

A Free Agent. Now Levitt has shifted to a bigger market: what people really want (though they may not know it) is whole new cities. His situation differs from that of almost everybody else who is pushing and pulling on the development of the city—governors, mayors, city planners. They can move only by popular consent. Levitt can build his city as a straight commercial enterprise, buying the land from people who want to sell, selling the houses to people who want to buy. He

needs no special law, no powers of condemnation, no government approval except routine permits.

And he needs no government money. He will work with money lent by banks and insurance companies. His credit is high. His personal worth is estimated at 75 million dollars, and he is now merging his firm, Levitt & Sons (he is the biggest single shareholder) into the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. It will become part of one of the largest business organizations in the world.

Not Just Homes. How can anyone bring a city to life, all at once, out there by itself in new territory? Immediately one problem jumps at you. A city is not only houses, factories and shops; it is also streets, sewers, schools, hospitals, airports, freight yards. This part of a city costs almost as much as the houses, factories and shops. You can build and sell the houses, one by one. But who is going to build that other half—and how? The town itself can't do it: it has no people yet, hence no taxes, no power to borrow money.

Levitt has already had practice in solving this kind of problem. At Willingboro (the New Jersey Levittown), the pre-Levitt population was 912. Levitt wanted to settle 50,000 people there. Almost everything had to be created. Schools: Levitt simply built them; he thought he could place them better and build them more cheaply than some future school board could. He then

added about 800 dollars to the house price. Water supply and sewage disposal: Levitt built this system in 70,000-inhabitant size, financed by his own credit. As people came, and the town's borrowing power grew, a public authority was set up which bought Levitt's utility.

Income and Outflow. If a city is to come to life there must be jobs of a certain kind, "primary" jobs. People live largely by performing services for one another. But in any city there must be a source of outside money.

Take some railway town, all by itself in empty country. How can people make a living there? Well, 100 men work for the railway. This is the "primary" employment that brings the outside money into town. Because those railway jobs exist, another 100 people can work in the shops and garages, as doctors and teachers, and so on, serving the local people. City planners accept this proportion as typical: one primary job for every eight inhabitants, or a town falls apart.

Levitt is facing this squarely. He will build his city one section at a time, each section holding 50,000 people. For his first section, he hopes to find six firms that will come in with 1,000 primary jobs each—an assembly plant perhaps, a laboratory, a branch office, and so on.

In trying to get those businesses

to come, Levitt will be competing with half the nation's cities, all of them boasting a big, splendid labour force. Levitt will have to say, "Bring your own people." What can he plead? Really only the main point, but that is a strong one.

Today's cities are obsolete and super-saturated. The cost of operating them may be even higher than you realize. Nobody ever reckons, for example; the total man-hours wasted in commuting; nobody can put a money figure on the quality of life. How it would be to live and work without the dozens of small frustrations that plague men every day—the traffic jams, long journeys, insufficient rest, overcrowded eating places.

This is a question to which economists have only just begun to turn their attention: To what extent are people working and spending mostly to avoid being smothered by one another? One man's car is the next man's traffic jam. A man feels well-off because he can take his family on a long trip somewhere where it is pretty and the air is clean. But it should be pretty and the air should be clean at home.

If a new kind of city offered escape from the major nuisances of crowding, people might move to such cities by the millions. Levitt has once more sized up a big problem. And he's proposing a big answer.

IT is a tribute to the spontaneous vitality of truth that we never say somebody "blurts out" a lie.

—Bydney Harris

SOPPLEMENT DOUBLE

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The Duke of Norfolk, Britain's Master of Ceremonies

Behind the scenes with the man who stages great state occasions

by Paul Gallico

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The Common-Sense Magic of Birch Cottage

How a unique school brings a new future to girl outcasts

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by Gordon Newell

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DOUBLE SUPPLEMENT

The Duke of Norfolk

BRITAIN'S MASTER OF CEREMONIES



With personal charm, stop-watch discipline and a flair for significant detail, the Earl Marshal produces State pageantry of glittering perfection. A noted author's backstage portrait of history's impresario

THE WORLD'S greatest producer of spectacles is neither a Hollywood film magnate nor a stage director, but a quiet, white-haired aristocrat of 60 with an innocent and disarming air, soft-spoken, gentle and retiring.

In private life, married, with four daughters, he is a racing and cricket enthusiast and owner and administrator of one of the last great estates in England. But when he emerges from the shadows of self-imposed anonymity to present a pageant—one performance only—the world stops to watch.

For his stage is the city of London, his cast of characters Royalty, Presidents, Prime Ministers and Heads of State, supported by Lords and Ladies, Heralds and Pursuivants in their gold-encrusted

tabards like honours in a pack of cards, and officers and men of the Royal Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force. His extras run into the hundreds of thousands for his crowd backgrounds, and his television and cinema spectators number tens of millions.

Across the great, grey city he splashes exuberant colour. His players are costumed in silks, velvets and ermines. He summons forth the fire of diamonds, emeralds and rubies worth a Maharaja's ransom, including the Crown Jewels. The air is filled with trumpet blasts, the thudding of cannon and the music of massed bands. And where the poignancy of the drama is revealed within great churches, such as Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral, actors and spectators alike are touched to tears, hearts are moved, spirits uplifted, and national pride soars. For the production is living history.

His name is Bernard Marmaduke Fitzalan-Howard. He is the sixteenth Duke of Norfolk, Premier Duke and Earl, Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal and Chief Butler of England. In his lifetime he has staged two coronations, two Royal funerals, the annual State Opening of Parliament, and most recently the State funeral accorded to Sir Winston Churchill in January 1965. He came by these complex duties not by choice, but willy-nilly through

heredity. For the last 400 years, the Dukes of Norfolk, as Earls Marshal, have been charged with the task of organizing the great ceremonials of State.

Rehearsals in the Streets

A LILM director rehearses when and where and for how long he needs on locations selected by himself, where he can work undisturbed until the participants are at ease in their roles and the production is running smoothly. The actors are under contract to him and the relationship is that of employer and employee. The conditions imposed upon the Duke of Norfolk are so different and appallingly difficult that no professional producer would dream of attempting to operate under such circumstances. The Duke must hold rehearsals in public streets and squares in the heart of one of the greatest and busiest cities in the world. During them he must shift far greater masses of men, and to split-second timing, than any director of movie battle scenes.

And if promoters of entertainment think they have union trouble with the rules laid down by the various guilds of labour connected with show business, they should try to perform under the handicaps inflicted upon the Earl Marshal when he becomes involved in the regulations of the Amalgamated Crowned Heads of the World and Leaders of Nations—Protocol, Precedence and Pride of Place.



The Duke of Norfolk: above, as a Boy Scoul, 1914; below, as manager of the 1962 MCC touring team in Australia, with Ted Dexter, captain



The Earl Marshal is an indefatigable rehearser when and where he can and, not only that, an able director and actor of parts. Before the Queen's Coronation in June 1953, he and his wife spent the entire month of April memorizing and practising every portion of the long and complicated ceremony until they knew each movement by heart.

Like a stage director he rehearsed

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

individuil scenes, calling only upon those immediately involved in them, such as, for instance, the grandiose moment of the crowning itself. This was worked upon in private with the Queen and the Archbishop of Canterbury before fitting it in with the rest of the ritual in one finil dress rehearsal at Westminster Abbey In all these smaller drills the Duchess would first go through the motions she had learnt under her husband's direction, while the Queen watched so that she would be able to see exactly how it was going to look Then Her Majesty took over and patiently co-operated in some half a dozen such rehearsals.

So far as he was able and without over straining the tolerance of his unpaid actors, the Earl Marshal rehearsed until he was satisfied they were letter perfect. Simultaneously, police arrangements, the procession with the golden State Coach and military units from all over the Commonwealth likewise called for preparation and drill. When the Queen left Westminster Abbey, 7,000 guests were dispersed from the transepts, choir and nave in 90 minutes, a logistic triumph.

The ceremony of Churchill's State funeral presented even more staggering problems. For here St. Paul's Cathedral was unfamiliar ground to the Earl Marshal, the Royal mourners did not arrive until the very last initute, the cortège had to wind through some of the narrower and more congested streets of

London and there was no modern precedent for the State funeral of a commoner. The Duke not only had to stage the affair, but virtually write the script as well. The job called for faultless co-ordination.



The Queen's Coronation Procession, 1953

He had to maintain constant liaison ./ith Buckingham Palace, the College of Arms, the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, the Home Office, the Houses of Parliament, the Ministry of Public Building and Works, the Lord Mayor's



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Office, the Port of London Authority, the Chiefs of Staff and Commanding Officers of the armed forces, the Metropolitan Police and ambulance services.

When, some years earlier, the first planning of the procession was drawn up, no one knew what troops would be available when the actual time came. Fortunately for this important part of the spectacle, the Earl Marshal had the assistance of Major-General E. J. B. Nelson, Commander of the London District, at whose house the Earl Marshal stayed during the week before the funeral. Even so, it was not until four days before the event that he was able to see the final list of some 7,000 troops who would march in the procession or line the route. But seeing these on paper was merely the beginning. For it would not be the written word that would parade, but men of flesh and blood, military and civil, plus vehicles.

It was General Nelson's duty to deliver the funeral procession at St. Paul's on the dot. But this had to be co-ordinated with the arrival there on strict schedule of what amounted practically to three separate groupings converging from different areas: the Heralds and pall bearers, the Royal guests and VIPs, and the Queen and her party.

Perfect Timing

daily practice WERE marches of troops, from Tuesday, January 26 until the Friday. With

only a few men, it was possible to obtain an idea of the time the procession would take from Westminster to St. Paul's. Where, for instance, a detachment of 100 guardsmen were to march, four only were needed-two in front and two behind on each side, each pair separated by a length of tape exactly the distance represented had the full number been there. The slow march was originally set at 65 paces to the minute, but rehearsals revealed that this would not work out and it was

stepped up to 70.

On Friday morning, as Big Ben boomed out the hour of four, early workers were startled to see a procession of troops and muted bands, and a caisson with flag-draped coffin proceeding through the streets. It was shepherded by a busy man in a dark-grey overcoat and bowler hat, stop-watch in hand, who would first be seen marching just ahead of the gun-carriage drawn by Naval ratings, then leaping into his car and whisking to the head of the column to check on what point it had reached, then to return and march once more. The Duke of Norfolk was holding the last rehearsal of the procession.

At dawn, when the run-through paused at Tower Pier, the Duke and his assistants were provided with breakfast by the Governor of the Tower of London. Afterwards the Governor suggested that perhaps His Grace would be so kind as to sign the book of famous personages

who had visited his Keep. The Earl Marshal replied that he would be most pleased to do so, if the Governor would guarantee that he would be able to get out afterwards, since the fourth Duke of Norfolk, in the reign of the first Elizabeth, had the misfortune to be separated from his head there.

A further piece of historical irony took place at the Tower that morning as Scots pipers practised the saddest of all their dirges, the "Lament for Flodden." Probably not one of those pipers was aware that an ancestor of the busy man in the bowler hat and dark coat was the direct cause of their elegy. For it was Thomas Howard, the Second Duke of Norfolk, who in September of the year 1513 commanded the English army which inflicted the disastrous defeat upon the Scots at Flodden Field.

Within the Cathedral the Earl Marshal worked tirelessly on Thursday and Friday. With the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, he confirmed the placing of the clergy, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the procession of the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker, the order of the Queen's party, the Lord Mayor's welcome to the Queen, and the final cortège with the Heralds, the honorary pall bearers and the coffin bearers. With an innate sense of historic fitness, the Earl Marshal acted out exactly what he wished each group to do until he had achieved the effect he desired.

The coffin bearers—eight guardsmen, four to a side—were a part of these drills, walking every step of the way, carrying a duplicate coffin of the same weight they would be handling during the funeral, to accustom them to the steep steps of St. Paul's and the cadence necessary for them to move their burden smoothly and without mishap. Nothing was left to chance, even to the padding they wore inside their uniforms to ease the strain on their shoulders.

An Eye for Colour

The Duke of Norfolk, in addition to being director and producer, is something of a choreographer too, with an unerring eye for the colours of the groupings filling his gigantic stages. Before the 1953 Coronation he decreed, "Everyone in the procession will ride in a carriage, on a horse, or will walk. There will be no mechanization." He refused to have his superb colour tableaux in the Abbey spoiled by the suggestion of a Socialist nobleman who wanted peers to be allowed mufti as a concession to the cost of obtaining robes.

At Sir Winston's funeral the Duke used the pigments of the uniforms, the reds and blues of Foot Guards and Household Cavalry, the white caps of the Royal Navy, the trappings of the clergy and the resplendent tabards of the Heralds as from the palette of an artist.

The seating of Heads of State,



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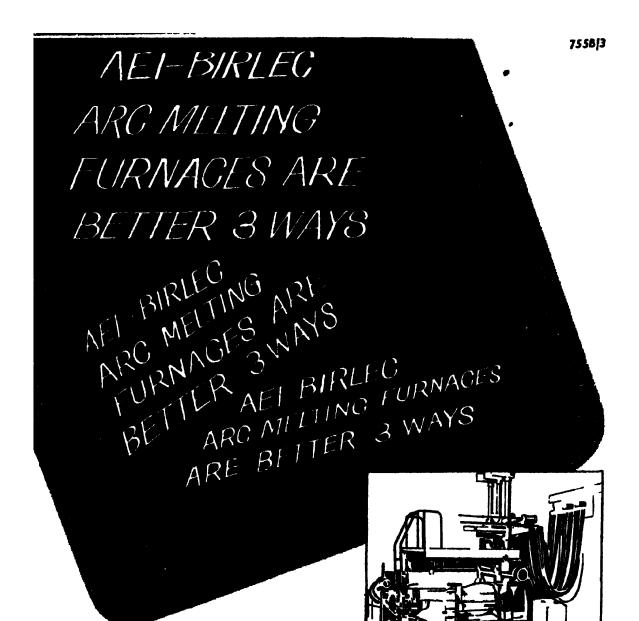
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crowned and uncrowned, in a confined and limited space without giving offence to royal relatives, new leaders or old friends was in itself a nerve-racking task. In this the Earl Marshal had the assistance and advice of the Palace and various Ministries. Nevertheless, the final responsibility for any faux pas rested upon him.

There is very little time to prepare invitations to a State funeral and in the event of sudden death, practically none at all. Because of the many days Sir Winston spent in his last coma, the Duke was able to print and move some 200 of the most important invitations to Heads of State, as issued by him on command of the Queen, to the offices which would send them out. With them went strict instructions that not one was to be handed to any diplomatic courier until the doctors had pronounced the end of Churchill's life.

Every soul who took part in the spectacle, from the Queen herself down to the last outrider, was subject to a synchronized timetable. Everything was timed repeatedly. The playing of the Dead March was estimated at five minutes by the Cathedral organist. Estimates do not suffice for the Earl Marshal. Out came the ubiquitous stopwatch. "Would you mind playing it through, please?" The Dead March ran not to five minutes but to four minutes and 30 seconds—and a precious half-minute's leeway had

been gained. "When you have finished the Dead March," he asked the organist, "count slowly to ten and then go into the first hymn."

Each important visitor was put in charge of a special usher who kept his celebrity in the wings until the moment arrived to move him onstage. All the guests had to be shown to their seats before the procession arrived; the pall bearers came separately and the Queen's procession moved in from an entirely different direction. Yet this near-miraculous production, which began at 9.45 in the morning and continued until after four in the afternoon, did not at any time run more than three minutes late.

The precision of the Duke's calculations will be appreciated from the fact that, between Buckingham Palace and St. Paul's, the Queen's entourage had to cross the main procession route twice, without interfering with the marchers. And it was further imperative that once she had taken her seat in the Cathedral, she was not to be kept waiting any appreciable time before the coffin was borne inside.

"Red Diamond Approaching"

On the day of the funeral, while the Duke himself—in a navy-blue greatcoat with scarlet cuffs and collar, white-plumed cocked hat, and marshal's baton—was a mile away preceding the Royal Navy crew drawing the gun-carriage and no longer able to lift a finger should

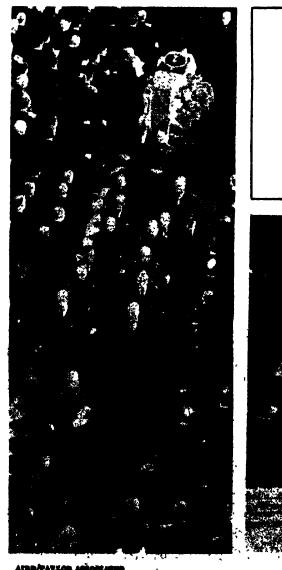


any part of his carefully laid plans go awry, the following cryptic message crackled in by radio to Scotland Yard's communications centre:

"End of procession passed Horse Guards. Red Diamond approaching Horse Guards Arch. Red Diamond crossed processional route. Proceed-

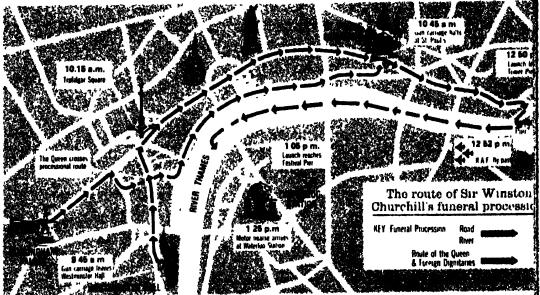
ing Embankment."

"Red Diamond" was the code name for the Queen's party and revealed to the officers that it had crossed behind the funeral procession just six seconds after it had passed. Ten minutes had been allowed for the Queen to speed thence to the Cathedral, where the head of the procession had already passed. At the point where Her Majesty was to turn into the Cathedral forecourt, a gap had been planned by halting the column momentarily and there it was, on the dot. The Queen was taken into the Chapel of St. Michael and St. George to await the imminent 176









Sir Winston Churchill's State Funeral:
above left, aerial view of the gun-carriage;
above right, the route of the procession;
left, the Earl Marshal preceding the coffin
inside St. Paul's; right, the bearer party
descending the Cathedral steps; below, the
coffin aboard the launch "Havengore"





arrival of the coffin, and it was not more than a minute or so before the cortège was seen approaching the Cathedral and the Queen was escorted to her seat.

To the Last Detail

Nothing was too small to escape the Duke's attention. For instance, the ageing elder statesman Lord Attlee, who had recently been through a bout of illness, had been forbidden by his doctor to attend the funeral in the taxing role of pall bearer. Churchill had been his rival in politics, but Attlee was not to be denied an opportunity to show his respect and affection for his old opponent.

He was there. And the touching photograph showing him seated on a chair at the foot of the Cathedral steps to await the arrival of the coffin is a testimonial to his indomitable spirit. But the chair was the Earl Marshal's forethought.

Despite the rehearsals, the times when the coffin rested upon the shoulders of the bearer party were among the most hazardous of the entire day. And during that ascent of the precipitous Cathedral steps millions of watchers gasped as the coffin swayed and the angle of incline increased. But two more guardsmen, who had been marching unobtrusively and almost unnoticed behind the coffin, were there to close in immediately and take up the strain. Had these men not been at hand in the right place, at the 178

right time, the bearer party might have been borne backwards and collapsed.

A Feeling for History

In one sense, due to the gaps in time that take place between his jobs, the Duke as a producer of pageantry and ceremonial is an amateur, even though by virtue of a 500year-old statute he is supposed to be paid the annual sum of £20 (about Rs. 360) to carry out the duties inherited with his title. These duties, which according to Edmonson, in his The Body of Heraldry, require him on Coronation Day and State festivals to "appease and prevent all tumults, noise and disturbance in the King's presence," date from ancient times and customs, most of which have now fallen into disuse. but they remain fascinating to look back upon.

In addition to keeping the peace within seven miles of the Court, he was also to keep "the doors of the great Hall and of all other rooms within the Royal Palace excepting that of the King's Bedchamber—and in all things to execute the office of High Usher."

For these services he received as his fee "the horse and palfrey on which the King rode to the place of his coronation—together with the bridles, saddles and caparisons; the cloth spread on the table whereat the King dined; the cloth of estate which hung behind the King at the time of dinner; and sundry other

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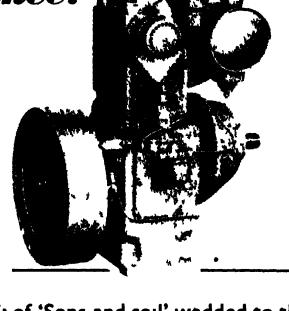
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High Usher."

The present Duke, incidentally, notes with amusement that he has never received his £20 fee. His expenses, which are never questioned before or during a State occasion, must be submitted to Parliament in detail at its end. The cost of Sir Winston's funeral is reported as £48,000 (about Rs. 9 lakhs).

Twelve years intervened between the Churchill funeral and the Duke's last brilliantly successful production, the Queen's Coronation. During this period the Duke was busy presiding over some thousands of acres in Sussex and large properties in both Sheffield and London. His diversity of interests has been manifested in his Stewardship of the Jockey Club, Presidency of the MCC and of the Automobile Association.

Yet from the point of view of tenure of office and his extraordinary organizing abilities, there is unquestionably no man alive who has more knowledge of all of the bewildering facets connected with this kind of pomp and show. And certainly no one who makes less fuss about it, or who is more retiring and unselfseeking. He was astonished, after being invested with the Order of the Garter following the Coronation of King George VI, when he was mobbed by a crowd of excited Londoners. "You deserve it, Bernard!" they yelled. "You did jolly well!"

It is one of the curious conditions attached to the position of Earl Marshal that until the moment it begins to function, it carries with it no power at all. "Until the event is actually scheduled to take place," the Duke says, "I don't exist as Earl Marshal and have no powers whatsoever—beyond those of ordinary persuasion." These last perhaps are the most valuable he wields, since much of his planning must be done in advance and largely on his own.

the qualifications are needed for such a job? Amongst them one would say imperturbability, a feeling for occasion and history, the ability to make decisions, a refusal to flap, and an iron nerve vis-à-vis that implacable foe—the hands of the clock. For no matter how much pre-organization there has been, when "the balloon goes up" these pointers on the clock face, which up to then have been moving normally, suddenly commence to spin most indecently. With a multitude of details still left to be attended to, seconds and minutes rush by with express-train velocity, hours hustle and tread upon one another with increasing acceleration. The effect of this is a summons to panic. The Earl Marshal does not.

The Duke, being himself of rank so high, is completely unpretentious. He will say when requesting a meeting with someone, no matter in what position, from a general to an engine driver, "If you are too busy to come and see me, I will

come to see you." When he is on the job as Earl Marshal, he stretches the day by cancelling all social engage ments, rationing sleep and occasionally simply neglecting meals. He is a man who is fond of his food but who, if engaged in the pursuit of an objective, forgets lunch or dinner, or both.

It is difficult to credit, but during his period of "non-existence"—before a State occasion requires him to take up his duties as Earl Marshal—he has not even an official place from which to work.

For the 1953 Coronation he controlled a staff of 60 at his London home, 14 Belgrave Square, which was transformed into offices, but when Sir Winston died, the Duke no longer lived in the capital. A suite of rooms was set aside for him at the Ministry of Defence in Whitehall. He gravitates between his car, the College of Arms, of which he is the titular head, his club and the offices of his friends. During this wraith-like period he will drop in on them and say, "Would you mind if I used your phone for about an hour?" And having made seven or eight-necessary calls, he would then feel that this particular person had been sufficiently afflicted and drive on to the next.

And everywhere he would be going about by hiraself, asking questions, taking information, finding out possibilities, lining up assistants for future reference, always looking ahead to that day when the hands of the clock would begin to race.

The Earl Marshal has a lively understanding of the meaning of tact. It has been noted during the period when his office is active that he is the undisputed Commanderin-Chief, yet he does not behave the manner of some. When he noticed during the Churchill funeral that the Guard of Honour aboard the Port of London launch Havengore moving up the Thames had taken up a position which would mask the flag-draped coffin from the eyes of the thousands lining the river bank for their last homage, he troubled to go to the top of the chain of command to ask if the soldiers might be able to move back to afford a better view of the catafalque. The answer was, "Yes! How much better that is!"

Yet, when he feels he is encountering stupidity, or plain, self-seeking bloody-mindedness he can become sharp, incisive and impervious. Behind the Duke his obstructor will clearly see the shadow of the sceptre of the Queen. For while the Earl Marshal is prepared to take full responsibility for the success or failure of his promotion, he will not tolerate fools.

' This He Would Have Liked"

STATE FUNERALS under the aegis of the Earl Marshal are usually limited to crowned monarchs—reigning at the time of death. Three of those few who have been awarded this



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exceptional privilege were Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Winston Churchill Their very names echo the thunderous roll of English history But there was much more even than national gratitude in the case of Churchill, for in addition to being called the greatest Englishman, of the three he was also the most loved

All through the Duke of Norfolk's planming and staging of his funeral there was a note of endearment as well as reverence, a feeling of enormous fondness for him The Earl Marshal said afterwards "If it was a success, it was because everyone connected with it was trying to do his best for Winston. People cared"

In spite of the vast scale of the ceremony and the number of people involved, this love made itself felt. The Duke had known Sir Winston so well that, all during the devising of the tribute, remembrance of him, his humour and his small, endearing vanities, was paramount. Churchill had asked for "lots of hands"-a dream that contained something touching and childlike. His old friend saw to it that he had them; 12 bands and more than 7,000 soldiers, sailors, airmen and marines. Every stage of the funeral was dictated by the knowledge: "This he would have liked." All through the trials and problems connected with the preparations, when some absurd obstacle loomed, or there was red tape to be cut, or

someone pompous to be reduced, the Earl Marshal was buoyed up by the thought, "This would have amused Winston."

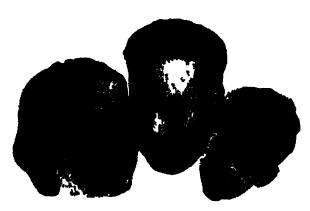
The result was not only a perfect performance, but one which through its sweep and grandeur inspired a tremendous outpouring of emotion. Carried away by the mighty canvas presented, others rose to the occasion—such as the dock authorities who ordered their great riverside cranes to bow to the flag-covered coffin as the water cortège passed by. It was an unforgettable and indescribably moving moment as the rows of mechanical monsters dipped their iron necks low in the last, humble salute.

An indication of that ever-present eye to what the departed statesman would have enjoyed was the Duke's concern with the flags which were to fly on the launch, Havengore. The Port of London Authority flag normally flew on its launch, but this did not satisfy the Earl Marshal's sense of dramatic fitness. On his orders, the ensign of the Cinque Ports, of which Sir Winston had been Warden, was also flown.

Umbrellas in Case of Rain

THE EARL Marshal is prone to talk about good fortune coming to the rescue during the course of many of his ceremonial arrangements. "It was sheer good fortune," he said, that during the time the great man lay in a coma, the Duke decided on a trip to Bladon in Oxfordshire, to

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inspect the churchyard and the place where Sir Winston would finally rest in peace for ever.

It had been many years since the Duke had been there and amid the myriad details of his preparations he obeyed the impulse and boarded a train to go and see for himself. For, as he puts it, "In a State funeral it is my duty to see the coffin into the grave. I was brought up with this idea and no other ever entered my head."

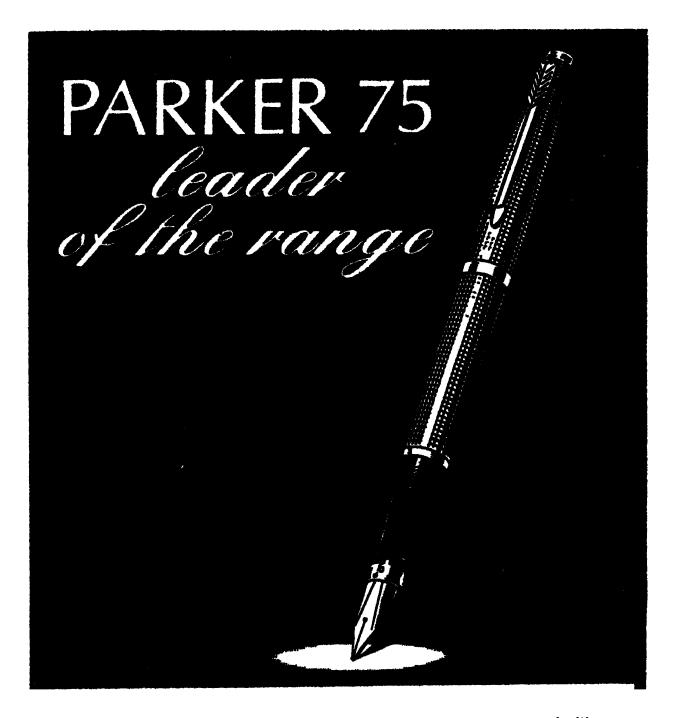


The family had requested that the service there be kept wholly private, away from both Press and public, and the Duke briefed some 560 correspondents who, in spite of their disappointment, agreed to respect this plea. When it developed that there might be some difficulties in keeping the public away, he quickly secured 150 more guards. And the family mourners, arriving at Bladon, found that he had provided umbrellas in case of rain. These he borrowed from the Lost Property Office at Ascot racecourse-without charge, since he was Ascot's Chief Steward.

Voyage on the Thames

THE FUNERAL-TRAIN journey to Long Handborough was another of the Earl Marshal's combinations of luck and unquenchable drive. Up to two years before Sir Winston's death, the plan for the State funeral called for his last resting-place to be at his own home, Chartwell in Kent. This gave the Earl Marshal his cue for the river voyage on which Sir Winston had set his heart. Quietly, by himself, the Duke worked on the project until every detail of the final journey from Tower Pier to Gravesend and thereafter by hearse to Chartwell was perfected.

Then it became known that Churchill's last expressed wish was to lie at peace in the village churchyard of Bladon near Blenheim Palace, where he was born. But Bladon was served by the Western



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Region from Paddington station, and it appeared that the carefullyplanned river voyage would have to be abandoned.

The Marshal called a meeting of his committee to thrash out the dilemma. One member from Oxfordshire thought of Long Handborough, only a mile and a half from Bladon, on another railway line. He wondered if it might not be possible to leave from Waterloo station, hard by Festival Pier on the South Bank of the Thames, and somehow switch over to the other line. It was all the Duke needed and he was off, hot on the trail of British Railways. The Norfolk charm was turned up full blast. The way was found—and Churchill had his voyage on the Thames.

A Quiet Life

Because of his gentleness and unassuming exterior, the Duke of Norfolk is the last person one would imagine capable of such prodigies of organization, direction and imagination. And for the rest, he lives a quiet life with the usual country interests: horses, dogs, field sports and an occasional shoot in Scotland. Sometimes he goes to Cannes for a little sunshine and golf —with the Queen's permission, as Royal Assent is required before the Earl Marshal can leave England. Cricket is one of his great passions and in 1962 he went to Australia as manager of the MCC touring team. When he was told that the

Aussies had bestowed the nickname of "Dookie" upon him, he merely laughed, "Well, if that's what they've decided, Dookie it will have to be!"

Whence came his unexpected talents for the staging of dramatic Royal ceremonies with such perfection? One has only to look back to his ancestry. There was never a Howard in the last millennium who was a nonentity and the majority of them were lions. The first Duke of Norfolk was created Earl Marshal of England in June 1483 with the office descending through the male line. Two years later he was killed at Bosworth while fighting for Richard III.

All the Norfolks of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were inextricably woven into the tapestry of Royal history. They served their sovereigns in almost every capacity. They rose to heights; they were cast down; they rose again. They were executed, attainted, imprisoned, banished and yet survived to remain in wealth and position, if not in power, at all times the Premier Dukes of England. They were good, bad—but never indifferent.

A portion of all of them flows through the veins of the sixteenth descendant of those able and stalwart men. The present Duke was born at the family seat of Arundel Castle in Sussex on May 30, 1908, and was educated at the Oratory. School of the Oratorian Fathers, then situated in Birmingham. His

father died when he was eight. He assumed the mantle of Earl Marshal on his coming of age and a year later was initiated into his extraordinary career when he staged his first State Opening of Parliament after the 1930 General Election.

Did the shadow of his inherited task hang over him as a boy? Did he look ahead with anxious anticipation to that day when he must act as his forebears had before him? The Duke thinks not and hardly remembers worrying over it. He is not the worrying kind. True, it was a handicap that he had never been able to assist his father at a State occasion, but the Duke says, "I was always fairly quick at making up my mind and knowing that I had to get on with the job. I was also able to make decisions and stick to them."

While he had no special training in his youth or even an inkling of the magnitudes and hazards of what lay ahead of him, it was his very youthfulness and that strength of character and modesty which acknowledges the experience and ability of others that saw him through. "Actually," the Duke reflects, "youth was an asset during my early assignments. For if you admit that you are nervous and

don't think you know it all, older people will help you. And after that you can learn as you go along."

Final Salute

No awards are given for such triumphs of production as the Earl Marshal has achieved, and in any case few more honours could be heaped upon Bernard Fitzalan-Howard, Knight of the Garter, Privy Counsellor, Grand Commander of the Victorian Order and wearer of the Royal Victorian Chain. Nor would this quiet, engaging man wish for any further. reward or distinction than the one which, to his great surprise, he reaped in overwhelming measure after the Churchill funeral. It came in the shape of an outpouring of gratitude from young and old in many thousands of letters from all over the world.

In the ultimate discharge of his office, after the family had departed from the graveside, the Duke remained behind and raised his marshal's baton in a final salute to England's greatest statesman. Later he received a touching letter from a woman who witnessed this scene. She told him of the tears to which that last, silent farewell had moved her.

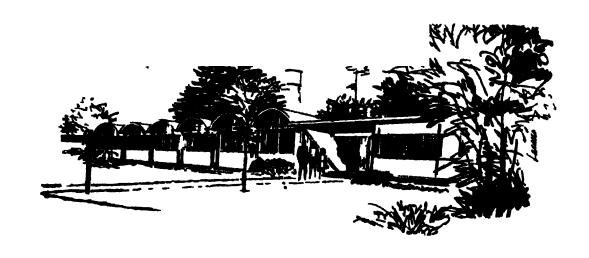
All Aboard!

A BROAD survey of European youth has revealed that the car is France's most persuasive marriage broker. In 1966, nearly 68 per cent of all marriage proposals were made in parked cars.

—Nois et Blanc, France

DOUBLE SUPPLEMENT

The Common-Sense Magic of Birch Cottage



Where miracles are worked through the stubborn belief that no delinquent girl is hopeless

by Gordon Newell

The Common-Sense Magic of Birch Cottage

are brought in, some cursing and fighting, others sullen and withdrawn. They are delinquents with records stamped hopeless by probation officers, psychiatric experts and juvenile-court judges. They have been labelled prostitutes, drug addicts, thieves and probation violators—and their average age is 15½ years.

Every state in America has its problem girls, more often than not the offspring of problem mothers, and themselves destined to give birth to a new generation of problem children.

Such difficult cases are usually treated with routine severity—and with almost uniformly bad results, since a high percentage of the delinquents continue to lead disorganized and lawless lives.

But in the state of Washington a remarkable new programme is remaking the lives of some of these girls, changing them from swaggering hoodlums, ugly with fear, hatred and self-contempt, to well-groomed young women aware of their problems and solving those

problems, not because they are forced to but because they want to.

Again and again the miracle occurs in Birch Cottage, the most famous residence at Washington's Maple Lane School for delinquent girls. With its modern cottages and attractive gardens, Maple Lane looks like a good private school, but it was not always so. Established over half a century ago, it was until recent years noted for its harsh discipline.

Girls were punished by public head-shaving, solitary confinement and even injection of nausea-producing drugs. They wore prison uniforms and were forbidden cosmetics or personal adornment of any kind. About half of those released were returned within a few months—or "progressed" to the state penitentiary.

The past decade has brought many changes. Washington now has three youth centres for delinquent girls. Maple Lane concentrates on those with the most severe problems. Yet of the 150 girls usually in residence, all but 16 have the run of the unfenced grounds. The 16 "hard cases" are in Birch Cottage under constant surveillance.

When I was appointed to the staff of the Washington State Department of Institutions in 1964, I knew almost nothing of Maple Lane and arranged to visit it with some apprehension, for the idea of extreme delinquency in young girls was repugnant to me, as it is to most people.

THE COMMON-SENSE MAGIC OF BIRCH COTTAGE

I found the school unlike what I had expected, and the atmosphere of Birch Cottage, particularly, was an eye-opener. I have made many return visits, and watching the change in the unfortunate youngsters as they recover from seemingly incurable moral sickness has been an unforgettable experience.

There was Ramona Torres,* a 16-year-old Mexican-American who, from the age of 14, had been taken by her mother for days of shoplifting and nights of picking up men. Her three sisters were hardened delinquents, her father was a convict. Soon after her arrival, Ramona dashed into the kitchen, wrested a knife from a worker and slashed the flesh of her own arms.

Marian Black, a 15-year-old believed to be retarded, was a failure from other institutions. Her alcoholic father deserted the family when she was five; her mother was in the chronic ward of a state mental hospital.

Unwanted, brought up in crowded foster homes and obsessed with a hopeless need for a loving family, Marian had found a grotesque parody of love by giving herself to men thus willing to use a retarded child. At another institution she had tried to kill herself.

When her childish efforts at suicide failed, she simply withdrew from a world which had become a nightmare. Transferred to Birch Cottage as a last resort, she was like a frightened animal.

Tammy Wells, an appealing freckle-faced youngster with a record of truancy, shoplifting and sex offences, came from a family living "on the dole." Her parents were divorced, and her mother had lived with a procession of so-called husbands. A favourite family pastime was a simple game in which liquor was set on the table, and everyone, including the children, began drinking. The first to pass out "had all their hair cut off by the others," Tammy told us.

And there was Christie Farrell, a slim 17-year-old, who should have been pretty, but whose hair, dyed a gaudy orange, framed a frightened face and eyes full of hopelessness and hatred. Christie was not the product of poverty, a broken home or of unloving parents. She fell under the influence of an older woman who was completely dissolute, a heavy user of alcohol and barbiturates, with a record of brief marriages to nine men. When Christie's parents thought she was at school, the woman took her to parties and introduced her to drugs, drink, and illicit sex. Finally the police raided one of the sordid parties, and Christie found herself in legal custody.

Released and returned home, Christie stayed two days, then ran away to find her friend who was by then in the mental hospital where she belonged. Soon the police picked

The names of the girls are fictitious; their stories are true.

up Christie on charges of prostitution. Claiming to be 19, she gave a false name and spent a month in jail before her true identity was established.

Assigned to Birch Cottage by the Maple Lane receiving board, she had to be taken there forcibly, screaming and cursing those who "are going to lock me up again." In a relatively short time she had changed her mind. "I want to return to my family," she told me, "but I'm in no hurry about it. I want to stay at Birch until I know I'll be the kind of girl they can be proud of."

Place of Hope

Ir was fortunate for Christie that Birch Cottage was there. Until 1961, hardened delinquents sent to Maple Lane were isolated in a building euphemistically called Rainbow Cottage, a maximum-security jail for girls too tough to handle without restraint. But to Mrs. Helen Shank, Maple Lane's administrator, Rainbow Cottage was a monument to failure and to the belief that there are 15-year-old girls so bad that they cannot be helped, but only caged. She refused to accept this.

Instead of Rainbow Cottage, Mrs. Shank wanted an intensive-treatment centre with special facilities and a highly-skilled staff. Her dream building must be self-contained, with classrooms, isolation units, living quarters and recreation spaces for 16 girls. It must be bright and

cheerful, for the world would shrink to the size and sight of its walls for the girls living there. It must be secure, but it must not look or smell or feel like a jail. It must be a place of hope.

It would cost, she was told, a quarter of a million dollars (about Rs. 2 lakhs).

Mrs. Shank took her dream to Washington's correctional administrator, and from him received permission to present her plan to the state legislature. It was approved, and by the end of 1961 Birch Cottage was ready for occupancy. Mrs. Shank retired that year. But to her former assistant, Thomas Pinnock, who succeeded her as Maple Lane's administrator, she said, "I got the building. Now you make it work."

The programme had to be developed from scratch, for there were no proven guidelines. Elsewhere, seriously delinquent children were being locked away out of sight until their sentences were up or they became old enough to "graduate" to prison. There was only one thing Tom Pinnock was sure of: "You can't beat the delinquency out of a delinquent child. Most of them have been beaten by experts."

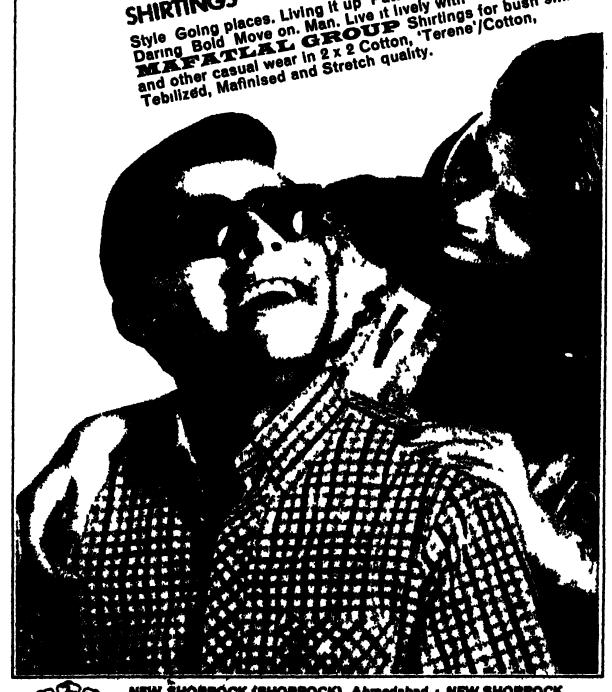
But Birch Cottage became the strongest link in a long chain of treatment. Washington now has a central reception centre to which all court-committed delinquent children are sent for six weeks of careful testing before being assigned to an institution. The detailed information

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thus obtained enables Maple Lane administrators to predict quite accurately which girls are likely to benefit most from intensive care.

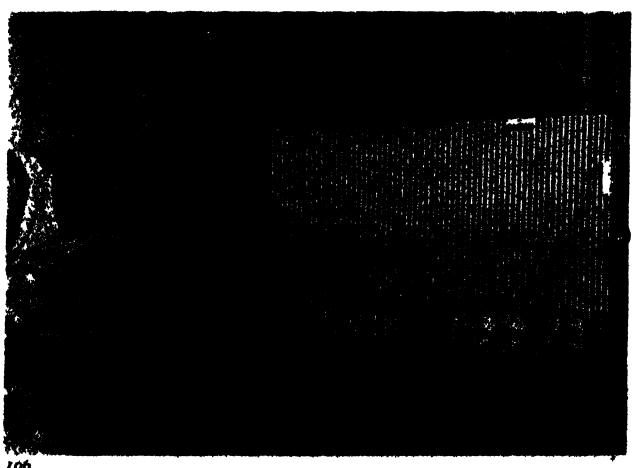
At first it was felt that every girl, regardless of her problems, deserved a chance in a minimum-restriction residence. But bitter experience proved this wouldn't work. Instead of giving the seriously disturbed girl a chance, the relative freedom simply gave the more intelligent delinquents an opportunity to create trouble. The most difficult girls are now assigned immediately to Birch.

· Of all the girls who have passed through Birch Cottage in the past six years, no two have been the same. The treatment has varied from case to case, but in 95 cases out of 100 it is successful, sometimes in a few weeks, sometimes only after months of staff care and attention.

Consider 16-year-old Linda Hall, a child so full of murderous hatred that skilled professionals had classed her as insane.

Reaching the Unreachable

By the time Linda Hall was 16, juvenile institutions in her home state of New York had given up trying to help her and she was confined to a mental hospital. She escaped, later turning up in the State of Washington, where police found her when the young man she was living with was arrested for



'burglary and drug-taking. She was sharing a slum apartment with him and was pregnant.

The young man was sent to prison. Linda left jail long enough to give birth to a baby girl, who was put in the care of a welfare agency.

Sociologists and psychiatrists weren't able to compile the usual meticulous report on Linda; before they could begin talking to her she would fly at them like a wild animal, scratching, kicking and screaming obscenities. Some of the experts recommended hospital treatment, but it was decided to try Maple Lane School first. Four hours after arriving there, Linda was brought to a staff meeting.

At the meeting, Linda became livid with rage, spitting vile insults and threats of murder. At one point she leaped on the nearest staff member, clawing and punching. Restrained by sheer weight of numbers, she was taken to Birch Cottage and locked in a room to cool off.

Linda's case, one of the worst in Maple Lane history, was assigned to Michael Fortell, the school's most experienced social worker. Fortell is the school's supervisor of group activities; his wife, Renée, is the supervisor of Birch Cottage.

When Fortell took Linda to her room at Birch, he told her, "You may kick, you may scream, you may even hit us. You have a need to do

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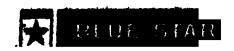
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these things. But most of all," he added gently, "you need to know why you must do these things." He returned a few hours later. Linda, exhausted from her earlier hysteria, didn't recognize him. Sitting on her bed, her tousled head in her hands, she lifted her face long enough to stare at him belligerently.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"I'm here to help you."

"You mean you're here to brainwash me. I know you. I know how your brain works!"

"How?" Fortell asked mildly.

"Just like a dirty rotten cop's," she said through clenched teeth. "I hate cops and I don't need a social worker. I don't have any problems. All I want is my baby!"

"Where is your baby?"

"Taken away by cops and the welfare. Dirty, rotten cops. I'll get a machine-gun and kill every one of them. I'll kill everybody that's keeping my baby away from me!"

Fortell pressed on. "How could you possibly take care of a baby now? You can't even take care of yourself."

Linda sprang to her feet, fists clenched. "Get out! You don't know anything about my baby! You're one of them! I'll kill you."

Fortell leaned back in his chair, showing no anger, fear or outrage at her threats, and this seemed to surprise her. Always before, her enemies had been angry or shocked. "O.K., Linda," Fortell said when she was quiet. "I'm going, but

anytime you want to talk, just call me."

"I don't ever want to see you again," she snarled.

Fortell went to see Mrs. Fern Weiher, who has headed the Birch Cottage counselling staff since its beginning in 1961. Technically, Mrs. Weiher and the cottage parents are classed as non-professionals. An academic degree isn't required for the work, but warmth, compassion, hard-earned wisdom and old-fashioned common sense are worth an alphabet of academic degrees.

Teamwork is essential at Birch Cottage, and there is close communication among all staff members—from Mrs. Weiher and the cottage parents (there are 12) to Howard Pickett, the kindly, soft-spoken caretaker who has been a father figure for so many girls. Counting everyone who works in Birch, there is a one-for-one ratio of residents to staff, and this is important. Each girl comes to feel that she has one special friend on the staff.

Fortell brought Mrs. Weiher upto-date on Linda. "Let her yell," he advised. "Don't show fear or anger. When she calms down and is willing to talk, try repeating my words —'You can't take care of yourself. How can you take care of your baby?"

"I Want My Baby"

LINDA's violent tantrums continued for three months. When she seemed calmer, she was allowed

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have her meals with the other girls or watch television in the recreation room; she also began to attend lessons, though there were days when she didn't turn up. The cottage parents never once responded to her anger or to her violence, and gradually Linda was forced to the conclusion that they were different from the adults she had learnt to hate and fear. She began to make overtures to staff members, but always, when her baby was mentioned, the rage and violence returned.

The response from cottage parents was always the same: "How can you care for your baby when you can't control yourself—when you can only relate to people by threatening to hurt or kill them?" Every day she was made to face the truth. At the end of three months she asked for Fortell.

Linda opened the conversation without preliminaries: "I want to see my baby."

"I'm all for it," Fortell told her.
"But have you prepared yourself to
provide her with the care and love
a mother should give?"

"Damn it, what do you know about my baby?" she shouted.

"Not much," he responded. "You haven't wanted to talk to us until now, and nobody knows anything."

Linda drew a long breath. "What do I have to do to get my baby?" It was one of the questions the whole staff had been waiting for her to ask.

"What do you believe you have to do?" Fortell asked.

"You said you wanted to help me!" Linda screamed. "Get out! Get out!"

"All right," Fortell answered calmly. "But think about it. I'll be back and we'll talk some more, but you're going to have to decide for yourself. Nobody's going to do your thinking for you."

From then on, the periods of rage and violence came less often. As Linda gained confidence in the Birch staff, who refused to hate her but who set firm limits on her behaviour, the talks became more fruitful.

She began to reach out to the people round her and to seek help from them on bad days. More and more she explained her bad moods by saying, "I'm worried about my baby. What is happening to my baby?"

Fortell phoned the welfare agency and handed their report to Linda. Thereafter she received periodic written reports on the haby.

"Once she found out we really wanted to help her," Fortell explains, "she decided she was going to have to do her part, too. She finished her schooling and began thinking about probation. It was her idea to return with her baby to her mother in New York; and if, later, the baby's father still wanted them she would marry him on his release from prison. Once she learned that

there was no need for fear and that responsibility for her life was hers, Linda qualified for transfer to the less-restricted Maple Lane residences. After two months there, she was offered probation.

But then welfare authorities brought court action to have her baby declared a ward of the state and made available for adoption. Linda went to court, and Michael Fortell and Tom Pinnock went with her to help.

For two hours the slim young girl, still little more than a child, was subjected to unrelenting crossexamination by two lawyers and a psychiatrist determined to have her declared an unfit mother.

Linda, who previously had not been able to restrain her murderous rage if thwarted to the slightest degree, now displayed no anger, no tears.

When the lawyers and the psy; chiatrist had finished, she spoke calmly to the judge: "I know the things I have done were wrong. I could not have my baby until I grew up myself. But now I am ready and eager to love and care for my child."

The judge gave the baby to Linda.

'After two months at home in New York, Linda heard from her baby's father who had been released from prison and had found a job. He urged her to come to California.

Our latest word on them was that he still has the job, and the baby is already learning to walk. Linda has a part-time job too. They haven't been in any trouble, and it doesn't look as if they will be.

Staff Strategy

Until recent years, a man like Michael Fortell couldn't have helped a girl like Linda Hall because state law forbade the use of male employees at Maple Lane School. Girls were even prohibited from having pictures of "male relatives above the age of 18 months."

There was an important reversal of policy, and today men make up almost a third of the school staff.

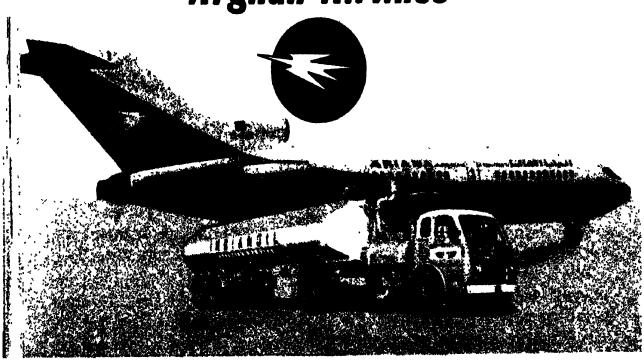
Recently I discussed Linda Hall with a young staff member named Tom Hughes. "She was sort of a textbook case," he explained, "if there is such a thing in this work. Her emotions were simple, and the positive factor—her baby—was evident from the start. She wanted that child. We had to show her that she couldn't get it the way she was behaving.

"It's the 'too cool' girl like Jan Hutchins who is really difficult to work with," he added thoughtfully, "the one whose bed never has a wrinkle in it, who never violates the "rules or loses her temper."

yan, a tall, attractive redhead of 17 with an I.Q. of 137, comes from an upper middle-class family. Her father took the family on frequent camping holidays. The whole family went to church together. Jan had

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her own car and a horse. An ideal family, you would say.

Yet Jan ran away at 16 and was found in a hotel room with several sailors. Placed on probation to her parents, she ran away again and was caught spending the night in an Army barracks. Later, under police surveillance as a suspected prostitute and drug-taker, she was caught shoplifting in San Diego.

Shortly after Jan arrived at Birch Cottage, she wrote an instruction course for her housemates entitled "Staff Conning and Manipulation" that contained such gems as these:

"Show respect for the staff. So what if Mrs. Smith is a pig? Pat her on the head. Use flattery. These staff people are only human—they like to be complimented on their new clothes and hair styles. They must believe you want to accept help."

That neat list of instructions has become part of the staff training programme at Birch Cottage—where they recognize that delinquents who suddenly become good little girls haven't really changed; they're putting on an act designed to outwit the staff.

Jan was a consummate actress, but in the tight society of Birch Cottage, where staff and girls soon know each other better than do many families, phoney behaviour has a way of being found out. One day she cooed sweetly to Tom Hughes, "Mr. Hughes, I've been telling the other girls you have a smile just like Marlon Brando's."

"That's funny," Hughes responded pleasantly. "I've heard you think I look like Boris Karloff in Frankenstein." He pulled a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket to show a pencil drawing of a fanged monster labelled "Mr. Hughes." With a grin, he told Jan, "Your flattery isn't very convincing, but your art work's improving."

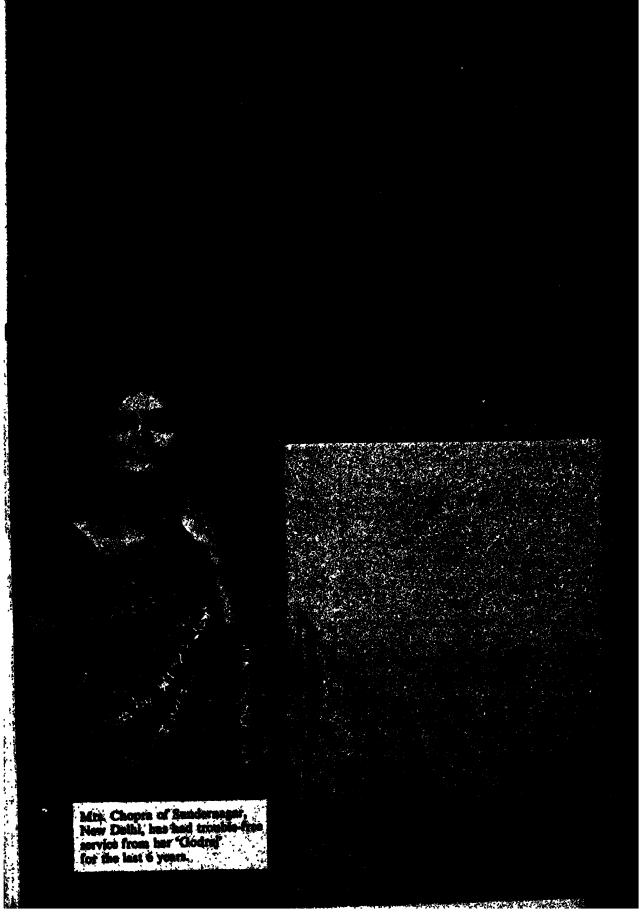
Her face flaming, the redhead bolted for her room, swearing, and slammed the door violently. For 24 hours she stayed there. Cottage parents showed no anger. "If you want to act like a five-year-old, O.K.," they told her. "You can sulk in your room as long as you want. We'll feed you and take you to the bath-room."

Outraged, Jan threw her dinner tray on the floor, spattering the room with food. Staff members cleaned it up and said, "That's the way it is with children. They do make messes."

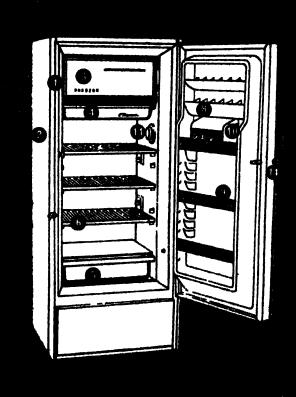
Like Linda, Jan was discovering that delinquent behaviour just doesn't work in Birch Cottage. It only made her look ridiculous, something this intelligent girl simply couldn't stand.

Next day she quietly joined the other girls. She was never again as studiously sweet and docile as she had been. She was ready now for the beginning of real change.

Ramona Torres, the 16-year-old Mexican-American who had tried to cut herself to death, was quite a different girl. Renée Fortell,



The Court of the C



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assigned to Ramona as a counsellor, told the staff, "Every time I use those magic words, 'We really do care about you,' tears come to her eyes. Let's keep telling her that and

see what happens."

The words were used over and over again, and backed up with action geared to the needs of a nottoo-bright girl. The staff asked her advice on simple things. When they found she had a flair for art, they got her to make the place cards for another girl's birthday party.

"See," they told her, "you are good." Ramona was asked to help with the Christmas decorations and ended up by virtually taking over the job. When Birch Cottage won the Maple Lane trophy for the best decorations, Ramona was the

heroine of the day.

New Answers

EDNA GOODRICH, who succeeded Tom Pinnock as superintendent of Maple Lane in 1964, explains the Birch Cottage process like this: "The girls we get here have become delinquent as a means of survival, as a way of solving their problems —or of running away from them. But Birch Cottage is a tight little world where delinquency doesn't work."

Linda Hall learned that nobody would give in to her when she screamed and threatened. Jan Hutchins found her nimble wits were no match for a staff that works as a team. Poor loveless Ramona

Torres was shown she didn't have to slash herself with a knife to make people care about her.

"When they find that delinquency doesn't lead to success, they begin to search for new ways to solve their problems. When they really want to change, the staff can start helping them achieve the objectives they have set for themselves. It's as simple as that," Mrs. Goodrich says.

The concept may be simple, but its application isn't. The delinquent girl groping for new ways to deal with her anxieties needs the help of warm and understanding people. She may suffer from a primitive fear of extermination, be subconsciously afraid that if she loses her identity as a delinquent she will lose identity as a person.

Birch house parents tell how Marian Black, the young "human vegetable" who had never belonged anywhere, walked the floor of her room at night repeating over and over, "I am Marian Black! I am Marian Black."

Girls sometimes lose control at this time and revert to violence. In the early days of the programme, the bill for smashed windows and broken furniture was extremely high. Today it is lower, fir the staff has learnt to anticipate destructive behaviour.

Frequently the staff is helped by the girls themselves. They were especially useful in working with Marian Black. When she sat staring vacantly in the corner, the girls were

sorry for her and would coax her into their conversations and games. After a while Marian began to come to them and, once having gained friends, began to concern herself with her cleanliness and behaviour in order to be worthy of them.

"We get a new girl as full of hate and fear as a trapped animal," Tom Hughes says, "and I think the girls who have moved ahead see themselves in her. Christie Farrell, the girl led into delinquency by an older woman, hated working in the kitchen, but she was good at it. Another child came to us with no domestic skills at all, but she liked kitchen work and wanted to learn. Christie volunteered to help the new girl. That sort of thing happens all the time here."

Cottage parents watch for a girl to begin helping others. It's one of the indications that the commonsense magic of Birch Cottage is working.

There are other signs, of course. Once a month a review board is held and each girl meets her cottage parent, teacher, social worker and non-professional team member. The non-professional may be a cook, a maintenance man or a gardener; it's often easier for a girl to feel close to them than to social workers or psychologists.

The non-professional's commonsense ideas on how to handle



teenagers are respected, and, Mrs. Goodrich explains, there's another reason for including them:

"Our staff believes you can't respond to a frightened girl's anger with fear or anger. But what about the cook who sees a girl grab for a kitchen knife, or the maintenance man who has to replace things smashed in a tantrum? We used to have some pretty hostile cooks and maintenance men, but now they're involved in the treatment. They understand and share in the tremendous sense of accomplishment we all feel, so they don't feat' or hate the girls."

The first time I sat in on a session of review boards, Christie Farrell,

who had come to Birch crying and fighting, had been in residence three weeks and was no longer a disciplinary problem—although she had been briefly confined to her room for failing to put up her orangestreaked hair, and for wasting time in the television room. She was getting very good marks in her school work.

"My parents told me to go along with all the rules," she explained.

"Just going along with our rules may keep you out of trouble here, but it won't solve any real problems," a board member told her.

"You mean I'm going to have to work out my own rules?" Christie asked in surprise. It was clear she'd



have to stay in Birch for a while

longer.

Tall, pretty Jan Hutchins was next. At her last review board, she had put forth ingenious alibis for her predicament: "It's my father's fault. He's immature," and "I got in with the wrong crowd at school." This time she wasn't looking for pat answers. "For the first time I can say I'm glad I was sent to Birch Cottage," she said. "I can feel myself turning into a responsible person."

Ramona Torres, her arms still bearing the scars of her self-attack, was the last that day. She had shown a mentally retarded score of 58 on intelligence tests. Completely lacking in emotional control, she had been given to destructive tantrums and periods of black despair.

"For a long, time," a board member confided to me privately, "we were afraid Ramona really was a

hopeless case."

But the common-sense magic of Birch Cottage had worked. Through sheer determination Ramona had achieved fairly good marks at school.

Once unable to differentiate between right and wrong, she had recently faced up to a new girl who tried to enlist her in an escape plot. She reported the conversation to the cottage parent.

"I found out that I have a mind of my own and don't have to have other people thinking for me," she told the board. "I think you should staff me out because I've come a long way."

"You'll move out of Birch," she was told. "But you'll have some safeguards until you're ready to leave Maple Lane altogether." A look of happy incredulity made Ramona's plain face suddenly lovely.

"Does that mean I'm staffed

out?" she gasped.

"Not exactly," Mrs. Goodrich said gently. "I know 'staffed out' is the common expression, but it's not accurate. The staff isn't letting you out of Birch, Ramona. You've earned your own way out."

The happy grin that lit up Ramona's features brightened the whole room, for pride in her success was shared by those who had helped her achieve it—from the superintendent at one end of the board table to the maintenance man at the other.

Fit for Freedom

No one enjoys being locked up in one place for 24 hours a day, but almost all the girls in Birch Cottage come to accept their closely supervised environment much like patients in a hospital who realize they have been seriously ill and are now recovering.

As one girl put it, "I'm not ashamed of being here, or at least I'm not as ashamed as I'd be if I'd ended up in Walla Walla | the state penitentiary | instead." Another told me, "I wouldn't want to leave, even if I could, until I know



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I can stay out of trouble on the outside."

The girls usually follow a pattern, I'om Hughes told me. "They come in hating everything about Birch. As time goes on, they hate it less and less. Most of them, when the time comes, view their move from Birch as a step towards a new and better life, but no longer as a release from jail. They know they've really begun to change and are ready to move ahead."

Once established in the "open" part of Maple Lane, aptitude tests, vocational training and job counselling are given, and each girl is allowed a short test visit to her home. A second or even a third visit may be granted before she is released on probation. Each girl's probation officer is assigned at the time of her commitment, and he visits the institution frequently during the child's treatment.

When probation comes, the counsellor is an old friend, who knows the girl and her problems well. The advantage of this continuing

relationship are obvious.

"There is a sort of warmth at Birch Cottage," Mrs. Weiher says simply, and a visitor sees evidence of that warmth on every visit. Tom Hughes and I were talking one day in the cottage when we noticed through the open door the long faces of three girls working in the kitchen. Tom strolled over. "Cheer up," he said. "It's Valentine's Day."

"Big deal!" one of the girls

responded bitterly. "Eat breakfast. Wash dishes. Some Valentine's Day!"

Back in his office, Tom rummaged in a drawer for a big piece of brown paper and a red crayon. He drew a lop-sided heart, gave it cross-eyes and a big grin, and wrote under it, "Will you three nuts be

my Valentines?"

Then he went back to the kitchen and handed it to the girls without a word. After a moment of silence, giggles of delight came from the kitchen. "Somebody's thinking of us, anyway," I heard one of the girls say. They began a friendly argument about who should have Mr. Hughes' work of art to pin up in her room.

"It was nothing," Tom said, a little more gruffly than usual. "Nothing at all, but it meant some-

thing to them."

The extraordinary success of Birch Cottage has amazed professionals in the field of juvenile rehabilitation. One expert who visited Birch recently expressed his surprise at meeting so many delinquent girls "who actually recognize that they have problems and want to solve them."

To a layman, the success of the programme borders on the miraculous. The miracle was brought home to me for the first time when, a few weeks after my initial visit, I was invited to lunch at Birch Cottage. Little Tammy Wells, of the drunken, dole-supported family, was

my gracious and charming hostess. Redheaded Jan Hutchins said grace, and afterwards Tammy helped the less assured girls to join in the animated conversation. The girls' behaviour would have done credit to a good private school, and their table manners prompted me to pay attention to my own.

Later, there was one disturbing incident. A newcomer whom Jan had offered to help with her ironing suddenly whirled on Jan and shouted insults at her. Jan walked away with all the dignity of a debutante. Over her shoulder she icily informed the offender, "They have a place for girls like you—and you're in it."

The girls continued to make dramatic progress during the time that passed between my visits. The last time I saw Christie Farrell at Maple Lane, the former child prostitute was skipping across the grass, her schoolbooks under her arm, transformed into an exceptionally pretty chestnut-haired schoolgirl.

Christie had told me of a recurring nightmare in which she was released and returned home. She would run up to the front door and ring the bell, but each time her mother would open the door and sadly tell her, "I am sorry, but we have no daughter Christie. Christie is dead." Then the door would close and Christie would wake up, her pillow wet with a lost child's tears.

"I'll be going home soon,"

Christie said. "I was ashamed to even think about it for a long time, but I don't have the dream any more and I'm sure I'm all right. I think "I'll'm going to be able to make my mother and father proud of me after all."

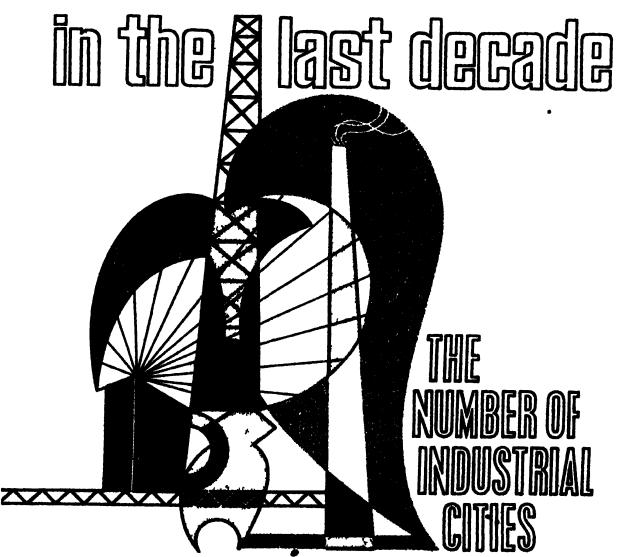
Epilogue

ALL THE GIRLS I came to know best during my early visits to Birch Cottage have now had a year or more to prove themselves outside. Statistically their successes and failures follow the figures for the Birch Cottage programme as a whole.

Approximately 200 girls have gone through the programme in the past four years. Of these, only 11 have been returned as probation violators—an average of fewer than three a year, a success rate of 95 per cent in the six years since Birch Cottage first opened, only one girl has been committed to prison.

Marian Black must, for the present at least, be classed a failure. Her progress at Birch Cottage was dramatic, but when she was released, is she felt herself again facing a hostile and uncaring world and again she withdrew completely. It became apparent that she could not survive without close medical attention, and she was transferred to a psychiatric hospital, where she remains today.

There she is responding to intensive treatment, but her progress is slow. It may be that she, like ker mother, is doomed to a lifetime in



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institutions, but no one has yet

given up hope.

Ramona Torres is married to a farm labourer and will scon have a baby. The young husband, who has a record of juvenile offences, has not been in trouble since their marriage, nor has Ramona. Unhappily, their living standard is well below the poverty level, but they have not applied for public assistance. Ramona's probation report describes her threeroom shack as "very neat and clean," noting that she has made window-boxes and planted flowers in them. Although her probation officer still puts her in the doubtful category, the self-respect Ramona found in Birch Cottage may carry her through to a more promising future.

Jan Hutchins, the pretty redhead with the high I.Q., has enrolled at a school of arts and is doing well⁵ there. Christic Farrell is at university, and her story is, so far, the most remarkable. She is now working for a degree in social work and plans to devote her life to helping delinquent girls.

Tammy Wells, the girl who played hostess on my second visit to Birch Cottage, went to live with her grandparents after her release. She worked as a baby-sitter while completing her final year at school and also became engaged to a young man who owns a half-interest in a small business.

They called at my office to show me the ring, Tammy taking pride in the diamond and her fiancé in the fact that it was "already paid for." They were married a few months ago.

Tammy's success story may not be spectacular, but it gives promise of having a happy ending. And it wasn't long ago that Tammy was one of the girls least likely to succeed at all.

If all the girls reclaimed by Birch Cottage had been given up as "hopeless," who knows what the final cost to society would be? How much wiser and more humane to build a Birch Cottage and staff it with people who care enough to transform it from a prison into a place of hope.

THE END

The One that Got Away

A PELLOW guest at our hotel in Fiji went skin diving for the first time. His exploration of the seabed was suddenly interrupted by the sight of an enormous shark which flashed past him at incredible speed.

After a basty retreat to dry land, our friend was asked if he had been

badly frightened by the monster.

"The shark didn't worry me," he said. "What I didn't want to start what scared the shark!"

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